

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1823.

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LONDON :

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THE LION'S HEAD.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—Will you have the kindness to insert in the LION'S HEAD the two following passages from a work of mine published some time since? They exhibit rather a striking coincidence with the reasonings of the "Opium-Eater" in your late number on the discoveries of Mr. Malthus; and as I have been a good deal abused for my scepticism on that subject, I do not feel quite disposed that any one else should run away with the credit of it. I do not wish to bring any charge of plagiarism in this case: I only beg to put in my own claim of priority. The first passage I shall trouble you with relates to the geometrical and arithmetical series, and is as follows.

Both the principle of the necessary increase of the population beyond the means of subsistence, and the application of that principle as a final obstacle to all Utopian perfectibility schemes, are borrowed (whole) by Mr. Malthus from Wallace's work (*"Various Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence,"* 1761.) This is not very stoutly denied by his admirers; but, say they, Mr. Malthus was the first to reduce the inequality between the possible increase of food and population to a mathematical certainty, or to the arithmetical and geometrical ratios. In answer to which we say, that those ratios are, in a strict and scientific view of the subject, entirely fallacious—a pure fiction. For a grain of corn or of mustard-seed has the same or a greater power of propagating its species than a man, till it has overspread the whole earth, till there is no longer any room for it to grow or to spread farther. A bushel of wheat will sow a whole field: the produce of that field will sow twenty fields, and produce twenty harvests. Till there are no longer fields to sow, that is, till a country or the earth is exhausted, the means of subsistence will go on increasing in more than Mr. Malthus's geometrical ratio, will more than double itself in every generation or season, and will more than keep pace with the progress of population: for this is supposed only to double itself, where it is unchecked, every twenty years. Therefore, it is not true as an abstract proposition, that of itself, or in the nature of the growth of the produce of the earth, food can only increase in the snail-pace progress of an arithmetical ratio, while population goes on at a swinging geometrical rate: for the food keeps pace, or more than keeps pace, with the population, while there is room to grow it in, and after that room is filled up, it does not go on, even in that arithmetical ratio,—it does not increase at all, or very little. That is, the ratio (laid down by Mr. Malthus) instead of being always true, is never true at all: neither before the soil is fully cultivated, nor afterwards. Food does not increase in an arithmetical series in China, or even in England; it increases in a geometrical series, or as fast as the population in America. The rates at which one or the other increases naturally, or can be made to increase, have no relation to an arithmetical and geometrical series. They are co-ordinate till the earth or any given portion of it is occupied and cultivated, and after that, they are quite disproportionate: or rather, both stop practically at the same instant—the means of subsistence with the limits of the soil, and the population with the limits of the means of subsistence. All that is true of Mr. Malthus's doctrine, then, is this, that the tendency of population to increase remains after the power of the earth to produce more food is gone: that the one is limited, the other unlimited. This is enough for the morality of the question: his mathematics are altogether spurious. *Political Essays*, p. 403. See also *Reply to Malthus*, Longmans, 1807.

This passage, allowing for the difference of style, accords pretty nearly with the reasoning in the *Notes from the Pocket-Book of an Opium-Eater*. I should really like to know what answer Mr. Malthus has to this objection, if he would deign one, or whether he thinks it best to impose upon the public by his silence? So much for his mathematics: now for his logic, which the Opium-Eater has also attacked, and with which I long ago stated my dissatisfaction in manner and form following.

The most singular thing in this singular performance of our author is, that it should have been originally ushered into the world as the most complete and only satisfactory answer to the speculations of Godwin, Condorcet, and others, or to what has been called the modern philosophy. A more complete piece of wrong-headedness, a more strange perversion of reason, could hardly be devised by the wit of man. Whatever we may

think of the doctrine of the progressive improvement of the human mind, or of a state of society in which every thing will be subject to the absolute controul of reason; however absurd, unnatural, or impracticable we may conceive such a system to be, certainly it cannot without the grossest inconsistency be objected to it, that such a system would necessarily be rendered abortive, because if reason should ever get the mastery over all our actions, we shall then be governed entirely by our physical appetites and passions, and plunged into evils far more insupportable than any we at present endure in consequence of the excessive population which would follow, and the impossibility of providing for its support. This is what I do not understand. It is, in other words, to assert that the doubling the population of a county, for example, after a certain period, will be attended with the most pernicious effects, by want, famine, bloodshed, and a state of general violence and confusion; and yet that at this period those who will be most interested in preventing these consequences and the best acquainted with the circumstances that lead to them, will neither have the understanding to foresee, nor the heart to feel, nor the will to avert the sure evils to which they expose themselves and others; though this advanced state of population, which does not admit of any addition without danger, is supposed to be the immediate result of a more general diffusion of the comforts and conveniences of life, of more enlarged and liberal views, of a more refined and comprehensive regard to our own permanent interests as well as those of others, of correspondent habits and manners, and of a state of things, in which our gross animal appetites will be subjected to the practical controul of reason. If Mr. Malthus chooses to say that men will always be governed by the same gross mechanical motives that they are at present, I have no objection to make to it; but it is shifting the question: it is not arguing against the state of society we are considering from the consequences to which it would give rise, but against the possibility of its ever existing. It is very idle to alarm the imagination by deprecating the evils that must follow from the practical adoption of a particular scheme, yet to allow that we have no reason to dread those consequences but because the scheme itself is impracticable."—See *Reply to Malthus, passim, or Political Essays*, p. 421.

This, Mr. Editor, is the writer, whom "our full senate call all-in-all sufficient." There must be a tolerably large *bonus* offered to men's interests and prejudices to make them swallow incongruities such as that here alluded to; and I am glad to find that our ingenious and studious friend the *Opium-Eater* agrees with me on this point too, almost in so many words.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend and servant,
W. HAZLITT.

Since our friend B. F.'s interesting JOURNAL was printed we have received letters of a very recent date from NEW SOUTH WALES, which state that two gentlemen have penetrated nearly sixty miles beyond Lake George, to the latitude of 36° south. They passed over a great extent of fine grazing country, thinly timbered forests, and open downs, abounding in limestone, rich soil and herbage, and fine water. From their last station they could see, with the aid of a glass, to within twenty miles of the coast, over a country apparently rich and thinly wooded. The natives who accompanied them said, the salt water was only one day's journey further. About twenty miles from Lake George, they passed a beautiful and very considerable river, which, as they conjectured, must discharge its waters into the ocean. We hope to present our readers with a particular relation of their journey in our next number.

No. VII. of the "ADDITIONS to LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL and NOBLE AUTHORS," will certainly appear next month—we regret that it came too late for insertion in the present number.

ELIA requests us to say, he is not the Lion some of his Correspondents take him for.

The Packet from C. R. S. has been received and forwarded as requested. B. B. will find the object of his inquiry at No. 41, Water-lane, Fleet-street.

Our anonymous Contributors have increased so much upon our hands of late that we really cannot undertake to give particular replies to all—we must therefore intreat them to consider the non-appearance of their papers as a sufficient answer.

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JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION

ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Monday, October 7, 1822.—This spring month is the fittest to make this excursion in. The winter nights are too cold, and the summer days too hot. In the autumn the flowers are not in bloom. The difficulties of the travel commence at Emu Ford, over the river Nepean, a branch of the Hawkesbury. Crossing this stream is always a work of such time and trouble, and sometimes of such difficulty and danger, that the traveller should send forward his cart or baggage-horses to overcome it, half a day before he rides, or rows through it himself. The ferry is the property of Government, who (Government-like, as we shall have large occasion to see in this journey) have hitherto delayed either to provide a punt themselves, or to suffer the stockholders of the colony to build one by subscription. The consequences are frequent losses of cattle in swimming, and injury of sheep in boating over. Although the river was not unusually high, we were obliged to unlade our cart before it could be drawn through the ford; and thus lost several hours in transporting the baggage by one small boat, and in re-loading the cart.

On the banks of the Nepean, I

saw almost the only deciduous native tree in the territory—namely, the white cedar, beautiful in itself, and congenial to me from that singularity. All the other indigenous trees and shrubs, that I have seen, are evergreens; the eternal eucalyptus, with its white bark, and its scanty tin-like foliage, or the dark casuarina tall, and exocarpus funereal; both as unpicturesque as the shrubs and flowers are new and beautiful; the various banksia, and the hesperidean* mimosa; the exquisite epacris; the curious grevillea; xanthorrhæa, the sceptre of Flora; telopeia the magnificent, and arthropodium the lovely. New South Wales is a perpetual flower-garden; but there is not a single scene in it, of which a painter could make a landscape, without greatly disguising the true character of the trees.† “A part of their economy (says Mr. Brown, the botanist), which contributes somewhat to the peculiar character of the Australian forests, is that the leaves both of the eucalyptus and acacia, by far the most common genera in Terra Australis, and, if taken together, and considered with respect to the mass of vegetable matter they contain, (cal-

* I do not mean that the mimosa belongs to Linnæus's natural order *Hesperidæa*, though the eucalyptus does: my epithet is merely classical: I would say *golden*.

† Major Taylor has contrived to present us with a very beautiful landscape in his Panoramic View of Port Jackson and the Town of Sydney, just published in London.—ED.

culated from the size, as well as the number of individuals) nearly equal to all the other plants of that country, are vertical, or present their margin, and not either surface towards the stem, both surfaces having consequently the same relation to light.* Can this circumstance be partly the cause of their unpicturesqueness? of the monotony of their leaf? or is it merely their evergreenness? "In the Indies, (says Linnæus), almost all the trees are evergreen, and have broad leaves; but in our cold regions most trees cast their foliage every year, and such as do not, bear acerose, that is narrow and acute leaves. If they were broader, the snow which falls during winter would collect among them, and break the branches by its weight. Their great slenderness prevents any such effect, allowing the snow to pass between them."† But snow is not unknown to the eucalypti and acaciæ of New Holland; and may not the verticalness of the broad leaves of some of them answer the same snow-diverting purpose as the acerose-leavedness of European evergreens? Yet the foliage of the eucalypti is always scanty, and the snow of Australia apt to melt. Be this as it may, no tree, to my taste, can be beautiful, that is not deciduous. What can a painter do with one cold green? There is a dry harshness about the perennial leaf, that does not savour of humanity in my eyes: there is no flesh and blood in it: it is not of us, and is nothing to us. Dryden says of the laurel:

From winter-winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is
May.

Now, it may be the fault of the cold climate in which I was bred, but this is just what I complain of in an evergreen. "For ever fresh" is a contradiction in terms; what is "for ever fair" is never fair; and, without January, in my mind there can be no May. All the dearest allegories of human life are bound up in the infant and slender green of spring, the dark redundancy of summer, and the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. These are as essential to

the poet, as emblems, as they are to the painter, as picturesque objects; and the common consent and immemorial custom of European poetry have made the change of seasons, and its effect upon vegetation, a part, as it were, of our very nature. I can, therefore, hold no fellowship with Australian foliage, but will cleave to the British oak through all the bareness of winter. It is a dear sight to an European to see his young compatriot trees in an Indian climate, telling of their native country by the fall of their leaf, and in due time becoming a spring unto themselves, although no winter has passed over them; just as their fellow-countrymen keep Christmas, though in the hottest weather, and, with fresh fruits about them, affect the fare, and sometimes the fire-side of Old England. "New Holland (says Sir James Smith) seems no very beautiful or picturesque country, such as is likely to form or to inspire a poet. Indeed, the dregs of the community, which we have poured out upon its shores, must probably subside and purge themselves, before any thing like a poet or a disinterested lover of nature can arise from so foul a source. There seems, however, to be no transition of seasons in the climate itself to excite hope, or to expand the heart and fancy."‡

At Emu Plains, or Island (for it is sometimes insulated by the washings of the mountains when the Nepean is flooded), there is a Government Agricultural Establishment, with a good brick house for the superintendent, and huts for the convict labourers. Here are grown for the benefit of the crown, wheat, maize, and tobacco; but experience everywhere proves the loss at which Government raises its own supplies. These plains are not naturally cleared; but they will very soon be free from stumps by the labour of these convicts, and will then leave a rich tract of arable land for favoured grantees.

It is this river, whether we call it Hawkesbury or Nepean, that is the Nile of Botany Bay; for the land on its banks owes its fertility to the floods, which come down from the

* Flinders's Voyage, vol. ii. p. 587.

† Sup. to Encyc. Brit.—Art. Botany.

‡ Ibid.

Blue Mountains, and which have been known to swell the waters nearly a hundred feet above their usual level; and as these floods are uncertain, and often destructive of the growing crops, I once thought that Government (if it is to farm at all) had better have kept the whole of this precarious garden in its own hands; since it is only public foresight that would provide against the loss of a harvest, and only public wealth that could support it. After the flood of February, 1817, the Government ration was reduced from eleven and a half to three pounds of wheat per week; but since that period, so much wheat has been grown in the fine districts of Appin and Airds, and in the island of Van Diemen's Land, that the colony is now almost independent of these flood-farmers; and they are yearly going out of fashion for the benefit of the state. Nothing can be more uncertain than the heavy rains of the climate. Sometimes (but not of late years) the country is worse afflicted with long droughts, in which the woods take fire and consume the grass, and the cattle have perished for want of water. Often do the rains descend, and the floods come, when the Hawkesbury corn is in the ground; and the colony has sometimes suffered from the improvidence of these farmers, in not building their wheat-stacks out of the reach of the devouring waters. The extraordinary fertility of these flooded lands, which have borne a crop of wheat and a crop of maize in each year, for the last 25 years, has naturally induced their tenants to rely too much upon this lubber-land sort of farming, just as the inhabitants of Vesuvius cannot be induced to abandon that mountain, after a lava-flood from its volcano, and see nothing in present ruin but the prospect of future riches. "So the Ohio, (says Mr. Birkbeck) with its annual overflowings, is unable to wash away the inhabitants of Shawnee Town."* But it is surely impolitic to grant away such precarious and hot-bed lands. In so indifferent a general soil as that of New South Wales, a better system of agriculture should be taught; and what encouragement is given to the

general farmer to bedew his land with the sweat of his brow, when he sees that of his idle neighbour on the banks of the river irrigated by the flood, and producing as good a crop, with no other labour than that of hoeing and strewing? It is only upon the chance of the flood's devouring instead of feeding, that the general farmer can calculate for occasional remuneration; and when this calamity happens, the river-farmer, whose rapid gains induce him as rapidly to spend, is found entirely unprovided, and his whole district is reduced to subscription and beggary. This, in itself, is not one of the least political evils of such a system. It is an encouragement to future improvidence, and fosters a disposition too literally to take no thought for the morrow, but to consider and imitate the gigantic lily (*doryanthes excelsa*); a disposition which must be supposed to be already too natural among the small settlers, who have emerged from the condition of convicts. Another good reason against granting away this land, and suffering it to be cleared, is, that the floods wash the fallen timber into the channel of the river, and obstruct the navigation. The removal of the trees from its banks has also not only contributed to choak the river by their falling in, but has occasioned derelictions on one side, and alluvions on the other.

But we shall never get our cart up Lapstone Hill at this rate; and it is so steep and long, that we were obliged to shift our baggage twice in ascending it, notwithstanding Governor Macquarie's Government and General Order of the 10th of June, 1815, says, that "the facility of the ascent to Spring Wood excited surprise, and is certainly not well calculated to give the traveller a just idea of the difficulties he has afterwards to encounter." I found Lapstone Hill as difficult as any in the journey, except Mount York, and we did not reach Spring Wood (12½ miles from the river) where alone there is space enough in the forest to encamp upon, till after nine o'clock at night. There is little or no grass here, and the timber consists principally of those species of eucalyptus, called by the colonists stringy, and

* Notes on a Journey in America, p. 113.

iron bark. Here is stationed an acting corporal's party, of the 48th regiment, in a small barrack.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Set forward at half an hour after nine o'clock, a. m., and halted on a mossy sand-hill, above Jamison's Valley, two miles beyond the King's Table Land, at five o'clock, p. m., having travelled 16 miles this day. This station is now called *The Burnt Weatherboarded Hut*, and was Governor Macquarie's second depôt for making the road. The timber now became more dwarf, and we were actually crossing the Blue Mountains. We found the pass very Alpine and difficult—rocky—sandy—stony—flowery. The views were very grand. The night was stormy, but little rainy. All in the sublime.

Wednesday, Oct. 9.—Moved at 8½ a. m. and arrived at the bottom of Cox's Pass, down Mount York at 5½ p. m. (21½ miles). The ridge of mountains (or rather rocks), along which this passage could alone be effected, is very difficult and desolate. The trees (still eucalyptus) are stunted and burnt, with the exception of one light species, called the ash, of which good white cooper's work might be made, and perhaps ships' smaller spars. The King's Table Land, is as anarchical and untabular as any his Majesty possesses. Jamison's valley we found by no means a happy one. Blackheath is a wretched misnomer. Not to mention its awful contrast to the beautiful place of that name in England, heath it is none: black it may be when the shrubs are burnt, as they often are. Pitt's Amphitheatre disappointed me. The hills are thrown together in a monotonous manner, and their clothing is very unpicturesque; a mere sea of harsh trees; but good enough for Mr. Pitt, who was no particular connoisseur either in mountain scenery or in amphitheatres. Mount York (as Governor Macquarie named it) redeems the journey across the Blue Mountains; for it leads you to the first green valley. The earliest burst of the Christian transalpine country from the beginning of this mountain is very beautiful. The sight of grass again is lovely. The view from the commencement of Cox's Pass down to it is finer still. This *Big Hill*, as it is alone called,

should have been named Mount Pisgah; for it affords the first view of the promised land of Australia, after the wilderness of the Blue Mountains. After three days' starving among them, your cattle now get plenty of green grass. Encamp then at the first bite; for there is water enough, and the station under Mount York is very picturesque into the bargain, *que ne gête rien*. This valley, which leads to Cox's River, is called the Vale of Clwydd, but (like all colonial Windsors and Richmonds) does not at all resemble its godmother in Old North Wales.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Did not proceed till half past nine o'clock, a. m.; but performed 21 miles this day, and encamped on the banks of the Fish River at 7 o'clock, p. m. This is the first stream that flows westerly, Cox's River falling into the Nepean. The journey to-day was all beautiful. Cox's River (five miles from his pass down Mount York, which might be avoided by an easier and shorter road to the north of it) is worth going to spend a few days at, of itself. It is a pretty stream, and rich in the botanical and picturesque. Here the first granite is seen, though (I am told) there is granite at the Five Islands; and here I saw four new and beautiful grevilleæ, viz. the cinerea, rosmarinifolia, acanthifolia, and sulphurea. From the overhanging rocks of Cox's Pass, I had before gathered an entirely red variety of the epacris grandiflora, and an elegant flower, called leucopogon lanceolatus.

Here we met a few Indian natives of Bathurst. They resembled the natives of the coast in appearance, but did not speak the same language. They seem, however, to have advanced towards civilization one degree further than the poor forked animals of the warmer climate, inasmuch as they possess the art of very neatly sewing together, with the sinews of the kangaroo and emu, cloaks of skins, the hide of which they also carve in the inside with a world of figures. They use these cloaks for the sole purpose of keeping themselves warm, and have as little sense of decency as the natives around Sydney; for in the middle of the day, when the weather is warm, they throw back their cloaks across their

shoulders. They appear to be a harmless race, with nothing ferocious in their manners or countenance. They are perfectly cheerful, laughing at every thing they see, and repeating every thing they hear. For the rest, little can be added to Colonel Collins's account of the natives of New South Wales. Their numbers are diminishing. Not that they retreat before the settlements of Europeans: this they cannot do: the different tribes (few as their numbers are) would resist the invasion of each other's territory. Thirty or forty miles will reach the circumference of each family's peregrinations. The tribes about our first settlements are as ignorant of the country beyond the mountains as the colonists were; and such is the sterility of the greater part of Mr. Oxley's first interior route, that he met with only twenty-two Indians in a journey of five months. Of the persons of the natives of New South Wales, I think Colonel Collins has given too unfavourable a picture. Their faces have generally (in my opinion) too much good-nature to be absolutely hideous, and (to my taste) they do not imitate humanity so abominably as the African negro. Their hair is not woolly; their heads are not dog-like; nor are their legs baboonish. The

figure of many of them is very good; and as for their leanness, how can they wax fat in so poor a country? From the neighbourhood of our settlements, we have scared the kangaroo and the emu, and left these poor lords of the creation no created food, but a few opossums, and a tenancy in common with us of fish. Together with their numbers, their customs and manners are in a state of decay. The ceremony of extracting the right upper front tooth from the jaw of adults (so fully described and pictured by Colonel Collins) is nearly obsolete in the neighbourhood of our settlements; and the custom is by no means universal in the island. But the *corrobory*, or night-dance, still obtains. This festivity is performed in very good time and not unpleasing tune. The song is sung by a few males and females, who take no part in the dance. One of the band beats time by knocking one stick against another. The music begins with a high note, and gradually sinks to the octave, whence it rises again immediately to the top. I took down the following Australian National Melody from Harry, who married Carang-arang, the sister of the celebrated Bennillong; and I believe it to be the first that was ever reduced to writing:—

I - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah,
 3 3 3 3
 gumbery jah, jingun velah, gumbery jah jingun velah i -
 ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah, i - ah,
 ah, i - ah, i - ah, &c.

The dancers breathe in chorus like paviours, and the general step consists in opening the knees with a convulsive shake to the music; but oc-

asionally they thrud the mazes of one another without any confusion. They stripe themselves down the waist, and paint their faces with

white clay and red ochre; and in compliment to European delicacy, wear boughs round their loins. The glare of large fires gives a picturesque effect to the savage scene, and the dance works up the performers to a sublime enthusiasm. I have been thus minute, because in a few years perhaps even the corrobory will be no more, so sophisticated do they become from their pernicious association with the convicts, who sow the seeds of drunkenness in the prolific soil of savage indolence. A rum or even sugar cask, filled with water, furnishes these poor creatures with an intoxicating liquor; and the invasions of civilization are reproached with the introduction of a new vice, which operates as an inflamer of all their old ones. It is a melancholy sight to witness the drunken quarrels and fightings of the simple natives of Australia in the streets of Sydney,—a people to whom civilization can never bring the comforts of food, raiment, and shelter, and the blessings of religion, as an atonement for the vice and disease, which it necessarily carries along with it. That these unfortunate beings were comparatively ignorant of the crime of evil speaking, before we came among them, is proved by the broken English words of scurrility and execration, with which they pollute their native tongue. The effect of this would be ludicrous, were not the cause pitiable. Truly, Botany Bay is a bad school for them; but they have not learnt of the convicts to lie or to steal. Perhaps it is better that their name should pass away from the earth. They will not serve; and they are too indolent and poor in spirit to become masters. They would always be drones in the hive of an industrious colony. Nevertheless, they are not without the stamp of their Maker's image, cut in ebony (as old Fuller says) instead of ivory. They bear themselves erect, and address you with confidence; always with good humour and often with grace. They are not common beggars, although they accept of our carnal things, in return for the fish and oysters, which are almost all we have left them for their support. They are the Will Wimbles of the colony; the carriers of news and fish; the gossips of the town; the loungers on the quay. They know

everybody; and understand the nature of everybody's business, although they have none of their own—but this. They give a locality to the land; and their honest naked simplicity affords a relief to the eye from the hypocritical lour of the yellow-clad convict. The warlike features of the tribes which surround our settlements are now quite effaced: the savages are forbidden to enter the towns with their spears, and they cheerfully comply with this requisition. They have a bowing acquaintance with everybody, and scatter their *how d'ye do's* with an air of friendliness and equality, and with a perfect English accent, undebased by the *massas*, and *misses*, and *me-no's*, of West-Indian slavery. They have been tried to be brought up from infancy as servants; but they have always run away to the woods. Our government has also instituted a small school for the education of native black children. Some of their parents (particularly of half-casts) have no objection to their being clothed, and fed, and taught; but they cannot endure the thoughts of their being made servants. The children learn as readily as Europeans; but their parents steal them away when they grow up; and they will not willingly return among us: a few pairs have been married and housed out of the school, but they will not settle: their instinctive relish for the vermin and range of the woods cannot be eradicated. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, holding up a slice from a quartern loaf, "this is better than the bread-fruit;" but the savages of Australia, although extremely fond of bread, will never lose their more exquisite relish for a fine fat grub. "Poor Tom! that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; swallows the old rat and the ditch dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool. But let us talk with this philosopher." If he is the most independent, who has the fewest wants, the houseless Australian is certainly our superior: "he owes the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:" he looks upon us as "sophisticated;" but he always treats our persons with respect, although he holds our servants very cheap; and looks down with a kind of stoical

pity upon the various articles of comfort, to which we have made ourselves slaves. He has no notion of that inferiority to us, the oppression of which feeling reduces the New Zealanders and South Sea Islanders almost to despair; and he despises the comforts of civilization, although he has nothing of his own but his "hollow tree and liberty," without even the "crust of bread." What then must be his opinion of our servants?—men and women, who sacrifice their liberty and independence for the second-rate comforts of civilization, which they earn by submitting to perform menial offices for those who enjoy the first-rate, and by ministering to their artificial wants; for all which first-rate comforts the naked native has a contempt. With us masters, all he contends for nevertheless is equality: he acknowledges the British Government, and even accepts from the Governor grants of his own patrimonial land. Some of the Indians have also seriously applied to be allowed convict-labourers, as the settlers are, although they have not patience to remain in the huts, which our government have built for them, till the maize and cabbages, that have been planted to their hands, are fit to gather. We have now lived among them more than thirty years, and yet, like the North American Indians, they have adopted none of our arts of life, with the exception of exchanging their stone hatchets and shell fish-hooks for our iron ones. They will never become builders or cultivators, or mechanics, or mariners, like the New Zealanders or the South Sea Islanders; nor indeed, till they cease to be at all, will they ever be other than they are. They are the only savages in the world, who cannot feel that they are naked; and we are taught in the Scriptures, that the eyes of man cannot be opened to what we call a civilized or artificial life, knowing good and evil, till he acquires a sense of (perhaps false) shame, or "fear," as it is called in the Bible. The Payaguas and Albayas are abominated by the other South American Indians, because they are unacquainted with modesty. They have plenty of clothes; but they make a bad use of them (says the historian of the Abipones); for they cover those parts of

the body which may be exposed, and bare those which modesty commands to be concealed. This is precisely the consequence of giving clothes to the Australians: they think themselves fastidiously dressed when they have got a jacket or an old coat on; and twenty years' daily commerce with European ladies and gentlemen fails to shame them. The women, however, (adds Martin Dobrizhoffer) of both nations wear that degree of clothing which modesty requires. Now in Australia they are both naked, the man and his wife, and are not ashamed; and it is therefore I say that these savages will never be other than they are. An intelligent and experienced member of the committee of the native institution of New South Wales (the Rev. R. Cartwright) feels this impediment to their civilization so strongly that he would compel them not to come into our towns naked; but I doubt the practicability both of the means and the end. Modesty is an innate feeling, that no human power can inculcate:

— Yet deem not this man useless;
But let him pass:—a blessing on his head!
And while in that society, to which
The tide of things has led him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of
Heaven
Has hung around him; and while life is
his,
Still let him prompt the liberal Colonist
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
Then let him pass:—a blessing on his
head!
And long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the woods.
May never we pretend to civilize
And make him only captive!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And let him, where and when he will, sit
down,
Beneath the trees, and with his faithful dog
Share his chance-gather'd meal; and,
finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

When all thy simple race is extinct,
thy name, gentle and well-bred Harry! shall be recorded at least in the pages of this journal. Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court; but of this, at least, I am sure, that thou wert the most courte-

our savage that ever had good morrow. Compliments are difficult things to an unpractised tongue; but thou wert naturally polite; and I owe thee, at least, this poor return for the grace and dignity of thy compliments. And thou too, Cogy! never shall I forget thy intoxicating laugh; and the recollection of thy good-humoured face will come across me in other climes, and at distant days, like a picture that will never lose its interest. Very pleasant wert thou to me, Cogy, when pleasures with me were very rare.

After leaving Cox's river, we ascended a very steep hill, called Mount Blaxland, and saw Wentworth's and Lawson's Sugar-loaves, as Governor Macquarie called them. They are mere hummocks, lumps of sugar. These three gentlemen, namely, Messrs. Gregory Blaxland, William Wentworth, and Lieutenant Lawson of the Royal Veteran Company, are exclusively entitled to the merit of exploring this pass over the barrier mountains of the colony.*

A change now takes place in the botany of the country: a beautiful new banksia (verticillata, to whirl the snow off, according to my theory) is very frequent; and we took leave of the banksia serrata and ericæfolia in a very stunted state on the mountains. Henceforward the anguillaria dioica is the most common flower all the way; but the most universal on both sides of the mountains is a species of euphrasia.

The quiet of a beautiful night on the Fish river led me to remark upon "rural sounds." The notes of the birds of New Holland are rather cries than songs; but many of them are pleasing and plaintive. Some are harsh and vulgar, like those of the parrot kind, the cockatoo, the coachman's-whip bird, the bell bird (which I call the creaking-wheel bird), the razor-grinder, and the laughing jack-ass; but a sort of cuckoo-noted bird sings at night, something between the English cuckoo, and the bark of a dog. The river treated us with a frog-concert all night,—a constant common croaking, timed by bass-notes, like a deep sheep-bell, or the

human voice. The Fish river is not so picturesque as Cox's; but it is a full and rapid stream with rippling falls, and equally rich in flowers. The fish would not bite, but we shot a wood-duck for breakfast. Here we killed a brown snake above six feet long.

Friday, Oct. 11.—Having rested till noon, we proceeded to a settler's farm at O'Connell plains, also on the Fish river (14 miles). The country is now very open, lightly timbered with dwarf trees, clothed with good grass, and well watered. Passed Sidmouth valley, now granted to a Cisalpine settler—a pretty stock-farm. O'Connell plains is the first naturally cleared land, that the New South Wales traveller sees; and strongly reminded me, both in its brown soil, and tufty grass, of the "High Plains" of Van Diemen's Land, only it is much better watered.

It is singular that the geology and botany of Australia should run in parallels of meridian; but such is the fact, within reasonably isothermal latitudes, as constantly observed by Mr. Oxley, in his expeditions into the interior of this country. The eucalyptus (cordata) and mimosa (Derwentia) of Van Diemen's Land, I found perpetually recurring on this side of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, being more in the longitude of the river Derwent than Cumberland county. How came the world planted and animalled, to say nothing of manned? Why planted in longitudinal furrows? Are the artificial measurements of the globe by men recognized by Him, "who hath weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" The evisceration of passage-birds cannot account for the transportation of seeds. Nonsense. As well might the roc of the Arabian Nights convey beasts and men from one country to another. "The distribution of organic beings on the globe (says Baron Humboldt) depends not only on very complicated climatic circumstances, but also on geological causes, with which we are entirely unacquainted, because they are connected with the original state of our planet."†

* In this attempt the enterprising Mr. Bass, Mr. Caley the botanist, and Ensign Barallier of the 102d regt. had failed.

† Edinburgh Philos. Journal, vol. vi. p. 280.

This farm is a beautiful English-looking spot—meadow and river. Here the fish bit readily. They consist both in the Fish river and in the Macquarie, into which it runs, of only two kinds,—one a fresh-water tasted, perch-like fish, and the other more cod-like, and sometimes growing to the size of twenty pounds weight.

A bird is frequent here, called the spur-winged plover. It has a dull yellow lappet-like hood, and is armed with a claw of the same colour on the shoulder of each wing.

Saturday, Oct. 12.—Rain, which came on last evening, set in to-day, and detained us at this farm till noon, when the weather cleared up, and the evening proved beautiful. Our road now lay over a succession of plains, still more clear and fine than O'Connell plains. These are called, Macquarie plains and Bathurst plains. In the former the Fish river joins the Macquarie. Arrived in good time at the township of Bathurst. Here we set up our rest, and pitched our tent for the sabbath on the naturally cleared land of the winding banks of the Macquarie, which are here and there edged with a few casuarinæ. I could hardly believe I was travelling in New Holland this day; so different—so English—is the character of the scenery—downs, meadows, and streams in the flat—no side-scenes of eucalyptus. But by "the white daisy of the sod," I suppose Mr. Evans must mean either the gnaphalium or the aster. The scarcity of wood now takes away the American log appearance of the cottages: they build of turf here, and roof with straw or reeds, instead of wooden shingles. You may see as far as the eye can reach; stockmen, cattle, and sheep occasionally form your horizon, as in Old Holland;—a Paul Potter or Cuyp effect, rare in New Holland. At sun-set, we saw wooded hills, distant enough to display that golden blue or purple, which landscape-painters love. The smoke of the little village of Bathurst is seen for miles off, which that of no other town in Australia is. These things may seem trifling to an English reader; but by an American, or an Australian, accustomed to travel through the eternal valley of the shadow of monotonous woods, the chance of

emerging into anything like European scenery will be duly appreciated.

At Bathurst, saw the species of bustard, called the native turkey. Quartz pebbles now form the surface of the geology.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—An English sabbath morning—heavy mist slowly rolling away, lingering with a light cloud across the tops of the hills. The principal chaplain of the colony (the Rev. Mr. Marsden), who happened to be here on a visit, performed divine service in the Government Granary (a large brick building) to about sixty people, including soldiers and convicts. After service, I visited a few of the settlers' huts, and found the parents cleanly and the children even expensively dressed. Rum, the bane of colonies, has scarcely yet found its way over the mountains; and happily the town of Bathurst is not yet large enough to support a public-house. The afternoon proved stormy, and the night rainy.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Cloudy morning with constant rain all day, which confined me to my tent from my intended excursions round Bathurst. The river is rising rapidly.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Morning windy and cloudy, but the day proved fair. The Macquarie very high and still rising. Left Bathurst at half past 10 o'clock for the Stock-location of a Cisalpine settler at King's Plains, 25 miles to the SW. through Queen Charlotte's Valley, and arrived there before sun-set;—a beautiful ride through fertile plains (Evans's), or thinly dwarfly wooded grazing land, richly watered with creeks and swamps (which horned cattle love) emptying themselves into the Macquarie river. These (after the late rains) assumed the appearance of rapid streams or boggy land, but the spring-grass promised all the better, and the water soon drains off the undulations of this beautiful country. The waters abounded with fine black ducks, two of which formed our supper; and we saw a pair of that species of bittern, called by the colonists the native companions (*ardea antigone*), fly elegantly over our heads.

Procured a cod-fish from a creek of the river Macquarie, which we crossed in our way, weighing nineteen pounds. This is truly a land flowing with milk and honey, if there

were but dairymen and bees. The settlers' convict-servants (stockmen and sheep watch-men) do little but drone about their filthy turf-huts, and have as much milk, fish, mutton, and flour, as they can eat and drink. The stockmen do not see their cattle once in six months perhaps; and the shepherds are proportionally negligent. The settler who would live on his own farm could not fail to thrive in a country like this.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—The day perfectly fine. Rode completely over this stock-location. These occupations (with the exception of a reserve of 10 miles round Bathurst) are freely accorded by the present Government of New South Wales to Cisalpine settlers, whose grants of land are surcharged by the increase of their cattle and sheep; and whose home-runs are now hemmed in by neighbouring grantees. They consist of a ticket of occupation, at six months' notice to quit, of two miles of pasturage each way from a centre. This is a most liberal feature in the administration of Sir Thomas Brisbane. The wild ill-bred cattle of the crown have now strayed away hundreds of miles on the Lachlan river, and to the north of Bathurst, and will spoil the improved breeds of the transalpine settlers for ever, just as the two bulls and five cows, which strayed away from the Port Jackson camp in the year 1788, and were discovered at the Cow-pastures in 1795, have, in the persons of their innumerable wild progeny, adulterated the fine breed of Mr. M'Arthur. It is high time that effectual measures should be taken to eradicate these animals from the face of the country. Some from the Cow-pastures have been caught for the Government stores; but as they lose all their flesh in taming for the slaughter-house, they had better be shot in the woods, and salted down on the spot, if that will pay the expense of men and horses to hunt them. They used to be preserved politically, under a notion that they would always be a resource against famine; but the colony has long got beyond all danger of that kind; and they now merely serve to seduce away some, and debase the breed of others of the settlers' better stock, and to hold out a temptation to the many convicts,

who have a passion for a bush-ranging life, to commit a capital crime by stealing the calves.

The country which I rode over to-day is of the same description as that of yesterday. Saw hundreds of ducks in the streams, black, musk, and wood-ducks; also another pair of native companions; and quails, snipes, cockatoos, parrots, and paroquets without number.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Still settled fine weather. Rode to the stock-locations of two more Cisalpine settlers, 10 miles to the westward. All fine grazing country for both cattle and sheep; but more swampy than this station, from the circumstance of the waters not being drained by creeks.

Saw this day the first and only kangaroo. These stock-settlements are great enemies to this beautiful and unique species of game: the stockmen hunt them, and the cattle and sheep supplant them. In a few years, the kangaroo will be as rare as "the native burghers of this desert city" themselves. So the beaver and wild deer of North America are becoming extinct; and thus is man necessarily advanced from the hunter to the pastoral state. And these stock-keepers will be the best and cheapest explorers of the country. The great graziers are obliged each to go beyond the other; so that in no long time, the land on the banks of the Macquarie being chiefly good pasture, it will be certainly known whether there is any channel out of the shoal-lake, in which Mr. Oxley found that river to terminate, like the Niger, according to Major Rennel. The *Quarterly Review* says, that "the circumstance of the freshness of the water would decide the question of the termination of the river in a Mediterranean sea, or of its course being resumed beyond the expanse of waters." There is no doubt of the freshness of the lake. If it had been salt, Mr. Oxley would have mentioned so singular a change from the waters of the river, and a quality so different from the lakes of Wagara, in which the Niger is supposed to terminate. Now, could the boat-party, which was victualled for a month's voyage on the lake, have existed, if the water had been salt? But I cannot agree with the *Quarterly Reviewer* in his criterion; and am rather dis-

posed to adopt the theory of that great practical geographer, the Baron Humboldt, as propounded in his *Personal Narrative*, even before the cases of the Lachlan and the Macquarie were known to him. "It is probable (says he) that in the lapse of ages, several rivers of Soudan and of New Holland, which are now lost in the sands or in inland basins, will open themselves a way towards the shores of the ocean. We cannot at least doubt, that in both continents, there are systems of interior rivers, which may be considered as not entirely developed, and which communicate with each other, either in the time of great risings, or by permanent bifurcations."* This is no new theory: the Baron quotes it from Carl Ritter; and it may be found in an excellent article on rivers in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. "Herodotus, whom Strabo has not disdained to follow, relates a tradition, that Thessaly was originally one vast lake, without visible outlet, till an earthquake, rending Olympus from Ossa, formed the colony of Tempe."† The *Edinburgh Review*, in an ignorant and flippant article upon this country, says, "it does not appear why Mr. Oxley turned back;" and this, just after it has quoted the following words of his journal: "There was no channel whatever among the ocean of reeds, which surrounded us." Mr. Oxley, although his health is broken by these two long and unsuccessful expeditions, which make such sport to reviewers, is anxious to see how the end of the Macquarie may look in a different season, and would readily undertake another journey; but economy is now the order of the day, and liberal science must bend to national distress and political system. Yet I cannot help thinking that, since money can be found for Arctic and African explorations, and as Great Britain expended no less a sum than 34,296*l.* in making surveys of North America, the labour of a few convicts and spare horses might still be afforded by the crown, to see what becomes of the last drop of its own singular New Holland rivers, the Lachlan and the Macquarie,—alike in their apparent termination, but totally different in every other

character; not a single auxiliary stream falling into the former, in a sluggish and winding course of 600 miles; whereas the latter is fed by half a dozen other rivers, and its course is less winding;—the one spending the rains in flooding a barren country, instead of improving even its own channel; the other running a wide and deep course, as long as its supplies last, and "ever while it lives, flowing between its banks," and fertilizing them, as a river should do.

Supposing the Lachlan to run to the nearest point of the sea, namely, at Cape Jervis, on the south west coast, it would give a fall of only half a foot per mile for the whole river. Supposing the Macquarie to find its shortest way, namely, to near Smoky Cape, on the east coast, it would have more than two feet of descent for every mile. One foot per mile is as great a descent as the Thames has for its last 40 miles; and it is clearly shown in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the beds of rivers by no means form themselves in one inclined plane, but that the continued track of a river is a succession of inclined channels, whose slope diminishes by steps, as the river approaches to the sea. But the current of the Macquarie marshes (as the *Edinburgh Review* calls them) was still northerly; and it is impossible that a river, the regular course of which has been north-westerly for 300 miles, should suddenly turn due east; and Mr. Oxley (if we are to rely upon the Surveyor General's heights) makes the Macquarie fall more than 500 feet in about 40 miles, from the Fish branch to the Campbell branch, and 750 in about 50 miles from the head of the Campbell to its junction with the Macquarie. Sir Thomas Brisbane's measurements give a fall of more than 1000 feet from the Fish branch to the Bathurst, which is only five or six miles further than the Campbell. So that as far as the fall of the Macquarie waters has been ascertained, according to the lowest estimate, it is highly improbable, that either the Lachlan or the Macquarie should ever reach the ocean.

I know not what is the least aver-

* Vol. iv. 8vo. p. 150.

† Mitford's Greece, vol. i. p. 43.

age fall, that rivers running into the sea require. According to Azara,* the great river Paraguay does not fall above one foot between the 18th and 22d parallels of south latitude. The head of the Volga, a river which is 2600 miles in length, is not more than 470 feet above the surface of the ocean; but then it falls into the Caspian sea, which is 306 feet below the level of the ocean. So that if the Lachlan and the Macquarie should ultimately end in large interior salt seas, there is no saying how small an elevation from the ocean level, the rivers need have. Mr. Oxley had not the means of measuring the height of the rivers, either during their course, or at their apparent termination,—only at their heads, the Macquarie giving 2643, and the Lachlan 600 feet; but another expedition, barometrically appointed, would, perhaps, set the question at rest, whether these rivers from their heights above the surface of the ocean, can possibly fall into the main sea. If Government decline the honour of these discoveries, some private individual will run away with it, as was the case with the passage across the Blue Mountains; for, in spite of its want of navigable rivers, New Holland seems destined to be one day a great pastoral country.

Returned by the huts of a sheep-location, and found them deserted by reason of recent plunder, on the part of the native Indians. These, and a few more serious accidents, will happen till the natives become more domesticated among the settlers themselves (their servants do not know how to treat them); but their thefts are generally confined to a tomahawk or an axe, the temptation of possessing which is too irresistible for black human nature. But the aborigines of this new country very rarely appear in combined numbers; and are easily scared by guns, horses, or even English dogs.

Friday, Oct. 18. — Cloudy and windy morning, but the rain kept off for the day. Returned to Bathurst by a shorter route, through another of Evans's plains to the westward of Queen Charlotte's valley. The first half of this diversion was highly romantic; the creek winding at the

base of hills, through large scattered and piled masses of rock, forming little falls and strong ripples. The second half lay over Evans's clearest plain;—a fine country, but not so well watered or so beautiful as Queen Charlotte's valley. Dined at a settler's farm on the other side of the Macquarie near Bathurst. There was an English air of neatness about the homesteads and paddocks. Some of these were matted with English grapes, and stocked with fine-woolled sheep, and lambs as big as sheep.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—The rain came on to-day, and kept me under canvas.

Sunday, Oct. 20.—Still rainy and windy. The principal chaplain again performed divine service to a congregation of about a hundred people.

Monday, Oct. 21.—Cloudy, windy and cold, with squalls of hail. Departed from Bathurst on my homeward journey at 9 o'clock, a. m. and arrived at Sidmouth valley in good time (24 miles). The hills, which shut this valley in, are really picturesque in their outline and shadows,—lightly wooded to the top, showing there like a fringe. This farm is watered by a swampy creek from the Fish river. I returned hither by a different and longer route than through O'Connell plains, namely, without crossing the Macquarie river, over the Campbell river (Governor Macquarie's seventh encampment). This is a rapid stream, running through a beautiful country, on which Lieutenant Lawson, the present commandant of Bathurst, has a farm. The Campbell and Fish rivers together form the Macquarie; but (strange to say) the latter is scarcely so large as the Fish river alone. The Campbell can never lay claim to the "very considerable magnitude," that Governor Macquarie assigns to it. But a great quantity of water runs through them all together somewhere. Stranger still that it should all end in a vast swamp! Yet a similar flatness of country is found in South America, spreading the rains into shallow lakes, which evaporate before they form rivers. Such is the celebrated lake of Los Xarayes, in the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, the length of which is 330 miles, and the

* Voyages en Amerique Meridionale, depuis 1781 jusqu'à 1801. M. de Azara.

breadth 120 ; but although it spreads over so large a space, it is not navigable in any part except for canoes and small craft. So too the interior of North America is filled with fresh-water lakes ; and there are internal seas, lakes, and marshes in Asia, as well as in Africa and America.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Fine weather again—clouds passing away. Proceeded at 9 o'clock, a. m. and arrived at 6 p. m. at Cox's river (23 miles), a delightful botanical and picturesque encampment. Found the stream pretty full and rapid from the late rains, as was also the Fish river, which we passed over this day. There is a corporal's party of the 48th regiment stationed here, as well as at Spring Wood.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.—Clear night, with heavy dew, hoar-frosted in the beautiful morning. Found a fifth creeping grevillea here. Rode to a waterfall a mile up the river ; but there is no height for the water to fall from, and the fresh was not so great as the hollowed rocks seemed to indicate it sometimes is. It was late before I proceeded, and we were obliged to unlade the cart in ascending Mount York, so that the sun set when we arrived at about the 37th mile-tree from the Nepean (18½ miles), and encamped at a place called Marsden's valley, from the circumstance of that gentleman's having lost some cattle here, as they were being driven over the mountains :

And lose a substance, to preserve a name.

I found the grevillea acanthifolia in the swamp at Blackheath, and also at the watering-place in this valley. Admired the view of Pitt's amphitheatre from this side of Blackheath much more than before. The sun was declining at the back of it, and the shade softened its monotonous harsh bosom ("stern rugged nurse") into misty blue or mountain grey. There is a bold rocky hill for the foreground, and Cox's river was seen winding in the arena of the amphitheatre in several places. This river has been traced into the Nepean by the Warragambia. Altogether the effect of this day's journey of a clear afternoon was much finer than I thought it, when I was outward bound on a sultry day. Thomas Moore may be of a different

opinion ; but (for me) I prefer "evening's best light" to the "wild freshness of morning :"

A mild, calm, moonlight evening.

The telopeia speciocissima, xanthorrhæa hastile, and many other Port Jackson plants, end exactly at Mount York, the last of the Blue Mountain range ; and there is a visible change in the botany and geology from cisalpine to transalpine.

Good water, but little grass at this encampment. But there is no grass on the whole road over the mountains.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Last night the wind rose high, and roared among the trees, till I thought some of them would fall upon the tent. Morning cloudy and windy : afternoon calm and close. Set out in good time, and arrived at Spring Wood considerably before sun-set (24½ miles). Made two diversions from the road ; one to Pulpit Hill (by which the old road passed), a hill crowned by a rock more like an elbow-chair than a rostrum ; and the other along the stream through the swamp called Jamison's valley, to a small cascade below the King's Table-land. The fall was not worth seeing,—a falling off even from Cox's fall. The water being small now, only slid down a sloping rock ; and even after rains, the step is so short, that little can be made of it. The scenery is very barren, and the ground very boggy. The most curious thing is the red, shealing, cylindrical, honey-combed nature of the sandstone rock in the cliffs above and along the stream. But I am since told that I did not go far enough to see the chasm or fissure in the rock, down which there is a slender water-fall of great height, and the whole of the Table-land next to this chasm appears as if it had undergone a violent volcanic eruption ; that the stones seem to have been once in a state of fusion, are formed into masses, and have the appearance of melted sand and iron-stone. I found the grevillea acanthifolia in this stream also. The King's Table-land should be called the Mountain Pass Ridge. It is the only passage that Messrs. Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson could have effected. The Prince Regent's Glen below it (if it be the glen that I saw) is not very romantic. This day was

not clear; and though Pitt's amphitheatre had the benefit of a mist, yet the fine distant view from this elevation of Windsor, Prospect Hill, and the Colony, was lost in the hazy horizon.

Spring Wood, which I was too late in my outward journey to see, appeared to-day a fine forest of tall trees, with some little grass between, after the barren, dwarf-treed, underwooded, shrubberies, to which I had been accustomed on the mountains. The spring runs at the foot of a picturesque rocky dingle, about half a mile off. The telopeia was now in even finer bloom than on my outward journey; and I should not have omitted to mention the many large ant-hills of small ants, which occur on the mountains. They are built of fine clay, and like hay-cocks are five or six feet high. If you damage one on your way out, you will find the industrious society will have repaired it by your return. They are perfectly different from the iron-stone gravel formicatories of large ants of the country on the other side of the Nepean.

Friday, Oct. 25.—The rain came in the night with wind. Took my final departure this morning, and reached home soon after noon, having travelled 300 miles in less than three weeks.

It now only remains for me to express my thorough satisfaction that this fine transalpine country will be the making of the colony of New South Wales. If it had not been discovered, grazing, from which alone the state can derive an export, must have come to a stop. Here is an opening for the English emigrant for centuries; and, I have not a doubt, that in spite of the want of navigable rivers, New Holland will be a second America. True, the mountain-road is very difficult, but the road to Bathurst to the southward, by way of the cow-pastures, is much longer, and in many parts (I am told) as bad. Mr. Cox's original road across the mountain-ridge has been already greatly improved in many places, by Mr. Lawson; and a man who has been long the overseer of the road-gang at Cox's pass, and whose name ought to be mentioned (George Palmer), offers to avoid that pass, and save 10 miles, with the twelvemonth's labour of forty con-

victs. It is also said that a shorter road has been projected from Richmond; and, after all, if the sheep be brought to be washed and shorn at Cox's river, there will be only a hundred miles of land-carriage, which the wool will well repay. It is fervently to be hoped that the present local Government will feel the real value of this new country, and the public importance of improving every access to it. If this matter were put into the hands of the surveyor general, and two or three commissioners, of whom Mr. Lawson should, of course, be one, the expense to the crown of the labour required from convicts might be greatly lightened, and individual subscription or toll would be cheerfully contributed to so good and great a public work. It is quite clear, from his shutting it up, that Governor Macquarie never saw this country in its proper light. From the natural science and political economy of the present local Government, better things are expected. If free emigration is to be encouraged hither, at Bathurst the settler may immediately live upon the fat of the land, and, in time, export his fine wool. But, then, upon its importation in England, it must be exempted from the duty on foreign wool. The policy of this exemption is, at least, as old as Bacon, who, in his *Essay upon Colonization*, says: "Let there be freedom from custom till the plantation be of strength; and not only freedom from custom, but freedom to carry their commodities where they may make the best of them." If Great Britain wishes her colonies to consume her manufactures, she must not drive them, by heavy duties on the export of their raw material, to manufacture for themselves. If convicts are still to be transported hither, the only chance of their reformation consists in scattering them widely over the country, and giving them pastoral habits. Convict transportation is but a bad system of colonization; and Governor Macquarie, by his preference of the convict to the free, made it worse for the plantation, and totally inoperative as the penalty of felony, or the penitentiary of vice. "It is a shameful and unblest thing (says Bacon) to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant;

and, not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief, and spend victuals and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation." The evils and expense of the transportation system would certainly be lessened by placing the convicts more in the service of farming and grazing settlers, out of the reach of the temptations and evil communication of great towns, the establishment of which was too much the policy of the late Governor. The solitary life of a shepherd, or a stockman, would gradually soften the heart of the most hardened convict; but, instead of this, Governor Macquarie's system was to keep them congregated in barracks, and employed, at a ration of a pound and a half of meat, and the same quantity of flour, *per diem*, upon showy public buildings. Of wretches, possessed of no better means of reformation than these, it could not be expected that industrious colonists should ever be made. When their period of transportation expired, or was remitted by favour, they would therefore take their grant of land and allowances for settling, and sell them the next hour for spirits. It is true, that this was abuse; but it was an abuse inseparable from such bad policy; and, perhaps, the best criterion for estimating policy is to say that that is good which is open to few, and that bad which is exposed

to many abuses. If Government will encourage a better system of colonization, New Holland will soon be a happy and thriving province: if they cannot afford us any assistance, let them only not impede, and New Holland will, in time, be a thriving and happy province; for, with such a climate and soil, and so many Englishmen as it contains already, happy and thriving it will be, sooner or later. Eventually, no doubt, from its distance from the parent country, and its extent in itself, it will be an independent state; and the same mountains, which now obstruct the passage of the colonists, will always be an impenetrable barrier to a foreign foe, should such an one ever cast an envious eye upon the colony of New South Wales. Of a parent foe, after the warning of America, I will not suffer myself to contemplate the possibility; and, I am sincere and sanguine in my hopes, that the enlightened eye of that parent will see the public policy of encouraging free emigration to the fine country beyond the Blue Mountains of New South Wales.

It may give weight to the above observations, to add that the writer of this Journal has himself no intention of occupying or settling in that country, and is possessed of no more sheep than a pastoral poet. *Non hic colonus domicilium habeo; sed, topiarii in morem, hinc inde florem vellico, ut canis Nilum lambens.*

B. F.

COCKNEY LATIN.

MR. EDITOR,—My much esteemed friend and correspondent, Archibald Saunders, of the good town of Edinburgh, writer, when he last did us the honour of a visit to our poor Metropolis, was pleased to make himself soberly merry at the expense of certain modes of pronunciation, which he contended to be peculiar to us Londoners. It is no secret, I fear, to our fellow-countrymen of the northern part of this island, that in all the streets, lanes, courts, alleys, &c. to the east of Temple Bar, we exchange reciprocally the V and the W, and insert or omit the H,—in a manner directly at violence with that of our politer provincial brethren. My friend Archy was particularly

amused with the way of reading Latin, as it is in use at our public grammar schools,—at St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors'. I took him to an annual recital day at the latter, and I thought he would have burst his sides at hearing a tall upper boy gravely opening the *Æneid*, with

HARMA WIRUMQUE CANO—
and another distorting Horace, with his

PUERIS

WIRGINIBUSQUE—

instead of AARMA, and VAARGEENIBUS, according to the correcter pronunciation of the models of just speaking at Edinburgh and Glasgow. I was in some pain, I confess, to have our young scholars (in one of whom

I claim an interest, being both his cousin-german and guardian) thus caught tripping by so great a master of universal knowledge, as I have always esteemed my friend Archy to be; and, in this difficulty, I applied to my old master, Dr. Parr, whom, as born in a middle county, I thought most likely to be exempt from prejudices, inseparable perhaps from a native of either of the two great, yet distant, Metropolises of this country. He was pleased to say, that with regard to the change of V in VIRGINIBUS to W, there was at least an equal chance for the Merchant Taylors' boy being in the right, for the Romans having no character by which to express the latter, and it being next to impossible but they must have had the sound, it was almost demonstrable that their letter V served for either at pleasure; and, certainly, for the sake of euphony, VIRGINIBUS did to his ear seem more fluent, mellifluous and feminine (and therefore more Horatian) than the other version of it, which had something in it repulsively harsh and Boreal. But for the aspirate before ARMA, he was clearly of opinion that it was no more than a recovery of the true old Roman pronunciation, when Rome was mistress of the world. To convince me of this, he pointed out an Epigram in Catullus, made by the poet, upon his friend Q. Arrius, when that Patrician went as Præfect into Syria; in which, under covert of rallying his friend, by a very happy irony he exposes the misconstruction which those barbarous provincialists would make of their Governor's Latin, when he came among them. To suppose that he meant to insinuate that these Caledonians of the East spoke purer Latin than a Roman nobleman, would be a preposterous perversion, and quite destroy the delicacy of the concealed compliment. It is as follows.

CHOMMODA dicebat, si quando COMMODA

*Dicere; et HINSIDIAS Arrius, INSIDIAS.
Credo sic mater, sic liber avunculus ejus,
Sic maternus avus dixerat, atque avia.
Et tum mirificè sperabat se esse locutum,
Cum quantum poterat dixerat HINSI-*

DIAS.

Hoc misso in Suriam, requierant omnibus

audire; eadem hæc leniter et leviter.

Nec sibi postilla metuebant talia verba;

*Cum subito offertur nuntius horribilis:
IONIOS fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius issit,
Jam non IONIOS esse, sed HIONIOS.*

It is plain that not only this Nobleman himself, but his mother, aunts, uncles, great aunts, &c. on both sides, had been used all their lives to pronounce—not INSIDIAS, as it is erroneously spoken in all Academies west of Temple-bar—but in the true dialect of Imperial Rome—the Romano-Cockneian of that day—HINSIDIAS. Furthermore we learn, that in the right spirit of a Roman Præfect, he was anxious for planting the genuine Latin, as spoken by men of highest birth at Rome, in those distant colonies and free cities. Not content with importing among them the initial aspirate, he seems to have insisted upon it, by marking all words (beginning to the eye with a vowel) with that rough prefix of sound, in the most emphatic manner possible—*quantum potuit*—that is to say, with all his might and main he said HINSIDIAS. The ignorant alarm taken by those barbarians at this elegant innovation is ridiculous enough. They were afraid of losing their IONIAN sea—their old *mumpsimus*—and having a HIONIAN one imposed upon them instead—as if an aspirate more or less could change the value of their commercial waters—or as if the Primrose Hill of modern Mid Lothian could lose any thing in height or abruptness by calling it, by what I am convinced is its proper name in purest English—Harthur's Seat.

Referring these considerations to the Masters of Pronunciation at Edinburgh and in London, and wishing a conference to be held at York or Newark, by commissioners, to be appointed by either disputants, to settle the purity of our common language, and fix the pronunciation in particular upon a uniform basis,

I remain, yours, &c.

PHILOPATRIS LONDINIENSIS.

P. S. The difference in COMMODA and CHOMMODA, the Doctor ingeniously confessed he was unable to clear up; or, to say whether the CH in the former was expressed exactly as in our CHEESE and CHOLMONDELY. It doubtless refers to some nicety in the ancient Romano-Cockneian dialect, to the solution of which the research of modern learning is altogether incompetent.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIETRO BEMBO.

LIETA e chiusa contrada ! ov'io m'involo
Al vulgo, e meco vivo, e meco albergo,
Chi mi t'invidia or che, i Gemelli a tergo
Lasciando, scalda Febo il nostro polo ?

Rade volte in te sento ira, nè duolo,
Nè gli occhi al ciel sì spesso e le voglie ergo,
Nè tante carte altrove aduno e vergo,
Per levarmi talor, s'io posso, a volo.

Quanto sia dolce un solitario stato,
Tu m'insegnasti, e quanto aver la mente
Di cure scarca e di sospetti sgombra.

O cara selva, O fumaticello amato !
Cangiar potess'io 'l mare, e il lito ardente,
Con le vostre fredd'acque e la verd'ombra !

Dear calm retreat ! where from the world I steal,
Where to myself I live, and dwell alone,
Why seek thee not, when Phœbus, fiercer grown,
Has left the Twins behind his burning wheel ?

With thee I rarely grief or anger feel,
No where my thoughts to heav'n so oft have flown,
No where my pen such industry has shown,
When to the Muse I chance to make appeal.

How truly sweet a state is solitude,
And how from cares to have my bosom free,
And live at ease, was taught me in thy school !

Dear rivulet, and thou delightful wood !
Oh that these parching sands, this glaring sea,
Were changed for your green shades and waters cool !

GUY FAUX.

A VERY ingenious and subtle writer, whom there is good reason for suspecting to be an Ex-Jesuit, not unknown at Douay some five-and-twenty years since (he will not obtrude himself at M——th again in a hurry), about a twelvemonth back, set himself to prove the character of the Powder Plot conspirators to have been that of heroic self-devotedness and true Christian martyrdom. Under the mask of Protestant candour, he actually gained admission for his treatise into a London weekly paper, not particularly distinguished for its zeal towards either religion. But, admitting Catholic principles, his arguments are shrewd and incontrovertible. He says—

Guy Faux was a fanatic, but he was no hypocrite. He ranks among good haters. He was cruel, bloody-minded, reckless of all considerations but those of an infuriated and bigoted faith ; but he was a true son of the Catholic Church, a martyr and a con-

fessor, for all that. He who can prevail upon himself to devote his life for a cause, however we may condemn his opinions or abhor his actions, vouches at least for the honesty of his principles and the disinterestedness of his motives. He may be guilty of the worst practices, but he is capable of the greatest. He is no longer a slave, but free. The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue. The hero of the Gunpowder-Plot was, if you will, a fool, a madman, an assassin ; call him what names you please : still he was neither knave nor coward. He did not propose to blow up the Parliament and come off, scot-free, himself ; he showed that he valued his own life no more than theirs in such a cause—where the integrity of the Catholic faith and the salvation of perhaps millions of souls was at stake. He did not call it a murder, but a sacrifice which he was about to achieve : he was armed with the Holy Spirit and with fire : he was the Church's chosen servant and her blessed martyr. He comforted himself as “ the best of cut-throats.” How many wretches are there that would have undertaken to do what he

intended for a sum of money, if they could have got off with impunity! How few are there who would have put themselves in Guy Faux's situation to save the universe! Yet in the latter case we affect to be thrown into greater consternation than at the most unredeemed acts of villainy, as if the absolute disinterestedness of the motive doubled the horror of the deed! The cowardice and selfishness of mankind are in fact shocked at the consequences to themselves (if such examples are held up for imitation), and they make a fearful outcry against the violation of every principle of morality, lest they too should be called on for any such tremendous sacrifices—lest they in their turn should have to go on the forlorn hope of extra-official duty. *Charity begins at home*, is a maxim that prevails as well in the courts of conscience as in those of prudence. We would be thought to shudder at the consequences of crime to others, while we tremble for them to ourselves. We talk of the dark and cowardly assassin; and this is well, when an individual shrinks from the face of an enemy, and purchases his own safety by striking a blow in the dark: but how the charge of cowardice can be applied to the public assassin, who, in the very act of destroying another, lays down his life as the pledge and forfeit of his sincerity and boldness, I am at a loss to devise. There may be barbarous prejudice, rooted hatred, unprincipled treachery, in such an act; but he who resolves to take all the danger and odium upon himself, can no more be branded with cowardice, than Regulus devoting himself for his country, or Codrus leaping into the fiery gulf. A wily Father Inquisitor, coolly and with plenary authority condemning hundreds of helpless, unoffending victims, to the flames or to the horrors of a living tomb, while he himself would not suffer a hair of his head to be hurt, is to me a character without any qualifying trait in it. Again; the Spanish conqueror and hero, the favourite of his monarch, who enticed thirty thousand poor Mexicans into a large open building, under promise of strict faith and cordial goodwill, and then set fire to it, making sport of the cries and agonies of these deluded creatures, is an instance of uniting the most hardened cruelty with the most heartless selfishness. His plea was keeping no faith with heretics: this was Guy Faux's too; but I am sure at least that the latter kept faith with himself: he was in earnest in his professions. His was not gay, wanton, unfeeling depravity; he did not murder in sport; it was serious work that he had taken in hand. To see this arch-bigot, this heart-whole traitor, this pale miner in the infernal regions, skulking in his retreat with his cloak and dark lanthorn, moving cautiously about among his barrels of gunpowder loaded with death, but not yet ripe

for destruction, regardless of the lives of others, and more than indifferent to his own, presents a picture of the strange infatuation of the human understanding, but not of the depravity of the human will, without an equal. There were thousands of pious Papists privy to and ready to applaud the deed when done:—there was no one but our old fifth-of-November friend, who still flutters in rags and straw on the occasion, that had the courage to attempt it. In him stern duty and unshaken faith prevailed over natural frailty.

It is impossible, upon Catholic principles, not to admit the force of this reasoning; we can only not help smiling (with the writer) at the simplicity of the gulled editor, swallowing the dregs of Loyola for the very quintessence of sublimated reason in England at the commencement of the nineteenth century. We will just, as a contrast, show what we Protestants (who are a party concerned) thought upon the same subject, at a period rather nearer to the heroic project in question.

The Gunpowder Treason was the subject which called forth the earliest specimen which is left us of the pulpit eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. When he preached the Sermon on that anniversary, which is printed at the end of the folio edition of his Sermons, he was a young man just commencing his ministry, under the auspices of Archbishop Laud. From the learning, and maturest oratory, which it manifests, one should rather have conjectured it to have proceeded from the same person after he was ripened by time into a Bishop and Father of the Church.—“And, really, these *Romano-barbari* could never pretend to any precedent for an act so barbarous as theirs. Adramelech, indeed, killed a king, but he spared the people; Haman would have killed the people, but spared the king; but that both king and people, princes and judges, branch and rush and root, should die at once (as if Caligula's wish were actuated, and all England upon one head), was never known till now, that all the malice of the world met in this as in a centre. The Sicilian even-song, the matins of St. Bartholomew, known for the pitiless and damned massacres, were but *καίρυς οξιάς ὄψας*, the dream of the shadow of smoke, if compared with this great fire. In

tam occupato sæculo fabulas vulgares nequitia non invenit. This was a busy age; Herostratus must have invented a more sublimed malice than the burning of one temple, or not have been so much as spoke of since the discovery of the powder treason. But I must make more haste, I shall not else climb the sublimity of this impiety. Nero was sometimes the popular odium, was popularly hated, and deserved it too, for he slew his master, and his wife, and all his family, once or twice over,—opened his mother's womb,—fired the city, laughed at it, slandered the Christians for it; but yet all these were but *principia malorum*, the very first rudiments of evil. Add, then, to these, Herod's master-piece at Ramah, as it was deciphered by the tears and sad threnes of the matrons in an universal mourning for the loss of their pretty infants; yet this of Herod will prove but an infant wickedness, and that of Nero the evil but of one city. I would willingly have found out an example, but see I cannot; should I put into the scale the extract of all the old tyrants famous in antique stories,—

Bistonii stabulum regis, Busiridis aras,
Antiphatæ mensas, et Taurica regna
Thoantis;—

should I take for true story the highest cruelty as it was fancied by the most hieroglyphical Egyptian, this alone would weigh them down, as if the Alps were put in scale against the dust of a balance. For had this accursed treason prospered, we should have had the whole kingdom mourn for the inestimable loss of its chiefest glory, its life, its present joy, and all its very hopes for the future. For such was their destined malice, that they would not only have inflicted so cruel a blow, but have made it incurable, by cutting off our supplies of joy, the whole succession of the Line Royal. Not only the vine itself, but all the *gemmulae*, and the tender olive branches, should either have been bent to their intentions, and made to grow crooked, or else been broken.

“And now, after such a sublimity of malice, I will not instance in the sacrilegious ruin of the neighbouring temples, which needs must have perished in the flame,—nor in the disturbing the ashes of our intombed

kings, devouring their dead ruins like sepulchral dogs,—these are but minutes, in respect of the ruin prepared for the living temples:—

Stragem sed istam non tulit
Christus cadentum Principum
Impune, ne forsani sui
Patris periret fabrica.

Ergo quæ poterit lingua retexere
Landes, Christe, tuas, qui domitum struis
Infidum populum cum Duce perfido!”

In such strains of eloquent indignation did Jeremy Taylor's young oratory inveigh against that stupendous attempt, which he truly says had no parallel in ancient or modern times. A century and a half of European crimes has elapsed since he made the assertion, and his position remains in its strength. He wrote near the time in which the nefarious project had like to have been completed. Men's minds still were shuddering from the recentness of the escape. It must have been within his memory, or have been sounded in his ears so young by his parents, that he would seem, in his maturer years, to have remembered it. No wonder then that he describes it in words that burn. But to us, to whom the tradition has come slowly down, and has had time to cool, the story of Guido Vaux sounds rather like a tale, a fable, and an invention, than true history. It supposes such gigantic audacity of daring, combined with such more than infantile stupidity in the motive,—such a combination of the fiend and the monkey,—that credulity is almost swallowed up in contemplating the singularity of the attempt. It has accordingly, in some degree, shared the fate of fiction. It is familiarized to us in a kind of serio-ludicrous way, like the story of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Valentine and Orson*. The way which we take to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance is well adapted to keep up this fabular notion. Boys go about the streets annually with a beggarly scarecrow dressed up, which is to be burnt, indeed, at night, with holy zeal; but, meantime, they beg a penny for *poor Guy*: this periodical petition, which we have heard from our infancy,—combined with the dress and appearance of the effigy, so well calculated to move compassion,—has the effect of quite removing from our fancy the horrid circumstances of the story

which is thus commemorated; and in *poor Guy* vainly should we try to recognize any of the features of that tremendous madman in iniquity, Guido Vaux, with his horrid crew of accomplices, that sought to emulate earthquakes and bursting volcanoes in their more than mortal mischief.

Indeed, the whole ceremony of burning Guy Faux, or *the Pope*, as he is indifferently called, is a sort of *Treason Travestie*, and admirably adapted to lower our feelings upon this memorable subject. The printers of the little duodecimo *Prayer Book*, printed by T. Baskett,* in 1749, which has the effigy of his sacred Majesty George II. piously prefixed, have illustrated the service (a very fine one in itself) which is appointed for the Anniversary of this Day, with a print, which it is not very easy to describe, but the contents appear to be these:—The scene is a room, I conjecture, in the king's palace. Two persons,—one of whom I take to be James himself, from his wearing his hat while the other stands bareheaded,—are intently surveying a sort of speculum, or magic mirror, which stands upon a pedestal in the midst of the room, in which a little figure of Guy Faux with his dark lantern approaching the door of the Parliament House is made discernible by the light proceeding from a *great eye* which shines in from the topmost corner of the apartment, by which eye the pious artist no doubt meant to designate Providence. On the other side of the mirror, is a figure doing something, which puzzled me when a child, and continues to puzzle me now. The best I can make of it is, that it is a conspirator busy laying the train,—but then, why is he represented in the king's chamber?—Conjecture upon so fantastical a design is vain, and I only notice the print as being one of the earliest graphic representations which woke my childhood into wonder, and doubtless combined with the mummery before-mentioned, to take off

the edge of that horror which the naked historical mention of Guido's conspiracy could not have failed of exciting.

Now that so many years are past since that abominable machination was happily frustrated, it will not, I hope, be considered a profane sporting with the subject, if we take no very serious survey of the consequences that would have flowed from this plot if it had had a successful issue. The first thing that strikes us, in a selfish point of view, is the material change which it must have produced in the course of the nobility. All the ancient peerage being extinguished, as it was intended, at one blow, the *Red-Book* must have been closed for ever, or a new race of peers must have been created to supply the deficiency; as the first part of this dilemma is a deal too shocking to think of, what a fund of mouth-watering reflections does this give rise to in the breast of us plebeians of A. D. 1823. Why you or I, reader, might have been Duke of ——— or Earl of ———: I particularize no titles, to avoid the least suspicion of intention to usurp the dignities of the two noblemen whom I have in my eye:—but a feeling more dignified than envy sometimes excites a sigh, when I think how the posterity of Guido's Legion of Honour (among whom you or I might have been) might have rolled down “dulcified,” as Burke expresses it, “by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring.”† What new orders of merit, think you, this English Napoleon would have chosen? Knights of the Barrel, or Lords of the Tub, Grand Almoners of the Cellar, or Ministers of Explosion. We should have given the Train *couchant*, and the Fire *rampant* in our arms; we should have quartered the dozen white matches in our coats;—the Shallows would have been nothing to us.

* The same, I presume, upon whom the clergyman in the song of the *Vicar and Moses*, not without judgment, passes this memorable censure—

Here, Moses, the King:—

'Tis a scandalous thing

That this Baskett should print for the Crown.

† Letter to a Noble Lord.

Turning away from these mortifying reflections, let us contemplate its effects upon the *other house*, for they were all to have gone together,—King, Lords, Commons——

To assist our imagination, let us take leave to suppose,—and we do it in the harmless wantonness of fancy,—to suppose that the tremendous explosion had taken place in our days;—we better know what a House of Commons is in our days, and can better estimate our loss;—let us imagine, then, to ourselves, the United Members sitting in full conclave above—Faux just ready with his train and matches below; in his hand a “reed tipt with fire”—he applies the fatal engine——

To assist our notions still further, let us suppose some lucky dog of a reporter, who had escaped by miracle upon some plank of St. Stephen's benches, and came plump upon the roof of the adjacent Abbey, from whence descending, at some neighbouring coffee-house, first wiping his clothes and calling for a glass of lemonade, he sits down and reports what he had heard and seen (*quorum pars magna fuit*) for the *Morning Post* or the *Courier*,—we can scarcely imagine him describing the event in any other words but some such as these:—

“A *Motion* was put and carried, That this House do *adjourn*: That the Speaker do *quit the Chair*. The House rose amid clamours for Order.”

In some such way the event might most technically have been conveyed to the public. But a poetical mind, not content with this dry method of narration, cannot help pursuing the effects of this tremendous blowing up, this adjournment in the air *sine die*. It sees the benches mount,—the Chair first, and then the benches, and first the Treasury Bench, hurried up in this nitrous explosion; the Members, as it were, pairing off; Whigs and Tories taking their friendly apotheosis together, (as they did their sandwiches below in Belamy's room). Fancy, in her flight, keeps pace with the aspiring legislators, she sees the awful seat of order mounting till it becomes finally fixed a constellation, next to Cassiopeia's

chair,—the wig of him that sat in it taking its place near Berenice's curls. St. Peter, at Heaven's wicket,—no, not St. Peter,—St. Stephen, with open arms, receives his own——

While Fancy beholds these celestial appropriations, Reason, no less pleased, discerns the mighty benefit which so complete a renovation must produce below. Let the most determined foe to corruption, the most thorough-paced redresser of abuses, try to conceive a more absolute purification of the House than this was calculated to produce;—why, Pride's Purge was nothing to it;—the whole borough-mongering system would have been got rid of, fairly *exploded*;—with it, the senseless distinctions of party must have disappeared; faction must have vanished; corruption have expired in air. From Hundred, Tything, and Wapentake, some new Alfred would have convened, in all its purity, the primitive Wittenagemot,—fixed upon a basis of property or population, permanent as the poles——

From this dream of universal restitution, Reason and Fancy with difficulty awake to view the real state of things. But, blessed be Heaven, St. Stephen's walls are yet standing, all her seats firmly secured; nay, some have doubted (since the Septennial Act) whether gunpowder itself, or any thing short of a *Committee above stairs*, would be able to shake any one member from his seat;—that great and final improvement to the Abbey, which is all that seems wanting,—the removing Westminster-hall and its appendages, and letting in the view of the Thames,—must not be expected in our days. Dismissing, therefore, all such speculations as mere tales of a tub, it is the duty of every honest Englishman to endeavour, by means less wholesale than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, Parliaments; to hold the *lantern* to the dark places of corruption; to apply the *match* to the rotten parts of the system only; and to wrap himself up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm, honest *cloak* of integrity and patriotic intention.

ELIA.

THE CLOUDS; A DREAM.

It was in the evening of the fifth of December, 1821, when, not being able to relish a glass either of the national drug yclept old port, or even of my housekeeper's home-made, which, as I sometimes tell my friends, I think nearly equal to the best vieux bourgogne in the Palais Royal, I sent for a small portion of my neighbour ———'s entire. The afternoon was unusually gloomy. Before me lay a Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE, open at that part of it in which Mr. Howard's nomenclature of the clouds is explained. I was trying whether I could assign to their proper class a black army of vapours that was stretching itself slowly over the north. The attempt was to no purpose, and I began musing on the difference between arrangement and method, as it is laid down in those excellent papers in the third volume of Mr. Coleridge's Friend, when, stretching out my right arm over the Magazine and laying my head upon it, I fell fast asleep. Immediately I appeared to myself to be transported, just as I was sitting with my table and all that was on it, into the steam-engine of my neighbour's brewery. The warmth was such as I should soon have found inconvenient enough, but that the valve opening, I rose up gently, enveloped in a dense smoke. The motion and its accompaniment put me in mind of those lines in Milton:—

——— At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in a surging
smoke
Uplifted spurns the grounds; thence many
a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious.

when the last word reminding me of the malevolent being who is there spoken of, and beginning, I know not why, to raise uncomfortable thoughts, I was agreeably relieved by the sight of a comely female approaching me. She was dressed in a surprising variety of colours; and, as I fancied, had much the appearance of Mrs. ———, when at an early hour of the morning she issues forth to market in an old bonnet bedizened with fresh ribbons, a parti-coloured shawl,

and a gown curiously inlaid with all those hues, in which our British ancestors used to deck themselves: articles of dress, none of which separately would be thought good enough for any other occasion, but which being combined, all together make so showy an appearance that I sometimes think the tradespeople may suppose it is of no consequence what price they put on their goods to so fine a lady. My error was not of long continuance, for she accosted me in the words of Dante,

——— I am not she,
Not she whom thou believest.

Behold in me her whom old Hesiod calls *Θαύμαντος θυγάτηρ*, or as Edmund Spenser's Muse in her slip-slop way has it, "The daughter of Thaumantes fair." In a word, I am the wind-footed Iris. But what is all this stuff before thee about cirri and cumuli, and strati? Have not you English made yourselves fools enough already in the eyes of all Europe about the weather, but you must set yourselves gravely to nickname every day in the year after this uncouth fashion? Is it not sufficient to have these black shadows intercepting sun, moon, and stars; lowering over your heads nine parts in ten out of the year, and for one whole month (November I think they call it) tempting you to hang, drown, shoot, or poison yourselves merely to be out of the sight of them; but that, when they are fairly departed, you must raise up their ghosts again, and exhibit every one of them standing like Homer's Hercules at the gates of hell, *ἔρεμνῃ νокτὶ ἰοικώς* with his bow ready bent against you, or like him whom your own poet has thought to make yet more formidable by saying that he was not only "black as night," but "fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell?" If thou hast a mind to make something out of these dark visitations, sit not poring over that vile nomenclature, but see what such pencils as these have made of them. So saying, with one brush of her wings she swept down before me certain volumes, the leaves of which opening of themselves disclosed to me the following passages:—

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometimes like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel or pendant rock,
A forked mountain or blue promontory,
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air ; thou'st seen these signs—
They are black Vesper's pageants.
That which was now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water. *Anthony and Cleopatra, A. 4. S. 10.*

Non tanti aspetti, non tante figure
Sogliono le rotte nuvole ben spesso
Formare in cielo nelle notti oscure,
Se piovoso Austro a lor svolazza appresso ;
Che or si fan navi, e quelle stesse pure
Or si fanno un gigante, ora un cipresso.
Ricciardetto, C. 12. St. 106.

Lo ! in the burning West, the craggy nape
Of a tall Ararat ! And thereupon
The ark, her melancholy voyage done !
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape :
There combats a huge crocodile agape
A golden spear to swallow ! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes, destruction to escape !
Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades,
Where spirits dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Silently disappears, or quickly fades ;—
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth,
From all the fuming vanities of earth. *Wordsworth.*

—Nubes facile interdum condescere in alto
Cernimus, et mundi speciem violare serenam,
Aera mulcentis motu : nam sæpe gigantum
Ora volare videntur, et umbram ducere late :
Interdum magni montes, avolsaque saxa
Montibus anteire, et solem succedere præter :
Inde alios trahere atque inducere bellua nimbos.
Lucretius, L. 4. V. 141.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ἤδη ποτ' αναβλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὅμοιαν,
ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταυρῳ ;
ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. νῆ Δί' ἔγωγ'. εἶτα τί τοῦτο ;
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. γίγνονται πάνθ' ὃ τι βούλονται κᾶτ' ἣν μὲν ἰδῶσι κομήτην,
ἄγριόν τινα τῶν λασίων τούτων, οἷον περ τὸν Ξενοφάντου,
σκώπτουσαι τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ, Κενταύροις ἤκασαν αὐτάς.
ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. τί δ' ἄρ' ; ἣν ἄρπαγα τῶν δημοσίων κατίδωσι Σίμωνα, τί δρῶσιν ;
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ἀποφαίνουσαι τὴν φύσιν αὐτοῦ, λύκοι ἐξαίφνης ἐγένοντο.
ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ταῦτ' ἄρα, ταῦτα Κλεώνυμον αὐταὶ τὸν ρῖψασπιν χθὲς ἰδοῦσαι,
ὅτι δειλότατον τοῦτον εἴρων, ἔλαφοι διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο.
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. καὶ νῦν ὅτι Κλεισθένη εἶδον, ὄρεας, διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες.
Aristophanes. Νεφέλαι 355.

Socrates. Hast thou ne'er seen a cloud which thou could'st fancy
Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf, or bull ?

Strepsiades. Yea, marry, have I, and what then ?

Socrates. Why then

Clouds can assume what shape they will, believe me ;

For instance ; should they spy some hairy clown

Rugged and rough and like the unlick'd cub

Of Xenophantes, straight they turn to centaurs,
And kick at him for vengeance.

Strepsiades. Well done, clouds!

But should they spy that peculating knave,
Simon, that public thief, how would they treat him?

Socrates. As wolves—in character most like his own.

Strepsiades. Aye, there it is now, when they saw Cleonymus,
That dastard runaway, they turn'd to hinds
In honour of his cowardice.

Socrates. And now,
Having seen Clisthenes, to mock his lewdness
They change themselves to women.

Cumberland's Translation.

Ainsi dans l'air de mobiles nuages
A l'oeil frappé présentent tour a tour
De mille objets les changeantes images ;
C'est un coursier, un dragon, un vautour ;
C'est un clocher, c'est une vieille tour ;
C'était un nain, et puis c'est Briarée ;
Tableau vivant, vain jouet de Borée,
Où chaque objet, qui passe et se détruit,
Est sans rapport avec l'objet qui suit.

La Naissance de la Mode par Maurice Segurier.

I should certainly have broken out into a titter at the flatness of this conclusion, but that Iris's expostulation, delivered in something of that termagant tone which she had probably learnt of her mistress when rating Jupiter, was still ringing in my ears; and now resuming in a milder voice, she desired me, since I was so marvellously fond of sky furniture, to look up and see where I was. I obeyed not without shuddering; and raising, as I thought, my head from my arm (though I had all the while beheld her just as plainly as if I had not continued in that posture) looked round and saw on every side of an immense hall an infinite assortment of vapours, disposed in the most antic shapes imaginable; some painted, some sketched; some in alto, some in basso relievo; many like rude hints of some future design; others like fragments of a foregone glory. At a table in the midst of the hall, there appeared to be seated three painters who were very busily employed in copying the strange things about them. Him on the right I immediately knew to be that Theon the Samian, whom Quintilian speaks of as being most excellent at conceiving visions, which they call phantasies (*concipiendis visionibus, quas parvas vocant, præstantissimus*). Opposite to him was the cunning artist, spoken of in the Faery Queen:

That hight Phantastes by his nature trew,

His chamber was dispaigned all within
With sundry colours, in the which were writ

Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene and knowen by their names,

Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernal hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,

Apes, Lyons, eagles, owles, fooles, lovers,
children, dames. (B. 2. c. 9.)

The third limner appeared to me between the old Grecian and this airy being; but some of the pictures he had been employed on, and especially two from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, bore such admirable marks of diligence in the finishing of them, that I could not but wonder how qualities apparently so irreconcilable had been thus united, till by one of those sudden revolutions so frequent in dreams, fancying that as Iris was changed into Titania, so I had myself become identified with Bottom, the weaver, I raised my hand up to my head to try if it were indeed as hairy as it seemed to be in the picture, when either the exertion or the ludicrousness of the image broke off my slumber, and I found myself waking in a very agreeable fit of laughter.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

No. VI.

OF the fictitious Romances, none is so popular as the History of the Count Alarcos; and, though long, I venture to give it entire, intentionally preserving the desultory spirit of the original, and the unvarying rhyme, which in the Spanish is remarkably harmonious and characteristic. It seems to me full of tragic situations, pourtrayed with rare simplicity and pathos. Rojas, whom I take to be one of the finest dramatists of Spain, and who has been often happy in his choice of subjects, has a tragedy founded on this story, entitled *El Conde Alarcos*; and the "awful tale" has been versified in a great variety of ways. I have several copies of this *Romance*, and there are slight variations in them. That I have employed, is one of the reprints, of which tens of thousands circulate in the southern provinces of the Peninsula.

*Romance del Conde Alarcos y
de la Infanta Solisa.*

ROMANCE OF THE COUNT ALARCOS
AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

Retrayda esta la infanta
bien assi como solia
biuiendo muy descontenta
de la vida que tenia
viendo que ya se passaua
toda la flor de su vida
y que el Rey no la casaua
ni tal cuydado tenia
entre si estaua pensando
a quien se descubriria,
acordo llamar al Rey
como otras vezes solia
por dezirle su secreto
y la intencion que tenia,
vino el Rey siendo llamado
que no tardo su venida
vidola estar apartada
sola esta sin compania
su lindo gesto mostraua
ser mas triste que solia,
conociera luego el Rey
el enojo que tenia
que es aquesto la infanta
que es aquesto hija mia
contad me vuestros enojos
no tomeys malenconia,
que sabiendo la verdad
todo se remediaria
menester sera buen Rey
remediar la vida mia
que a vos quede encomendada
de la madre que tenia
dedes me buen Rey marido
que mi edad ya lo pedia
con verguenga os lo demando
no con gana que tenia,
que aquestos cuydados tales
a vos Rey pertenecian
Escuchada su demanda
el buen Rey le respondia.

Now the infanta is retired,
She is retired as wont to be;
She was gloomy and discontented,
For her life pass'd gloomily;
And all the spring of her days is fading,
Swiftly the days of spring-time flee—
The king has not espoused his daughter,
Nor cares about her marriage he:—
To whom shall she unveil her sorrow,
To whom confide her misery?
She thought of summoning the monarch—
He her guide was used to be;
And to confess to him the secret
And her wishes openly.
The king he came when he was summon'd,
Thither came he hastily,
He found her desolate and gloomy,
With her grief in secrecy;
And her lovely face was shaded
With a dark anxiety;
And the monarch soon discover'd
There was woe and misery.
What is this, belov'd infanta?
Daughter! tell thy griefs to me,—
Tell me, tell me all thy sorrows,
Whence this strange despondency?
Tell me—when I know thy grievance,
I shall find a remedy.
Worthy king, 'tis hard to find it,
Remedy is none for me.
When my mother died she left me,
Left me with this charge to thee,
That thou shouldst, good king! betroth me,
At my age 'twas meet for me.—
'Tis with shame that I require it,
Shame that strives with modesty;
But these cares are thine, O monarch!
Cares like these belong to thee!
When the king had heard his daughter,
Thus his daughter answer'd he:

Esse culpa la infanta
 vuestra era que no mia,
 que ya fuerades casada
 con el principe de Vngria
 no quesistes escuchar,
 la embaxada que os venia
 pues aca en las nuestras cortes
 hija mal recaudo auia,
 porque en todos los mis reynos
 vuestro par ygal no auia
 sino era el conde Alarcos
 que hijos y muger tenia.
 Combidadlo vos el Rey
 al conde Alarcos vn dia
 y despues que ayays comido
 dezidle de parte mia
 dezidle que se acuerde
 de la fe que del tenia,
 la qual el me prometio
 que yo no sela pedia
 de ser siempre mi marido
 y yo que su muger seria,
 yo fuy d'ello muy contenta
 y que no me arrepentia,
 si caso con la condessa
 que mirara lo que hazia
 que por el no me case
 con el Principe de Vngria,
 si caso con la condessa
 del es culpa que no mia.
 Perdiera el Rey en oyrla
 el sentido que tenia,
 mas despues en si tornado
 con enojo respondia,
 No son estos los consejos
 que vuestra madre os dezia
 muy mal mirastes infanta
 do estaua la honrra mia,
 si verdad es todo esso
 vuestra honrra ya es perdida
 no podeys vos ser casada
 siendo la condessa biua
 si se haze el casamiento
 por razon o por justicia
 en el dezir de las gentes
 por mala sereys tenida
 dad me vos hija consejo,
 qu'el mio no bastaria
 que ya es muerta vuestra madre
 a quien consejo pedia.
 Pues yo os lo dare buen Rey
 deste poco que tenia,
 mate el conde a la condessa
 que nadie no lo sabria.
 y eche fama que ella es muerta
 de vn cierto mal que tenia
 y tratar se ha el casamiento
 como cosa no sabida,
 desta manera buen Rey
 mi honrra se guardaria,
 de alli se salia el Rey
 no con plazer que tenia

This has been thy fault, infanta !
 Thine the fault, and blame not me ;
 Long ago I had espoused thee
 With the prince of Hungary ;
 But thou turn'dst away disdainful
 From his suppliant embassy.
 Here among our Spanish Cortes,
 There was no nobility :
 There was none in all my kingdom
 High enough to wed with thee—
 Save alone the Count Alarcos—
 Who had wife and family.
 King ! invite the Count Alarcos
 To your table, and from me,
 Soon as your repast is over,
 Bid him on his fealty,
 Bid him all his vows remember,
 All his pledged sincerity ;
 Tell him of his plighted promise—
 Promise never forced by me,—
 That he would become my husband,
 And that I his wife should be :
 I was happy then—and never
 From that hour repented me—
 If he married with the countess,
 'Twas his own foul treachery ;
 When for him I had rejected
 The young prince of Hungary.
 And if he espoused the countess,
 Let him blame himself—not me !
 Hardly could the shuddering monarch
 Check his rising agony ;
 But his outward thoughts repressing,
 Thus he answer'd angrily :—
 Far, far different were the counsels
 Which thy mother gave to thee,
 And my honour, O infanta !
 Thou hast wounded cruelly.
 And in this be true, thy honour
 Thou hast wreck'd unblushingly ;
 For the countess lives—thou never,
 Never canst espoused be ;
 Honour, justice, my infanta,
 In such nuptials ne'er agree ;
 Scorn will wait thee, shame attack thee,
 Scorn, and shame, and infamy.
 Give me counsels, I intreat thee,
 Mine avail me not—and she—
 She thy mother is departed,
 Who was wont to counsel me.—
 I will give thee counsel, monarch !
 Let thy guide my counsel be—
 Bid the count destroy the countess,
 No one shall suspect 'twas he ;
 Let it all abroad be bruited
 That she died of malady ;
 Then we may arrange our marriage,
 As a thing of novelty :
 And, good king ! my sacred honour
 Shall from every stain be free.
 So the monarch left the infanta,
 Not, as wonted—cheerfully ;

Lleno va de pensamiento
 con la nueva que sabia
 vido estar al conde Alarcos
 entre muchos que dezia,
 que aprouecha caualleros
 amar y seruir amiga
 que son seruiços perdidos
 donde firmeza no auia
 no pueden por mi dezir
 aquesto que yo dezia,
 qu'en el tiempo que serui
 vna que tanto queria
 si muy bien la quise entonces,
 agora mas la queria,
 mas por mi pueden dezir
 quien bien ama tarde oluida.
 estas palabras diziendo
 vido al buen rey que venia
 y hablando con el rey
 d'entre todos se salia.
 Dixo le el buen rey al conde
 hablando con cortesia,
 conbidaros quiero conde
 por mañana en aquel dia
 que querays comer conmigo
 por tenerme compañia,
 que se haga de buen grado
 lo que su alteza dezia,
 beso sus reales manos
 por la buena cortesia
 de tenerme aqui mañana
 aunque estaua de partida,
 que la condesa me espera
 segun la carta me embia
 otro dia de mañana
 el rey de missa salia
 luego se assento a comer
 no por gana que tenia
 sino por hablar al conde,
 lo que hablarle queria,
 alli fueron bien seruidos
 como a rey pertenecia
 despues que vueron comido
 todo la gente salida,
 quedose el rey con el conde
 en la tabla do comia
 empeço de hablar el rey
 la embaxada que traya,
 vnas nuevas traygoconde
 que dellas no me plazia
 por las quales yo me quexo
 de vuestra descortesia
 prometistes a la infanta
 lo qu'ella no os pedia
 de siembre ser su marido
 ya ella que le plazia
 si otras cosas passastes
 no entro en essa porfia
 otra cosa os digo conde
 de qué mas os pesaria
 que mateys a la condesa
 que cumple a la honrra mia

But his thoughts were dark and gloomy,
 Tortured by anxiety.
 With his knights he found Alarcos,
 Uttering words of gaiety.
 Knights ! it is a worthless service,
 At a mistress' feet to be ;
 Love is but an idle shadow,
 Love—without fidelity.
 I at least can claim the honour
 Of affection's constancy.
 Faithful when I loved the maiden,
 Faithful though my wife she be ;
 And if then I loved her dearly,
 Now she is more dear to me.
 Knights ! there is one faithful union,
 Honest love and memory.—
 Here he saw the king approaching,
 And he ended—gallantly
 Left the crowd of knights around him,
 Bending to the king his knee.
 Count Alarcos, said the monarch,
 While he hail'd him courteously,
 Thou must be my guest, Alarcos,
 And to-morrow let it be—
 Thou must dine with me to-morrow,—
 Give me thy good company.
 Proud and honour'd I attend thee,
 Thanks to thy high majesty ;—
 And the royal hands saluting,
 Hail their flattering courtesy.—
 Though I had prepared for travel,
 That shall be deferr'd for thee,
 Though the countess writes to tell me
 That she waits me anxiously.
 Morrow came—the king retiring
 From the mass's mystery,
 Sat him down before his table,
 Little appetite had he ;
 There he sat in anxious trouble,
 Looking round him restlessly.
 They were served with pomp and honour,
 As a mighty king should be :
 When the feast was done, the pages
 Left the apartment silently,
 And the king and count Alarcos
 All alone—the monarch, he
 Hesitating—trembling—dreading—
 Enter'd on his embassy :
 I have melancholy tidings,
 Tidings sad to thee and me,
 Cause have I for loud complaining
 Of the count's discourtesy.
 Thou wert pledged to the infanta,
 Though she ask'd no pledge of thee ;
 Thou wert sworn to be her husband,
 She was sworn thy wife to be.
 What besides has pass'd between ye,
 Need not be divulged by me ;
 But what I require, Alarcos,
 Thou wilt hear with agony.
 Count ! thou must destroy the countess,
 This my honour asks of thee,

echeys fama qu'ella es muerta
 de cierto mal que tenia
 y tratarse ha el casamiento
 como cosa no sabida
 porque no sea deshonrada
 hija que tanto queria.
 Oydas estas razones
 el buen conde respondia,
 No puedo negar el rey
 lo que la infanta decia,
 sino que es muy gran verdad
 todo quanto me pedia,
 por miedo de vos el rey
 no case con quien deuia,
 no pense que vuestra alteza
 en ello consentiria
 de casar con la infanta,
 yo señor bien casaria,
 mas matar a la condessa
 señor rey no lo haria,
 porque no deue morir
 la que mal no merecia.
 De morir tiene el buen conde
 por salvar la honrra mia,
 pues no mirastes primero
 lo que mirar se deuia
 sino muere la condessa,
 a vos costara la vida
 por la honrra de los reyes
 muchos sin culpa morian,
 porque muera la condessa
 no es mucha marauilla
 yo la matare buen rey
 mas no sea la culpa mia,
 vos os auendreys con dios
 en la fin de vuestra vida
 y prometo a vuestra alteza
 a fe de caualleria,
 que me tengan por traydor
 si lo dicho no cumplia
 de matar a la condessa
 aunque mal no merecia
 buen rey si me days licencia
 yo luego me partiria,
 Vayas con dios el buen conde
 ordenad vuestra partida,
 llorando se parte el conde
 llorando sin alegría
 llorando por la condessa
 que mas que a si la queria
 lloraua tambien el conde
 por tres hijos que tenia,
 el vno era de teta
 que la condessa lo cria
 que no queria mamar
 de tres amas que tenia
 sino era de su madre,
 porque bien la conocia
 los otros eran pequeños
 poco sentido tenian,
 antes que llegasse el conde
 estas razones decia :

And let it be straight reported
 That she died of malady.
 So you shall arrange your marriage
 As a thing of novelty ;
 And my well-beloved daughter
 Of dishonour shall be free.
 When the monarch ceased—Alarcos
 Answer'd thus respectfully :
 Truly has the infanta spoken,
 She has spoken verity.
 Why deny it ? her confessions
 Are but truth and honesty.
 If I broke my promise, monarch !
 'Twas from my respect for thee ;
 For I never dared imagine
 Thou so high wouldst honour me :
 Sire ! I'll marry the infanta
 At thy mandate, cheerfully ;
 But, sire ! to destroy the countess—
 That can never, never be.
 She deserves not death—death never
 Fell on one so pure as she.—
 Yes ! good count ! her death is needful
 For my honour and for me ;
 Wherefore, when thou didst espouse her,
 Didst thou act with treachery.
 If thou do not slay the countess,
 Thou the sacrifice shalt be—
 Count—for monarchs' sacred honour,
 Many perish guiltlessly.
 And the countess' death has nothing
 Of such wondrous mystery.
 I will kill her, king ! but never
 Let the crime be laid on me ;
 Thou shalt make the account with heaven,
 When thy death-hour visits thee.
 I have sworn I will destroy her,
 By the vows of chivalry.
 If I fail—the recreant's curses,
 Traitor's vengeance, light on me ;
 Yes ! I will destroy the countess,
 Though no taint of crime has she.
 King !—'tis settled—my departure
 Only waits a word from thee.
 Go with God ! good Count Alarcos,
 Go—prepare thee speedily.—
 Weeping mounts the count Alarcos,
 Weeping bitterest tears is he,
 Weeping for his wife devoted,
 Whom he loved so tenderly ;
 Weeping for his infant children—
 Infant children there were three,
 One was yet a helpless baby,
 Nursed upon his mother's knee ;
 Nurses three had bared their bosoms,
 He rejected all the three ;
 For he knew his tender mother,
 And upon her breast would be.
 All the rest were little children,
 Thoughtless, careless, gay, and free.
 Ere the count had reach'd his dwelling,
 This was his soliloquy :—

quien podra mirar condessa
 vuestra cara de alegria
 que saldrey a recibirme
 a la fin de vuestra vida
 yo soy el triste culpado
 esta culpa toda es mia
 en diciendo estas palabras
 la condessa ya salia,
 que vn paje le auia dicho
 como el conde ya venia,
 vido la condessa al conde
 la tristeza que tenia
 viole los ojos llorosos
 que hinchados los tenia,
 de llorar por el camino
 mirando el bien que perdia,
 dixo la condessa al conde,
 bien vengays bien de mi vida
 que aueys el conde Alarcos
 porque llorays vida mia,
 que venis tan demudado
 que cierto n'os conocia
 no parece vuestra cara
 ni el gesto que ser solia,
 dadme parte del enojo
 como days de l'alegria,
 dezid me lo luego conde
 no mateys la vida mia,
 yo os lo dire, bien condessa
 quando la hora seria,
 si no me lo dezis conde
 cierto yo rebentaria
 no me fatigueys señora
 que no es la hora venida,
 cenemos luego condessa
 d'aquesso qu'en casa auia,
 Aparejado esta conde
 como otras vezes solia.
 Sentose el conde a la mesa
 no cenaua ni podia
 con sus hijos al costado
 que muy mucho los queria,
 echo se sobre los ombros
 hizo como que dormia,
 de lagrimas de sus ojos
 toda la mesa cubria,
 mirando lo la condessa
 que la causa no sabia
 no le preguntaua nada
 que no osaua ni podia,
 leuantose luego el conde
 dixo que dormir queria,
 dixo tambien la condessa
 qu'ella tambien dormiria,
 mas entr'ellos no auia sueño
 si la verdad se dezia.
 Van se el conde y la condessa
 a dormir donde solian,
 dexan los niños de fuera
 que el conde no los querin
 lleuaron se el mas chiquito,
 el que la condessa cria

Who thy face of joy, my countess,
 Who thy face of joy can see;
 Hastening with thy cheerful welcome—
 At thy life's extremity!
 Wretched I!—the sad—the guilty—
 All this shame shall light on me.—
 Here he saw the countess coming,
 With her smile of gaiety;
 For her little page had told her,
 He had told her that 'twas he.
 When she saw the count Alarcos,
 Looking so despondingly,
 With his eyelids swoln and sleepless,
 Dull with grief and misery;—
 All his way he had been weeping
 For his murderous embassy.—
 Welcome, welcome, cried the countess,
 Thou my life's felicity!
 Count, what ails thee—count, what ails thee,
 Why dost weep so mournfully?
 All thy countenance is alter'd—
 I had even mistaken thee:
 These are looks to thee a stranger—
 All thy smiles departed be:
 Tell thy sorrow, tell thy sorrow
 As thou tell'st thy joy to me.
 Tell me, charm of my existence!
 Tell me, tell me speedily.—
 I will tell thee all, my countess;
 When the proper hour shall be.—
 Tell me, count, or I shall perish
 Under my anxiety.—
 Cease to plague me now, my countess,
 All shall soon be told to thee;
 Let the supper be provided,
 What there is, and instantly.—
 All is ready, count Alarcos,
 Ready as 'tis used to be.—
 Down they sat to sup together,
 Little appetite had he;
 All his infant sons sat round him,
 For he loved them tenderly.
 Then he bent him on his forehead,
 As if sleeping weariedly;
 And his tears bedew'd the table,
 Flowing from his mournful eye.
 Towards him turns the tender countess,
 Ignorant of all was she,
 Speak she dared not—he had sternly
 Check'd her curiosity.
 But at last he rose impatient:—
 I would fain repose, said he.
 And the countess utter'd briefly,
 I too will repose with thee.—
 There was no repose between them,
 If I tell the verity.
 So they went, the count and countess,
 To the accustom'd dormit'ry:
 Next they sent away the children;—
 So the count would have it be:
 Save the tender little nursling,
 Sleeping on its mother's knee.

el conde cierra la puerta
 lo que hazer no solia
 empeço de hablar el conde
 con dolor y con manzilla.
 O desdichada condessa
 grande fue la tu desdicha.
 No soy desdichada el conde
 por dichosa me tenia
 solo en ser vuestra muger
 esta fue gran dicha mia.
 Si bien lo sabeys condessa
 essa fue vuestra desdicha,
 sabed que en tiempo pasado
 yo ame a quien seruia,
 la qual era la infanta
 por desdicha vuestra y mia
 prometi casar con ella
 y a ella que le plazia,
 demanda me por marido,
 por la fe que me tenia.
 puede lo muy bien hazar
 de razon y de justicia,
 dixo me lo el Rey su padre
 porque della lo sabia,
 otra cosa manda el Rey
 que toca en el alma mia,
 manda que morays condessa
 a fin de vuestra vida
 que no puede tener honrra
 siendo vos condessa biua.
 Deque esto oyo la condessa
 cayo en tierra amortecida,
 mas despues en si tornada
 estas palabras dezia.
 Pagos son de mis seruicios
 conde con que yo os seruia,
 sino me matays el conde
 yo bien os aconsejaria,
 embiedes me a mis tierras
 que mi padre me ternia
 yo criare vuestros hijos
 mejor que la que vernia,
 y os mantendre castidad
 como siempre os mantenia.
 De morir aueys condessa
 antes que amanezca el dia.
 Bien parece el conde Alarcos
 yo ser sola en esta vida,
 porque tengo el padre viejo
 mi madre ya es fallecida
 y mataron a mi hermano
 el buen conde don Garcia,
 que el Rey lo mando matar
 por miedo que del tenia,
 no me pesa de mi muerte
 porque yo morir tenia
 mas pesa mas de mis hijos
 que pierden mi compania
 hazeme los venir conde
 y veran mi despedida.
 No los veréys mas condessa
 en dias de vuestra vida

Then the count—a thing unusual—
 Closed the portal carefully;
 And these accents faint and smother'd,
 Soon unveil'd his agony:—
 O thou miserable countess,
 Dreadful is thy misery.
 Count! O No! I deem'd me happy,
 I am happy still with thee;
 Am I not thy wife?—and nothing
 Can be misery now to me.
 Yes! thou art my wife, my countess!
 Wretched is thy destiny.
 Countess, know in earlier seasons,
 Other love had fetter'd me,
 'Twas the infanta—yes! I loved her,
 Luckless lot for me and thee;
 And to her I pledged my promise,
 And that promise pledged her: she,
 Now demands me for her husband,
 On my vow of constancy:
 Well indeed she may require it,
 On my truth and honesty;
 And the king her father claims me—
 He has heard our history.
 He has order'd—ah! the mandate
 Scathes my soul with misery;
 He has order'd thou must perish!—
 Thou art in extremity.
 For his honour must be tainted,
 While thy life is spared to thee.—
 To the earth the countess bent her,
 Bent her in her agony—
 Fainted—till at last recover'd,
 This she utter'd mournfully:—
 Thus, then thus am I rewarded
 For my fond fidelity.
 Kill me not—a better counsel
 I would offer, count, to thee;
 Send me to my native dwelling,
 Where I pass'd my infancy;
 I will educate your children;
 Lead them—love them tenderly,
 And preserve to thee, as ever,
 An unbroken chastity.
 Thou must die—must die—my countess,
 Ere the morn wakes smilingly.—
 It were well, my count Alarcos,
 Well—if there were none but me.
 But I have an aged father—
 (O! my mother tranquilly
 Sleeps in death). My brother Garcia,
 He was murder'd cruelly—
 He, the noble count, was murder'd
 For the king's dark jealousy.
 Death afflicts me not—for mortal,
 Mortal I was born to be—
 But my children's fate afflicts me,
 They must lose my company—
 Let them come and take my blessing—
 They my last farewell must see.—
 Never shalt thou see them, countess,
 Earth has no such bliss for thee;

abraçad este chiquito
 que aquest es el que os perdia.
 Pesa me de vos condessa
 quanto pesar me podia
 no os puedo valer señora,
 que mas me va que la vida
 encomendaos a dios
 que esto hazer se tenia.
 Dexeys me dezir buen conde
 vna oracion que sabia.
 Dezidla presto condessa
 antes que amanezca el dia.
 Presto la aure dicho conde
 no estare vn'aue Maria.
 Hincho en tierra las rodillas
 y esta oracion dezia.
 En las tus manos señor
 encomiendo en alma mia,
 no me juzgues mis pecados
 segun que yo merecia,
 mas segun tu gran piedad
 y la tu gracia infinita.
 Acabada es ya buen conde
 la oracion que sabia,
 encomiend'os esos hijos
 que entre vos y mi auia,
 y rogad a dios por mi
 mientras tuuieredes vida
 que a ello soys obligado,
 pues que sin culpa moria
 dedes me aca esse hijo
 mamara por despedida.
 No lo desperteys condessa
 dexaldo estar que dormia,
 sino que os pido perdon
 porque ya llegaua el dia.
 A vos yo perdono conde
 por el amor que tenia
 mas yo no perdono al Rey
 ni a la infanta su hija,
 sino que queden citados
 delante la alta justicia
 que alla vayan a juyzio
 dentro de los treynta dias.
 Estas palabras diziendo
 el conde se apercebia
 echo la por la garganta
 vna toca que tenia
 apreto con las dos manos
 con la fuerça que podia,
 no le afloxo la garganta
 mientras que vida tenia,
 quando ya la vido el conde
 traspasada y fallecida
 desnudole los vestidos
 y las ropas que tenia
 echo la encima la cama
 cubrio la como solia,
 desnudo se a su costado
 obra de vn'aue Maria,
 leuantose dando voces
 a la gente que tenia

But embrace thy smiling infant;
 Now condemn'd to orphanacy:
 Miserable is my duty—
 'Tis the excess of misery.
 Vain is all my wish, my lady,
 Though I gave my life for thee—
 'Tis thy doom—so now commend thee
 To the Eternal Deity.—
 Let me utter one petition,
 One—in all humility.—
 Countess, ere the dawn of morning
 Pour thy offering speedily.
 Soon it will be said, Alarcos,
 Sooner than an Ave Marie.—
 This was her petition, bending
 In the dust her trembling knee:—
 Father, humbly I commend me,
 I commit my soul to Thee:
 Judge me not by what I merit,
 Judge me, Lord! benignantly;
 By thy grace and gentle mercy,
 And thy love's benignity!
 Count—my count—the prayer is utter'd,
 Utter'd as 'twas wont to be;
 To thee I commend our children,
 Born in love 'twixt me and thee.
 And while life is thine, Alarcos,
 Pour thy prayers to heaven for me—
 If thou art compell'd to slay me,
 Count! I perish guiltlessly:
 Let me nurse that little infant,
 Smiles my farewell then shall be.—
 O! disturb him not, my countess,
 He is sleeping tranquilly:
 Pardon—for the day is breaking,
 Pardon me! O pardon me!—
 Thou art pardon'd, count Alarcos,
 For the love I bore to thee;
 But the monarch and the infanta
 Never shall they pardon'd be.
 They to justice shall be summon'd,
 Shall be summon'd speedily
 At the dreadful bar of heaven
 Ere the thirtieth day shall flee.—
 While she utter'd this, Alarcos
 Seized the countess forcibly—
 By her throat a time he held her
 With a toga cruelly;
 Press'd her with his hands, applying
 All his strength—nor let her free
 While a spark of life remained:
 So she perish'd horribly.
 When he saw she had departed—
 Ceased the dying agony—
 Straight he stripp'd her of her garments,
 All she wore, and hurriedly
 Laid her on her bed as wonted,
 Sleeping as she used to be;
 Naked then he lay beside her—
 'Twas a moment's history.
 Then he roused him shouting loudly
 To his gathering servants—See,

socorred mis escuderos
que la condessa se fina,
hallan la condessa muerta
los que a socorrer venian,
assi murio la condessa
sin razon y sin justicia,
mas tambien todos murieron
dentro de los treynta dias
los doze dias passados
la infanta ya moria,
el Rey a los veynte cinco
el conde al treynteno dia,
alla fueron a dar cuenta
a la justicia diuina
aca nos de dios su gracia
y alla la gloria cumplida.

See the countess is expiring,
Help her, help her speedily.
"Twas too late—in vain all succour,
Dead beyond relief was she:
So she died, and most unjustly,
Cruelly and secretly.
But the rest ere long all follow'd
Ere the thirty days did flee:
On the twelfth the vile infanta,
Stretch'd upon her bier we see;
Twenty-five, the monarch's portion;
On the thirtieth, perish'd he—
He, the count:—they all departed,
Summon'd to eternity!
Here may God in grace preserve us,
There reward us gloriously.

NUGÆ CRITICÆ:

BY THE AUTHOR OF ELIA.

No. II.

ON A PASSAGE IN THE TEMPEST.

As long as I can remember the play of the Tempest, one passage in it has always set me upon wondering. It has puzzled me beyond measure. In vain I strove to find the meaning of it. I seemed doomed to cherish infinite hopeless curiosity.

It is where Prospero, relating the banishment of Sycorax from Argier, adds—

— For one thing that she did
They would not take her life—

how have I pondered over this, when a boy! how have I longed for some authentic memoir of the witch to clear up the obscurity!—Was the story extant in the Chronicles of Algiers? Could I get at it by some fortunate introduction to the Algerine ambassador? Was a voyage thither practicable? The Spectator (I knew) went to Grand Cairo, only to measure a pyramid. Was not the object of my quest of at least as much importance?—The blue-eyed hag—could *she* have done any thing good or meritorious? might that Succubus relent? then might there be hope for the devil. I have often admired since, that none of the commentators have boggled at this passage—how they could swallow this camel—such a tantalising piece of obscurity, such an abortion of an anecdote.

At length I think I have lighted upon a clue, which may lead to

show what was passing in the mind of Shakspeare, when he dropped this imperfect rumour. In the "accurate description of Africa, by John Ogilby (Folio) 1670," page 230, I find written, as follows. The marginal title to the narrative is—

Charles the Fifth besieges Algier.

In the last place, we will briefly give an account of the Emperour Charles the Fifth, when he besieg'd this city; and of the great loss he suffer'd therein.

This Prince in the year one thousand five hundred forty one, having embarked upon the sea an army of twenty two thousand men aboard eighteen gallees, and an hundred tall ships, not counting the barques and shallops, and other small boats, in which he had engaged the principal of the Spanish and Italian nobility, with a good number of the knights of Malta; he was to land on the coast of Barbary, at a cape call'd Matifou. From this place unto the city of Algier a flat shore or strand extends itself for about four leagues, the which is exceeding favourable to gallees. There he put ashore with his army, and in a few days caused a fortress to be built, which unto this day is call'd the Castle of the Emperor.

In the mean time the city of Algier took the alarm, having in it at that time but eight hundred Turks, and six thousand Moors, poor-spirited men, and unexercised in martial affairs; besides it was at that time fortifi'd onely with walls, and had no out-works: insomuch that by reason of its weakness, and the great forces of the Em-

perour, it could not in appearance escape taking. In fine, it was attacked with such order, that the army came up to the very gates, where the Chevalier de Saignac, a Frenchman by nation, made himself remarkable above all the rest, by the miracles of his valour. For having repulsed the Turks, who having made a sally at the gate call'd Babason, and there desiring to enter along with them, when he saw that they shut the gate upon him, he ran his ponyard into the same, and left it sticking deep therein. They next fell to battering the city by the force of cannon; which the assailants so weakened, that in that great extremity the defendants lost their courage, and resolved to surrender.

But as they were thus intending, there was a witch of the town, whom the history doth not name, which went to seek out Assam Aga, that commanded within, and pray'd him to make it good yet nine days longer, with assurance, that within that time he should infallibly see Algier deliver'd from that siege, and the whole army of the enemy dispersed, so that Christians should be as cheap as Birds. In a word, the thing did happen in the manner as foretold; for upon the twenty-first day of October in the same year, there fell a continual rain upon the land, and so furious a storm at sea, that one might have seen ships hoisted into the clouds, and in one instant again precipitated into the bottom of the water: insomuch that that same dreadful tempest was followed with the loss of fifteen galleys, and above an hundred other vessels; which was the cause why the Emperour, seeing his army wasted by the bad weather, pursued by a famine, occasioned by wrack of his ships, in which was the greatest part of his victuals and ammunition, he was constrain'd to raise the siege, and set sail for Sicily, whither he retreated with the miserable reliques of his fleet.

In the mean time that witch being acknowledged the deliverer of Algier, was richly remunerated, and the credit of her

charms authorized. So that ever since witchcraft hath been very freely tolerated; of which the Chief of the town, and even those who are esteem'd to be of greatest sanctity among them, such as are the Marabou's, a religious order of their sect, do for the most part make profession of it, under a goodly pretext of certain revelations which they say they have had from their prophet Mahomet.

And hereupon those of Algier, to palliate the shame and the reproaches that are thrown upon them for making use of a witch in the danger of this siege, do say that the loss of the forces of Charles V, was caused by a prayer of one of their Marabou's, named Cidy Utica, which was at that time in great credit, not under the notion of a magitian, but for a person of a holy life. Afterwards in remembrance of their success, they have erected unto him a small mosque without the Babason gate, where he is buried, and in which they keep sundry lamps burning in honour of him: nay they sometimes repair thither to make their *sala*, for a testimony of greater veneration.

Can it be doubted for a moment, that the dramatist had come fresh from reading some *older narrative* of this deliverance of Algier by a witch, and transferred the merit of the deed to his Sycorax, exchanging only the "rich remuneration," which did not suit his purpose, to the simple pardon of her life? Ogilby wrote in 1670; but the authorities to which he refers for his Account of Barbary are—Johannes de Leo, or Africanus—Louis Marnol—Diego de Haedo—Johannes Gramaye—Brèves—Cel. Curio—and Diego de Torres—names totally unknown to me—and to which I beg leave to refer the curious reader for his fuller satisfaction.

L.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

No. III.

ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

It has already, I believe, been said more than once in print that one condition of a good dictionary would be to exhibit the *history* of each word; that is, to record the exact succession of its meanings. But the philosophic reason for this has not been given; which reason,

by the way, settles a question often agitated, viz. whether the true meaning of a word be best ascertained from its etymology, or from its present use and acceptation. Mr. Coleridge says, "the best explanation of a word is often that which is suggested by its derivation" (I give the

substance of his words from memory). Others allege that we have nothing to do with the primitive meaning of the word; that the question is—what does it mean now? and they appeal, as the sole authority they acknowledge, to the received—

Usus, penes quem est jus et norma loquendi.

In what degree each party is right, may be judged from this consideration—that no word can ever deviate from its first meaning *per saltum*: each successive stage of meaning must always have been determined by that which preceded. And on this one law depends the whole philosophy of the case: for it thus appears that the original and primitive sense of the word will contain virtually all which can ever afterwards arise: as in the evolution-theory of generation, the whole series of births is represented as involved in the first parent. Now, if the evolution of successive meanings has gone on rightly, i. e. by simply lapsing through a series of close affinities, there can be no reason for recurring to the primitive meaning of the word: but, if it can be shown that the evolution has been faulty, i. e. that the chain of true affinities has ever been broken through ignorance, then we have a right to reform the word, and to appeal from the usage ill-instructed to a usage better-instructed. Whether we ought to exercise this right, will depend on a consideration which I will afterwards notice. Meantime I will first give a few instances of faulty evolution.

1. *Implicit*. This word is now used in a most ignorant way; and from its misuse it has come to be a word wholly useless: for it is now never coupled, I think, with any other substantive than these two—faith and confidence: a poor domain indeed to have sunk to from its original wide range of territory. Moreover, when we say, *implicit faith*, or *implicit confidence*, we do not thereby indicate any specific kind of faith and confidence differing from other faith or other confidence: but it is a vague rhetorical word which expresses a great degree of faith and confidence; a faith that is unquestioning, a confidence that is unlimited; i. e. in fact, a faith that is a faith, a confidence that is a confidence. Such a use of

the word ought to be abandoned to women: doubtless, when sitting in a bower in the month of May, it is pleasant to hear from a lovely mouth—"I put implicit confidence in your honour:" but, though pretty and becoming to such a mouth, it is very unfitting to the mouth of scholar: and I will be bold to affirm that no man, who had ever acquired a scholar's knowledge of the English language, has used the word in that lax and unmeaning way. The history of the word is this.—*Implicit* (from the Latin *implicitus*, involved in, folded up) was always used originally, and still is so by scholars, as the direct antithete of *explicit* (from the Latin *explicitus*, evolved, unfolded): and the use of both may be thus illustrated.

Q. "Did Mr. A. ever say that he would marry Miss B.?"—A. "No; not explicitly (i. e. in so many words); but he did implicitly—by showing great displeasure if she received attentions from any other man; by asking her repeatedly to select furniture for his house; by consulting her on his own plans of life."

Q. "Did Epicurus maintain any doctrines such as are here ascribed to him?"—A. "Perhaps not explicitly, either in words or by any other mode of direct sanction: on the contrary, I believe he denied them—and disclaimed them with vehemence: but he maintained them implicitly: for they are involved in other acknowledged doctrines of his, and may be deduced from them by the fairest and most irresistible logic."

Q. "Why did you complain of the man? Had he expressed any contempt for your opinion?"—A. "Yes, he had: not explicit contempt, I admit; for he never opened his stupid mouth; but, implicitly he expressed the utmost that he could: for, when I had spoken two hours against the old newspaper, and in favor of the new one, he went instantly and put his name down as a subscriber to the old one."

Q. "Did Mr. — approve of that gentleman's conduct and way of life?"—A. "I don't know that I ever heard him speak about it: but he seemed to give it his implicit approbation by allowing both his

sons to associate with him when the complaints ran highest against him."

These instances may serve to illustrate the original use of the word: which use has been retained from the sixteenth century down to our own days by an uninterrupted chain of writers. In the eighteenth century this use was indeed nearly effaced: but still in the first half of that century it was retained by Saunderson the Cambridge professor of mathematics (see his *Algebra*, &c.), with three or four others, and in the latter half by a man to whom Saunderson had some resemblance in spring and elasticity of understanding, viz. by Edmund Burke. Since his day I know of no writers who have avoided the slang and unmeaning use of the word, excepting Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth; both of whom (but especially the last) have been remarkably attentive to the scholar-like use of words, and to the history of their own language.

Thus much for the primitive use of the word *implicit*. Now, with regard to the history of its transition into its present use, it is briefly this; and it will appear at once, that it has arisen through ignorance.—When it was objected to a papist that his church exacted an assent to a great body of traditions and doctrines to which it was impossible that the great majority could be qualified, either as respected time—or knowledge—or culture of the understanding, to give any reasonable assent,—the answer was: "Yes; but that sort of assent is not required of a poor uneducated man; all that he has to do—is to believe in the church: he is to have faith in *her* faith: by that act he adopts for his own whatsoever the church believes, though

he may never have heard of it even: his faith is implicit, i. e. involved and wrapped up in the faith of the church, which faith he firmly believes to be the true faith upon the conviction he has that the church is preserved from all possibility of erring by the spirit of God."† Now, as this sort of believing by proxy or implicit belief (in which the belief was not *immediate* in the thing proposed to the belief but in the authority of another person who believed in that thing and thus *mediately* in the thing itself) was constantly attacked by the learned assailants of popery,—it naturally happened that many unlearned readers of these protestant polemics caught at a phrase which was so much bandied between the two parties: the spirit of the context sufficiently explained to them that it was used by protestants as a term of reproach and indicated a faith that was an erroneous faith by being too easy—too submissive—and too passive: but the particular mode of this erroneousness they seldom came to understand, as learned writers naturally employed the term without explanation, presuming it to be known to those whom they addressed. Hence these ignorant readers caught at the last result of the phrase "*implicit faith*" rightly, truly supposing it to imply a resigned and unquestioning faith; but they missed the whole intermediate cause of meaning by which only the word "*implicit*" could ever have been entitled to express that result.

I have allowed myself to say so much on this word "*implicit*," because the history of the mode by which its true meaning was lost applies almost to all other corrupted

* Among the most shocking of the unscholarlike barbarisms, now prevalent, I must notice the use of the word "*nice*" in an objective instead of a subjective sense: "*nice*" does not and cannot express a quality of the object, but merely a quality of the subject: yet we hear daily of "*a very nice letter*"—"a nice young lady," &c. meaning a letter or a young lady that it is pleasant to contemplate: but "*a nice young lady*"—means a fastidious young lady; and "*a nice letter*" ought to mean a letter that is very delicate in its rating and in the choice of its company.

† Thus Milton, who (in common with his contemporaries) always uses the word accurately, speaks of Ezechiel "*swallowing his implicit roll of knowledge*"—i. e. coming to the knowledge of many truths not separately and in detail, but by the act of arriving at some one master truth which involved all the rest.—So again, if any man or government were to suppress a book, that man or government might justly be reproached as the implicit destroyer of all the wisdom and virtue that might have been the remote products of that book.

words—*mutatis mutandis*: and the amount of it may be collected into this formula,—that the *result* of the word is apprehended and retained, but the *schematismus* by which that result was ever reached is lost. This is the brief theory of all corruption of words. The word *schematismus* I have unwillingly used, because no other expresses my meaning. So great and extensive a doctrine however lurks in this word, that I defer the explanation of it to a separate article. Meantime a passable sense of the word will occur to every body who reads Greek.—I now go on to a few more instances of words that have forfeited their original meaning through the ignorance of those who used them.

“*Punctual*.” This word is now confined to the meagre denoting of accuracy in respect to time—fidelity to the precise moment of an appointment. But originally it was just as often, and just as reasonably, ap-

plied to space as to time; “I cannot punctually determine the origin of the Danube; but I know in general the district in which it rises, and that its fountain is near that of the Rhine.” Not only however was it applied to time and space, but it had a large and very elegant figurative use. Thus in the History of the Royal Society by Sprat (an author who was finical and nice in his use of words)—I remember a sentence to this effect: “the Society gave punctual directions for the conducting of experiments;” i. e. directions which descended to the minutiae and lowest details. Again in the once popular romance of Parismus Prince of Bohemia—“She” (I forget who) “made a punctual relation of the whole matter;” i. e. a relation which was perfectly circumstantial and true to the minutest features of the case.

But, that I may not weary my reader, I shall here break off; and shortly return to this subject.

REFORMADOES.

AMONGST the numerous instances of ignorance in Mrs. Macauley, (or Macauley Graham as I believe she was latterly,) scattered up and down her history—is this:—(and by ignorance, I mean ignorance of what belonged to the subject she had undertaken to treat, and ignorance which it was impossible she could have displayed if she had read the quarter of what she professed to have read, or the tenth part of what she ought to have read.)—Quoting some passage about the numerous officers who had accumulated in London from the broken regiments and under the self-denying ordinance, who are all classed under the head of Reformadoes, she declares that she does

not understand the meaning of that term! Dr. Johnson hated her of course as a republican; and, as we all know from Boswell, contrived an occasion for insulting her. He might have confounded her still more by asking her, as she professed to have read Andrew Marvell, in what sense she explained that passage in one of the many admirable speeches and songs which he has put into the mouth of Charles II., where his Majesty tells the House of Commons that they must provide him sufficient funds, not only for such ladies as he had upon present “duty,” but also for the whole staff of his “reformado concubines.”

PROVERBS.

As the “wisdom of nations,” and the quintessential abstract of innumerable minds, proverbs must naturally be true: but how? In what sense true? Not *ἀπλως*, not absolutely and unconditionally, but in relation to that position from which they are taken. Most proverbs are hemispheres as it were; and they imply another hemisphere

with an opposite pole; and the two proverbs jointly compose a sphere—i. e. the entire truth. Thus one proverb says—“Fortune favours fools;” but this is met by its anti-proverb—“*Sapiens dominabitur astris.*”—Each is true, as long as the other co-exists: each becomes false, if taken exclusively.

The illustration, by the way, is

not the best I might have chosen—with a little more time for consideration: but the principle here advanced of truths being in many cases no truths unless taken with their complements (to use a trigo-

nometrical term),—and until they are rounded into a perfect figure by an opposite hemisphere,—this principle, I shall endeavour to show a little further on, is a most important one and of very large application.

ANTAGONISM.

IN this article I mean to apply the principle of antagonism, as it is manifested in the fine arts, to the solution of a particular difficulty in Milton; and in that way to draw the attention of the reader to a great cardinal law on which philosophical criticism, whenever it arises, must hereafter mainly depend.—I presume that my reader is acquainted with the meaning of the word antagonism as it is understood in the term “antagonist muscle,” or in general from the term “antagonist force.”

It has been objected to Milton that he is guilty of pedantry in the introduction of scientific and technical terms into the *Paradise Lost*; and the words frieze, architrave, pilaster, and other architectural terms, together with terms from astronomy, navigation, &c. have been cited

as instances of this pedantry. This criticism I pronounce to be founded on utter psychological ignorance and narrow thinking. And I shall endeavour to justify Milton by placing in a clear light the subtle principle by which he was influenced in that practice: which principle I do not mean to say that Milton had fully developed to his own consciousness; for it was not the habit of his age or of his mind to exercise any analytic subtlety of mind; but I say that the principle was immanent in his feelings; just as his fine ear contained implicitly all the metrical rules which are latent in his exquisite versification, though it is most improbable that he ever took the trouble to evolve those to his own distinct consciousness.

TO THE LAKERS.

THOSE who visit the lakes, not those who reside amongst them (according to a recent use of the word) are called by the country people of that district, *lakers*; in which word there is a pleasant ambiguity and a lurking satire. For the word *lake* (from the old Gothic, *laikan*, ludere) is universally applied to children playing; and the simple people, who till the soil of Westmoreland and Cumberland, cannot view in any other light than that of childish laking, the migrating propensities of all the great people of the south, who annually come up like shoals of herrings from their own fertile pastures to the rocky grounds of the north. All the wits and *beaux esprits* of London, senators, captains, lawyers, “lords, ladies, councillors, their choice nobility,” flock up from Midsummer to Michaelmas, and rush violently through the lake district, as if their chief purpose in coming were to rush back again like the shifting

of a monsoon. They commit many other absurdities, which have furnished me with matter for a pleasant paper upon them; “pleasant,” as in the farce of *Taste* Foote says, “pleasant, but wrong;” for it is too satirical: and I doubt whether I shall publish it. Meantime, that the poor people may not be driven to distraction by being ridiculed for errors which they know not how to amend, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Wordsworth, Professor W—, and myself, with some ten or twelve others, have had a meeting, at which we have agreed to club our several quotas of wit and learning, for the production of a new *Guide to the Lakes*: considering what sort of cattle our competitors are, it can be no honour to us I presume, that our work will put an extinguisher on all which have preceded it: it will not be so proper to call it a *Guide to the Lakes*, as *the Guide*; not the latest and best of guides (as if there were any other

worthy of the name), but the first and the only Guide. As to the parts assigned to us severally, they are not entirely cast: most of us were tolerably bouzy at our first meeting; and not much business was done: only I remember that Mr. Coleridge wished to do the metaphysics; but I disallowed of *that*, and swore I would "strike" (in the journeyman's sense), if it were given to any body but myself. So he does the politics: and I believe the mineralogy was assigned to Mr W——; at least, Professor W—— tells me, that he has since observed him in a solitary place "smiting the rocks with a pocket-hammer," which I know not how he will reconcile with a passage in the *Excursion*, rather hard upon that practice. We shall be happy to make honourable mention in verse or prose of all persons who will furnish us with embellishments for our work, plates, vignettes, &c. but of course done in a style as much superior to the wretched illustrations which accompany other Guides, as our work will be superior to theirs.

As this Guide will take some time in preparing, and the lake-season is now at its meridian, I shall mention in this place, for the information of the great numbers who wish to ascend Helvellyn, but do not feel themselves equal to the exertion of walking up, that it has been ascertained within these two or three years, that it is possible to ride up on a sure-footed horse. By the way, there is something to repay one for the labour of ascending Helvellyn; for it stands in the *centre* of the lake-district; and the swelling and heaving of the billowy scene of mountains around it and below it is truly magnificent. But Skiddaw is

one of the out-posts of the country; and nothing, that I know of, is to be gained by ascending it, except, perhaps, a sprained ankle—or, as a man would be apt to infer from Mrs. Ratcliffe's alarming account of that ascent, a broken neck. The purpose, however, for which most people ascend Skiddaw—and for which they leave their beds in Keswick at midnight, is to see the sun rise: which is the most absurd of all purposes. To see the sun rise *amongst* mountains is doubtless a fine thing: but this is but accomplished so as to see the oblique gleams, and the "long levelled rules" of light, which are shot through the different vistas, and loop-holes of the hills, by standing below and near their base. Going up a three-hours' ascent to the top of a mountain, in order to view an appearance in the heavens rests on the same mistake which has induced ——— to plant an astronomical observatory on the top of a hill at a great increase of expence; and is like standing on a pin-cushion or in pattens to see the ascent of a balloon. If a hill had stood in the way of the observatory, and directly obstructed its view, it might be well to carry it to a little distance; or, if that were not possible, to place it on the hill. Immediate obstructions cleared—the observatory will command as ample an area of sky from the plains as from the hills: and so of picturesque views. For my part, I cannot but approve the judgment of three Englishmen travelling on the continent, who having ascended a hill to see the sun rise, were so disappointed that they unanimously hissed him, and cried "Off! off!" as to a bad performer.

ON SUICIDE.

It is a remarkable proof of the inaccuracy with which most men read—that Donne's *Biathanatos* has been supposed to countenance Suicide; and those who reverence his name have thought themselves obliged to apologize for it by urging, that it was written before he entered the church. But Donne's purpose in this treatise was a pious one: many au-

thors had charged the martyrs of the Christian church with Suicide—on the principle that if I put myself in the way of a mad bull, knowing that he will kill me—I am as much chargeable with an act of self-destruction as if I fling myself into a river. Several casuists had extended this principle even to the case of Jesus Christ: one instance of which,

in a modern author, the reader may see noticed and condemned by Kant, in his *Religion innerhalb der gränzen der blossen Vernunft*; and another of much earlier date, (as far back as the 13th century, I think,) in a commoner book—Voltaire's notes on the little treatise of Beccaria, *Dei delitti e delle pene*. These statements tended to one of two results: either they unsanctified the characters of those who founded and nursed the Christian church; or they sanctified suicide. By way of meeting them, Donne wrote his book: and as the whole argument of his opponents turned upon a false definition of suicide (not explicitly stated, but assumed), he endeavoured to reconstitute the notion of what is essential to create an act of suicide. Simply to kill a man is not murder: *prima facie*, therefore, there is some sort of presumption that simply for a man to kill himself—may not always be so; there is such a thing as simple homicide distinct from murder: there may, therefore, possibly be such a thing as self-homicide distinct from self-murder. There *may* be a ground for such a distinction, *ex analogia*. But, secondly, on examination, *is* there any ground for such a distinction? Donne affirms that there is; and, reviewing several eminent cases of spontaneous martyrdom, he endeavours to show that acts so motivated and so circumstantiated will not come within the notion of suicide properly defined.—Meantime, may not this tend to the encouragement of suicide in general, and without discrimination of its species? No: Donne's arguments have no prospective reference or application; they are purely retrospective. The circumstances necessary to create an act of mere self-homicide can rarely concur, except in a state of disordered society, and during the cardinal revolutions of human history: where, however, they *do* concur, there it will not be suicide. In fact, this is the natural and practical judgment of us all. We do not all agree on the particular cases which will justify self-destruction: but we all feel and involuntarily acknowledge (*implicitly* acknowledge in our admiration, though not explicitly in our words or in our principles), that

there *are* such cases. There is no man, who in his heart would not reverence a woman that chose to die rather than to be dishonoured: and, if we do not say, that it is her duty to do so, *that* is because the moralist must condescend to the weakness and infirmities of human nature: mean and ignoble natures must not be taxed up to the level of noble ones. Again, with regard to the other sex, corporal punishment is its peculiar and *sexual* degradation; and if ever the distinction of Donne can be applied safely to any case, it will be to the case of him who chooses to die rather than to submit to that ignominy. *At present*, however, there is but a dim and very confined sense, even amongst enlightened men (as we may see by the debates of Parliament), of the injury which is done to human nature by giving legal sanction to such brutalizing acts; and therefore most men, in seeking to escape it, would be merely shrinking from a *personal* dishonour. Corporal punishment is usually argued with a single reference to the case of him who suffers it; and *so* argued, God knows that it is worthy of all abhorrence: but the weightiest argument against it—is the foul indignity which is offered to our common nature lodged in the person of him on whom it is inflicted. *His* nature is *our* nature: and, supposing it possible that *he* were so far degraded as to be unsusceptible of any influences but those which address him through the brutal part of his nature, yet for the sake of ourselves—No! not merely for ourselves, or for the human race now existing, but for the sake of human nature, which transcends all existing participators of that nature—we should remember that the evil of corporal punishment is not to be measured by the poor transitory criminal, whose memory and offence are soon to perish: these, in the sum of things, are as nothing: the injury which can be done him, and the injury which he can do, have so momentary an existence that they may be safely neglected: but the abiding injury is to the most august interest which for the mind of man can have any existence,—viz. to his own nature: to raise and dignify which, I am persuaded, is the first

—last—and hollest command* which the conscience imposes on the philosophic moralist. In countries, where the traveller has the pain of seeing human creatures performing the labours of brutes,†—surely the sorrow which the spectacle moves, if a wise sorrow, will not be chiefly directed to the poor degraded individual—too deeply degraded, probably, to be sensible of his own degradation, but to the reflexion that man's nature is thus exhibited in a state of miserable abasement; and, what is worst of all, abasement proceeding from man himself.—Now, whenever this view of corporal punishment becomes general (as inevitably it will, under the influence of advancing civilization), I say, that Donne's principle will then become applicable to this case, and it will be the duty of a man to die rather than to suffer his own nature to be dishonoured in that way. But so long as a man is not fully sensible of the dishonour, to him the dishonour, except as a personal one, does not wholly exist. In general, whenever a paramount interest of human nature is at stake, a suicide which maintains that interest is self-homicide: but, for a personal interest, it becomes self-murder. And into this principle Donne's may be resolved.

A doubt has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide: to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged)

in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the “rash act,” as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tedium vitæ*. But, for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmoreland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at that time, was found one morning dead in his field. The case was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, &c. he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first, seemed the only solution: and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill: and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and

* On which account, I am the more struck by the ignoble argument of those statesmen who have contended in the House of Commons that such and such classes of men in this nation are not accessible to any loftier influences. Supposing that there were any truth in this assertion, which is a libel not on this nation only, but on man in general,—surely it is the duty of lawgivers not to perpetuate by their institutions the evil which they find, but to presume and gradually to create a better spirit.

† Of which degradation, let it never be forgotten that France but thirty years ago presented as shocking cases as any country, even where slavery is tolerated. An eye-witness to the fact, who has since published it in print, told me, that in France, before the revolution, he had repeatedly seen a woman yoked with an ass to the plough; and the brutal ploughman applying his whip indifferently to either. English people, to whom I have occasionally mentioned this as an exponent of the hollow refinement of manners in France, have uniformly exclaimed—“That is more than I can believe;” and have taken it for granted that I had my information from some prejudiced Englishman. But who was my informer? A Frenchman, reader,—M. Simond; and though now by adoption an American citizen, yet still French in his heart and in all his prejudices.

was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.

Of human suicides, the most affecting I have ever seen recorded is one which I met with in a German book: this I shall repeat a little further on: the most calm and deliberate is the following, which is said to have occurred at Keswick, in Cumberland: but I must acknowledge, that I never had an opportunity, whilst staying at Keswick, of verifying the statement. A young man of studious turn, who is said to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for entering the church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, how-

ever, thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps for placing him as an apprentice at some shopkeeper's in Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit. And accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick (about sixteen miles distant)—looked about him in order to select his ground—coolly walked up Lattrig (a dependency of Skiddaw)—made a pillow of sods—laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky—and in that posture was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly.

X. Y. Z.

EARLY ITALIAN POETS.

GUITTONE D'AREZZO.

"TOWARDS the middle of the thirteenth century," (says Crescimbeni in his history of Italian poetry) "flourished Fra Guittone del Viva, of the order of the Frati Godenti, and commonly called Fra Guittone d'Arezzo. The Tuscan poetry is greatly indebted to him, since he brought to perfection the most noble and elegant of its lyrical compositions, namely, the sonnet, to which he prescribed that quality and number of the verses, and that collocation and variation of the rhymes, which we now practise. He was less barbarous in his diction and more profound in his thoughts than many others of his age."

When we consider the number of beautiful poems in our own language to which this invention of Guittone has given birth, beginning from Surrey, in Harry the Eighth's time, and continuing down to our own day, we cannot but join our acknowledgments with those of Crescimbeni.

Of his own sonnets, I have now thirty before me in the collection of

Tuscan poets, published by the Giunta at Florence on the 6th of July, 1527, (so particular were they in noting the precise day of the publication.) These, together with a Ballata and three Canzoni (a species of poem which the Italians borrowed from the Provençals, but which has not, like the sonnet, been adopted by the other nations of Europe) constitute the eighth book of the above-mentioned collection. They are all on the subject of love; which, according to the fashion of the times, he does not treat like a man of this world; but, having invested his mistress in I know not what super-human perfection, is contented to worship her at an humble distance. Whether she were fair or brown, whether her locks of gold or jet, her eyes black, blue, or hazel, or if she were known by any appellation, Christian or Heathenish, does not appear. It may therefore be feared that, in our present state of degeneracy, he will find few to sympathize with him in the following complaints.

Infelice mia stella, e duro fato,

Che da le stelle vien pur vita amara;

E rade volte prudenza ripara

A quel, che da le stelle è preparato.

Dal primo giorno eo fui predestinato

A l'amoroso gioco; ove s'impara

Quanto morte fia più, che vita, cara:

Miser, che'n simil ponto eo fui criato:

Che per fuggir questa amorosa stella,

Mille fiate son ricorso a' thene,

Sequendo hor questa setta, ed hora quella:

Poi son ricorso in cielo a'l sommo bene,

Per fuggir le dorate aspre quadrella:

Nulla mi giova; ond' eo son fuor di spene.

(Fol. 90.)

Unhappy is my star and hard my fate,

For bitter life e'en from the stars may come;

And prudence seldom can repair the doom,

That by the stars is moulded for our state:

From the first day I was predestinate

To love's fell sport, where so much woe hath room,

As maketh life less precious than the tomb;

Wretch, whom the skies did for such hap create.

And yet to shun this fatal star of love,

A thousand times to Athens have I run,

Addressing to each school my steps in turn:

And then I fled for help to heav'n above,

That I these keen and gilded shafts might shun;

But nought avails; whence reft of hope I mourn.

Quanto più mi distrugge il meo pensiero

Che la durezza altrui produsse a'l mondo,

Tanto ogn'hor (lasso) in lui più mi profondo,

E co'l fuggir de la speranza spero:

Eo parlo meco, e riconosco in vero,

Che mancherò sotto sì grave pondo;

Ma'l meo fermo desio tant'è giocondo,

Ch' eo bramo, e seguo la cagion, ch' eo pero:

Ben forse alchun verrà dopo qualche anno,

Il qual leggendo i miei sospiri in rima

Si dolerà de la mia dura sorte:

E chi sà, che colei, c'hor non mi estima,

Visto con il mio mal giunto il suo danno

Non deggia lagrimar de la mia morte?

(Fol. 96.)

The more I am destroyed by my thought,

Which doth its birth from others' hardness date,

So much the lower falls my sad estate,

And hope in me with flight of hope is wrought:

For to this end are all my reasonings brought,

That I shall sink under so heavy weight,

Though still desire maintains the firm debate,

And I pursue what bringeth me to nought.

This hour perchance the mortal may be born,

Who, when he reads my doleful sighs in rhyme,

Shall sorrow for a lot, as mine, severe.

Who knows but she, that holds me now in scorn,

Seeing her loss link'd to my ill, in time

May for my death shed one compunctious tear?

Besides these poems, there is a collection of his letters, mostly in prose, but some of them in verse. Tiraboschi says they are the most ancient specimen of letters written in the Italian language. They abound in elevated sentiments, are stately, formal, sometimes thickly sown with quotations, and have much the appearance of tasks. Here and there

something may be gleaned from them by one who is curious about the history and literature of those times. The seventh letter is to Corso Donati, a turbulent statesman, a famous for his eloquence, and the bitterest enemy that Dante had in Florence. It is written in metre, and contains some good advice, which if Corso, then a young man, had followed, he might

have escaped the difficulties which at last brought him to a miserable end. The 11th is to Buonaggiunta, probably the poet of that name and a friend of Dante's, who nevertheless has noted him for his gluttony, and accordingly placed him in the 24th canto of his *Purgatory*. In the 17th to Marzucco Scornigliano, whom the same poet has immortalized for his forgiveness of the murderer of his son, (*Purg. c. 6.*) Guittone asks for a sum of money which had been lent by his father, Viva di Michele, to Marzucco. It is couched in the most respectful terms, and concludes thus. "Ma se pur piace voi, che perder deggia, vinto di cio mi chiamo; e non solamente essa moneta più vi dimando, ma l'autra, che m'è rimasa e m'è appresso, prometto al piacere vostro, servendo voi; che il pregio del valor vostro, m'ha sì congiunto a sè, non puomi dispiacere cosa, che piaccia a voi voler di me." P. 49. "But yet if it please you that I should be at the loss, I give up my claim; and am so far from demanding this money of you more, that the rest which remains with me I proffer to your service and pleasure; for so bound am I unto you for your worthiness, that the thing cannot displease me, which it may please you to desire of me." The 25th, a long letter to Messer Cacciaguerra, is in a fine strain of morality finely ex-

pressed. The 90th, is an eulogium in verse, on the "Good Marzucco," and we may well suppose it to have originated in that very act recorded of him with such noble simplicity by Dante.

In the course of these letters we find Guittone referring for his authority to the Provençal writers, and particularly to Pierre Vidal, who is supposed to be one of those introduced by Petrarch in the 4th Capitolo of the *Triumph of Love*, when he says:

*Eranvi quei, ch' amor sì lieve afferra
L'un Pietro e l'altro.*

The notes appended to his letters by Giovanni Bottari, in the edition of them printed at Rome in 4to. 1745, would have done credit to the diligence and learning of a Tyrwhitt.

There is no need to repeat here what is said of Guittone by Dante and Petrarch. Little is known of his history, but that he founded a monastery at Florence, and died in 1294.

Bottari speaks of one manuscript in the Vatican, which contains thirty-four of his canzoni, and seventy-five of his sonnets; and adds, that if all his unpublished works were collected, they would form a large volume. I know not whether this has been since done at Florence, where a few years ago there was a design of publishing their ancient poets.

GREEK TRAGIC SCENES.

No. III.

EURIPIDES.

FROM THE ORESTES.

THE personal introduction of the Furies, which the vigorous and bold fancy of Æschylus enabled him to attempt and achieve, was an experiment that could never be repeated. "Within that circle none durst walk but he." Euripides wisely struck out a different track, and made the ministers of retribution invisible to the eye of the spectators. We are left in doubt as to their bodily presence, or their sole existence as phantoms of a haunted conscience. This is managed with no little poetical sublimity: but the scene is chiefly remarkable for the touches of nature

in its simplicity, and the little circumstances of pathetic tenderness in which Euripides delights. Laharpe is, however, mistaken when he says that affecting pathos is the single department of tragedy in which Euripides can be said to counterbalance the superior advantages of Sophocles: he is infinitely the most copious, and commands the greatest variety of powers, of all the three great dramatists of Greece. No single extract can ever convey an adequate and entire impression of his genius. His reasoning or argumentative speeches have been copied

much by the French tragic poets: though with the latter we have usually the poet saying ingenious things, and displaying his knowledge of the effect of antithesis and epigrammatic point: with Euripides our attention is engaged by the sin-

cerity and earnestness with which the personage of the drama argues his cause. The accusation of Orestes by Tyndarus, and the defence of the former, rank among the very best instances of natural and powerful dramatic pleading.

VIDA.

ELECTRA watching by the couch of ORESTES.

To her HELEN enters.

Helen. Daughter of Clytemnestra and Atrides,

Too long a virgin, sad Electra, say
How fares it with thee now, and with thy brother,
Orestes, the poor wretch who slew his mother?
I do not fear pollution from thy converse,
Since to Apollo I transfer the crime.
Yet must I mourn the fate of Clytemnestra,
My sister, whom I saw not when I sail'd
For Troy, howe'er it happen'd that I sail'd,
Stung by some heaven-sent frenzy; but I feel
Her loss, and cannot choose but weep her fortune.

Electra. O Helen! what, what shall I say to thee?

Thou art a near eye-witness to the woes
Of Agamemnon's children. Here I sit
Sleepless, and tend a miserable corse—
For he is little better than a corse
Gasping for breath; I do not aggravate
His misery. Happy as thou art, with him
Thy happy husband, ye are visitors
Of those who fare most wretchedly.

Helen.

How long

Has he thus lain thrown prostrate on the bed?

Electra. Since he dispatch'd our mother.

Helen.

O lost man!

And she that bore him—what a death she suffer'd!

Electra. In such a strait, I sink beneath my sorrows.

Helen. One thing, O maiden! I conjure you grant me.

Electra. What leisure have I, nursing my sick brother?

Helen. Indulge my wish, visit my sister's tomb.

Electra. My mother's wouldst thou say? and what thy purpose?

Helen. Take my clipp'd locks and pour my grave-libation.

Electra. Shouldst thou not visit thy own sister's grave?

Helen. I blush to show my person to the Greeks.

Electra. Too late discreet, for shameless thy elopement.

Helen. Thou speak'st of me most truly, but not kindly.

Electra. Why should'st thou blush to meet the Mycenæans?

Helen. I dread the fathers of the slain at Troy.

Electra. The Argives too cry terribly against thee.

Helen. Then ease me of this fear: do me this grace.

Electra. I cannot look upon my mother's grave.

Helen. A female slave were not a seemly bearer.

Electra. Then why not send Hermione thy daughter?

Helen. To walk in public ill becomes a virgin.

Electra. 'Twere a return to the deceased who rear'd her.

Helen. Thou hast well said, and I consent, O maiden!

To send my daughter; for thy words have reason.

Hermione, my child, go from the house,

Carrying the tomb-libations, and these locks,

And coming to the grave of Clytemnestra

Drop there the frothy wine, the milk and honey,

And standing on the mount, address these words:

"Thy sister Helen sends thee these grave-offerings."

She ventures not t' approach thy monument
 Fearing the Argive multitude : " conjure
 That she be mild to me and to my husband,
 And to thyself, and those two wretched beings
 Thus by a God undone : and what behoves
 Of duty to be render'd to a sister,
 Promise from me in presents for the dead.
 Go, haste, my child, and having laid the offerings
 Upon the tomb, retrace thy footsteps quickly. *(They go out.)*

Electra. Oh natural gifts ! ye are to men a mischief !
 Healthful to those alone who use you well.
 See how she clips her tresses at the points,
 Still to be charming ! the same woman still.
 Ah ! may the Gods abhor thee, the destroyer
 Of me and him and Greece. Ah ! wretched me !
 But at my lamentations they approach,
 My sympathizing friends ; and presently
 They will disturb him from his quiet sleep ;
 And they will dim my eyes with tears, to see
 My frantic brother. Softly, dearest ladies !
 In your approach ; tread lightly ; make no noise :
 I take your friendship kindly to myself ;
 But were he waked, it would be sore affliction.

Chorus of Young Damsels, the Friends of ELECTRA.

Chorus. Softly, softly gliding o'er,
 Let our sandals press the floor,
 Light and noiseless be our tread :
Electra. Far, far off—avoid the bed.
Chorus. See, we heed thee.
Electra. Whisper low
 As through reeds the breezes blow.
Chorus. Hush'd the converse which we keep
 As the sounds that lull to sleep.
Electra. Low—'tis well—thus murmur low,
 Silent come, and silent go.
 Why ye come impart to me ;
 Long he slumbers, as you see.
Chorus. How, dear lady, fares it ? say—
Electra. What can these poor lips convey
 But mishap, a tale of death ?
 Still he breathes, but pants for breath.
Chorus. Sayst thou ? wretched youth !
Electra. He dies
 Should ye ope those drooping eyes,
 As lapt in sweetest sleep he lies.
Chorus. Ah unhappy ! for the deed
 Thou hast done, by heaven decreed ;
 Ah unhappy ! for the woes
 That bereave thee of repose !
Electra. Wo, alas ! unjust was he
 When unrighteous prophesy,
 As with shrieking voice he spoke,
 From pure Themis' tripod broke :
 And prescribed my fated brother
 The lawless murder of a mother.
Chorus. See, he moves the covering vest,
 Tossing in his broken rest.
Electra. Luckless woman ! thou hast spoken
 Rudely, and his rest is broken.
Chorus. I had deem'd his slumber fast :

- Electra.* Will ye not depart at last,
Treading softly as ye go?
- Chorus.* Nay—he sleepeth.
- Electra.* Aye—'tis so.
- Chorus.* Oh night, oh solemn night,
That sheddest sleep
On trouble-wearied eyes;
From Erebus still deep
On downy wing
Arise, arise!
O'er Agamemnon's house thy shadows fling;
To our misfortunes and our griefs a prey
We are consumed, consumed away!
- Electra.* See, ye break the silence.
- Chorus.* Nay.
- Electra.* Soft, soft, turn your face away,
Dearest friend! that not a word
In its echo may be heard,
Where his lids in slumber close;
Leave him—leave him to repose.
- Chorus.* Tell me, what can end his pain?
- Electra.* Death—what else? we bear in vain
Bread, that should his life sustain.
- Chorus.* Death appears before his eyes.
- Electra.* We are fall'n a sacrifice
To the God who doom'd to flow
Her blood that laid our father low.
- Chorus.* Just, but yet inglorious, blow.
- Electra.* Mother that bore me! thou didst shed
My father's blood, and thou art dead.
But thou within that father's tomb
Hast dragg'd the children of thy womb.
We perish—yes, we perish all
In one promiscuous funeral.
For thou art with the dead, and we
Are like to those who dwell with thee.
My life departs, my wasted years
Languish in groans and midnight tears:
Husband or child consoles me never;
See! what a wretched life I drag for ever.
- Chorus.* Draw near to him Electra: look upon
The couch on which he lies: he may be gone
And scape thy watchfulness: it likes not me
Where the stretch'd limbs hang loose as those I see.
- Orestes.* O sleep! O friendly balm! relief from pain!
How pleasant is thy seasonable coming!
O blest oblivion of calamities,
How wise thou art! Power whom the wretched pray for!
Whence did I come, and how am I come hither?
I have forgot the past; my mind has wander'd.
- Electra.* Oh dearest! thou hast fall'n asleep: this glads me!
Shall I now touch thee tenderly and raise thee?
- Orestes.* Yes—raise me, raise me: wipe the clammy foam
From my spent lips; the moisture from my eyelids.
- Electra.* See—'tis my pleasant duty: nor refuse I
To tend thy person with my sister hands.
- Orestes.* Lie down beside me: part the matted hair
That hides my face: I scarce can see the light.
- Electra.* How thy poor head is tangled with its locks!
How haggard look'st thou, to the bath a stranger!
- Orestes.* Lay me again upon the couch: the fit
Of frenzy leaves me weak, and my limbs fail me.

Electra. See how his bed is welcome to the patient!

Irksome possession! but he needs must keep it.

Orestes. Place me again upright, and lean me forward.

Chorus. Fastidious are the sick, beset with wants.

Electra. Say, wilt thou set thy feet upon the floor

With slow alternate steps? change best refreshes.

Orestes. Aye—though this be not health, it has the semblance;

The semblance pleases, though we miss the substance.

Electra. Hark now, dear brother! while the Furies spare thee.

Orestes. What hast thou new? if good it will be welcome:

If evil, I've enough of ills already.

Electra. Thy uncle Menelaus is arrived;

His galley anchors in the port of Nauplia,

Orestes. Ha! comes he as a light to our misfortunes,

He who has known the bounty of my father?

Electra. He comes: that you may trust my tidings, know

He brings his Helen from the walls of Troy.

Orestes. Were he alone he might be envied more:

Leading his wife he brings a mischief with him.

Electra. Aye—for from Tyndarus a race of daughters

Sprang, the reproach and infamy of Greece.

Orestes. Be thou unlike those vile ones, for thou mayst:

Arraign them not in speech, but in thy heart.

Electra. Ah me! my brother! how thine eye rolls troubled!

Thy rage is coming on, though sane but now!

Orestes. O mother! I beseech thee set not on me

Those snake-hair'd women dabbled all with blood:

'Tis they—'tis they—they leap upon me now.

Electra. Rest thou, poor sufferer! tranquil in thy bed:

Thou think'st thou clearly seest them, yet seest nothing.

Orestes. They'll kill me, Phœbus!—those grim Goddesses,

Dog-visaged, gorgon-eyed, Hell's priestesses!

Electra. I will not let thee go, but twine my hands

Around thee, and prevent thy cruel leaps.

Orestes. Ha! loose me—thou art one of those my furies;

Thou clasp'st my waist to cast me down to hell.

Electra. O wretched that I am! how shall I aid

In his distress? the God is most unfriendly.

Orestes. Give me the horn-tipp'd bow, Apollo's gift,

To drive the Furies, when they scared me, hence.

Electra. Can Gods be wounded by a mortal hand?

Orestes. Aye—if they will not vanish from mine eyes.

Hear ye not? see ye not how the notch'd arrow

Twangs on the quivering bowstring ere it fly?

Ha! wherefore loiter ye? mount on your wings

Into the sky: accuse his oracles.—

Ah! wherefore do I faint? why does my breath

Gasp in quick pants? how came it that I sprang

Wide from the couch?—The storm subsides—'tis calm.

Why weep'st thou, sister! nestling thus thy cheek

Within my bosom's vesture? I am shamed

To make thee share my sufferings, and afflict

Thy virgin softness with my malady.

Pine not for what I suffer: thou indeed

Consented'st, but the murder of my mother

Was my own act: Apollo is to blame,

Who urged me on to this impiety,

Giving me mere lip-comfort, and none else:

I think if in the presence of my father

I could have ask'd if I should slay my mother,

He would have clasp'd my knees with many prayers,

* In the original "adjured me by my beard."

Adjuring me never to plunge my sword
 Into a mother's breast : since not the more
 Would he return to light, and I myself
 Should draw upon my head such woes as these.
 But come, my sister, muffle not thy face,
 And dry thy tears, all wretched though I be :
 And when thou seest me wandering in my mind,
 Restrain and soothe my wild disorder'd reason :
 And when thou weep'st, I, as I ought, in turn
 Will sit beside thee, thy most kind adviser :
 Friends owe this tender office to each other.
 But my poor sister ! hie thee to thy chamber,
 And lay thee down and close thy sleepless eyes ;
 Take also food and the refreshing bath.
 For if I were to lose thee, and by watching
 At my bed-side thou wert thyself to languish,
 I were indeed undone : thou art my only
 Helper : for all but thou, thou seest, desert me.

Electra. It shall not be : it is my choice to die
 Or live with thee : to me it is the same.
 For shouldst thou die, what would become of me,
 A helpless woman ? lonely as I am,
 What should protect me ? brother having none,
 Father, nor friends ?—but I will do thy bidding,
 Since thou wilt have it so. Rest thou, meanwhile,
 Reclined upon the couch, and do not yield
 To the panic fears that start thee from the bed.
 But keep thy posture firmly : though in truth
 Thou wert not ill, yet if thy fancy deem'd so,
 The pain and mortal weakness must be thine.

Chorus. Wo, wo is me !—all-hail, and hear,
 Tremendous Goddesses ! that spring
 Aloft on indefatigable wing ;
 Ye ebon-visaged Furies ! revelling
 In orgies where, for Bacchus' cheer,
 Deepens the groan, and drops the tear :
 Who harrowing in your sweep th' expanded air
 Wreak vengeance on the head
 Of him whose hand with murder-stains is red,
 Accept, accept my prayer, my prayer !
 Suffer Agamemnon's son
 To lose his wandering rage, and be his penance done.
 Ah for the sufferings thou hast known !
 They reach thee still, they press thee down :
 Since from the tripod burst the yell
 Of Phœbus' shrieking oracle,
 As in the centre of the wood
 Thy feet upon the holiest pavement stood.
 Oh Jove ! oh mercy ! see
 What struggles from that murder cleave to thee
 And try with potent agony !
 Some evil genius seems to brood
 Above these roofs, and mingles tear on tear :
 He sprinkles round thy mother's blood,
 And this torments thee on thy living bier.
 I mourn for thee, I mourn for thee,
 But thus the mightiest pride of state must be :
 The Demon whirls aloft the sail,
 While skims the bark before the gale,
 Grievs like a sea come rushing o'er,
 And waves devouring dash the wreck upon the shore.

PICTURES AT OXFORD AND BLENHEIM.

ROME has been called the "Sacred City:"—might not *our* Oxford be called so too? There is an air about it, resonant of joy and hope: it speaks with a thousand tongues to the heart, it waves its mighty wings over the imagination. It stands, in lowly sublimity, on the "hill of ages;" and points with prophetic fingers to the sky. It greets the eager gaze from afar, "with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned," that shine with an internal light as with the lustre of setting suns, and a dream and a glory hovers round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes, are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory; and its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out, and its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future—Isis babbles of the Muse, her waters are from the springs of Helicon, her Christ-Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields!—We could pass our lives in Oxford without having or wanting a single idea—that of the place is enough. We inhale the air of thought, we stand in the presence of learning. We are admitted into the Temple of Fame, we feel that we are in the sanctuary, on holy ground, and "hold high converse with the mighty dead." The learned and the ignorant are on a level, if they have but faith in the tutelary genius of the place. We may be wise by proxy, and critical by prescription. Time has taken upon himself the labour of thinking, and accumulated libraries leave us leisure to be dull. There is no occasion to examine the buildings, the churches, the colleges, by the rules of architecture, to reckon up the streets, to compare it with Cambridge (Cambridge lies out of the way, on one side of the world)—but woe to him who does not feel in passing through Oxford that he is in "no mean city," that he is sur-

rounded with the monuments and lordly mansions of the mind of man, outvying in pomp and splendour the courts and palaces of temporal power, rising like an exhalation in the night of ignorance, and triumphing over barbaric foes, saying "all eyes shall see me, and all knees shall bow to me!"—as the shrine where successive ages came to pay their pious vows, and slake the secret thirst of knowledge, where youthful hopes (an endless flight) soared to truth and good, and where the retired and lonely student brooded over the historic or over fancy's page, framing high tasks for himself, high destinies for the race of man—the lamp, the mine, the well-head from whence the spark of learning is kindled, its stream flows, its treasures are spread out through the remotest corners of the land and to distant nations. Let him then who is fond of indulging in a dream-like existence go to Oxford and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noontide, or mellowing the shadowy moonlight; let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants; for if he does, the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of enchantment will melt from his embrace into thin air!

The only Collection of Pictures at Oxford is that at the Radcliffe Library (bequeathed by Sir William Guise). It is so far appropriate that it is dingy, solemn, old; and we would gladly leave it to its repose; but where criticism comes, affection "clappeth his wings, and straightway he is gone." Most of the pictures are either copies, or spoiled, or never were good for any thing. There is, however, a *Music Piece* by Titian, which bears the stamp of his hand, and is "majestic, though in ruins." It represents three young ladies prac-

tising at a harpsichord, with their music-master looking on. One of the girls is tall, with prominent features seen in profile, but exquisitely fair, and with a grave expression; the other is a lively, good-humoured girl, with a front-face; and the third leans forward from behind, looking down with a demure, reserved, sentimental cast of countenance, but very pretty, and much like an English face. The teacher has a manly, intelligent countenance, with a certain blended air of courtesy and authority. It is a fascinating picture, to our thinking; and has that careless, characteristic look, belonging to each individual and to the scene, which is always to be found in Titian's groups. We also noticed a dingy, melancholy-looking Head over the window of the farthest room, said to be a *Portrait of Vandyke*, with something striking in the tone and expression; and a small *Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise*, attributed to Guiseppe Ribera, which has considerable merit. The amateur will here find continual copies (of an indifferent class) of many of his old favourite pictures of the Italian school, Titian, Domenichino, Correggio, and others. But the most valuable part of the Collection consists of four undoubted Heads cut out of one of the *Cartoons*, which was destroyed by fire about a hundred years ago, and which are here preserved in their pristine integrity. They show us what the *Cartoons* were. They have all the spirit and freedom of Raphael's hand, but without any of the blotches and smearing of those at Hampton Court, with which the damp of stables, and the dews of Heaven, have evidently had nearly as much to do as the painter. They are two Heads of men, and two of women; one of *Rachel Weeping for her Children*, and another still finer (both are profiles) in which all the force and boldness of masculine understanding is combined with feminine softness of expression. The large, ox-like eye, "a lucid mirror," with the eye-lids drooping, and the long eye-lashes distinctly marked, the straight, scrutinizing nose, the full, but closed lips, the matronly chin, the high forehead, altogether convey a character of ma-

tured thought and expansive feeling, such as is seldom to be met with. *Rachel Weeping for her Children* has a sterner and more painful, but a very powerful expression. It is heroic, rather than pathetic. The heads of the men are spirited and forcible, but they are distinguished chiefly by the firmness of the outline, and the sharpness and mastery of the execution.

Blenheim is a morning's walk from Oxford, and is not an unworthy appendage to it.

And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon!

Blenheim is not inferior in waving woods, and sloping lawns, and smooth waters, to Pembroke's princely domain, or the grounds of any other park we know of. The building is gothic, capricious, and not imposing, a conglomeration of pigeon-houses,

In form resembling a goose pye.

But as a collection of works of art, (with the exception of the Marquis of Stafford's,) it is unrivalled in this country. There is not a bad picture in it: the interest is sustained by rich and noble performances from first to last. It abounds in Rubens's works. The old Duchess of Marlborough was fond of the historical pieces of this great painter; she had, during her husband's wars and negotiations in Flanders, a fine opportunity of culling them, "as one picks pears, saying, this I like, that I like still better;" and from the selection she has made, it appears as if she understood his genius well. She has chosen those of his works which were most mellow and at the same time gorgeous in colouring, most luxuriant in composition, most unctuous in expression. Rubens was the only artist that could have embodied some of our countryman Spenser's splendid and voluptuous allegories. If a painter among ourselves were to attempt a SPENSER GALLERY, (perhaps the finest subject for the pencil in the world after the Heathen Mythology, and Scripture History,) he ought to go and study the principles of his design at Blenheim. *The Silenus and the Rape*

of *Proserpine* contain more of the Bacchanalian and lawless spirit of ancient fable than perhaps any two pictures extant. We shall not dispute that Nicolas Poussin could probably give more of the abstract, metaphysical character of his traditional personages, or that Titian could set them off better, so as to "leave stings" in the eye of the spectator, by a prodigious *gusto* of colouring, as in his *Bacchus and Ariadne*: but neither of them gave the same undulating outline, the same humid, *pulpy* tone to the flesh, the same graceful involution to the grouping and the forms, the same animal spirits, the same breathing motion. Let any one look at the figure of Silenus in the first-mentioned of these compositions, its unwieldy size, its reeling drunken attitude, its capacity for revelling in gross sensual enjoyment, and contrast it with the figure of the nymph, so light, so giddy, so fair, that her clear crystal skin and laughing grace spread a ruddy glow, and account for the tumult all around her; and say if any thing finer in this kind was ever executed or imagined. In that sort of licentious fancy, in which a certain grossness of expression bordered on caricature, and where grotesque or enticing form was to be combined with free and rapid movements, or different tones and colours were to be flung over the picture as in sport or in a dance, no one ever surpassed the Flemish painter; and some of the greatest triumphs of his pencil are to be found in the Blenheim Gallery. There are several others of his best pictures on sacred subjects, such as the *Flight into Egypt*, and the Illustration of the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The head, and figure, and deportment of the Christ in this last admirable production, are nobly characteristic (beyond what the painter usually accomplished in this department)—the face of a woman holding a young child, pale, pensive, with scarce any shadow, and the head of the child itself (looking as vacant and satisfied as if the nipple had just dropped from its mouth), are actually alive. Those who can look at this picture with indifference, or without astonishment at the truth of nature, and

the felicity of execution, may rest assured that they know as little of Rubens as of the Art itself. Vandyke, the scholar and rival of Rubens, holds the next place in this collection. There is here, as in so many other places, a picture of the famous Lord Strafford, with his Secretary—both speaking portraits, and with the characters finely diversified. We were struck also by the delightful family-picture of the Duchess of Buckingham and her Children, but not so much (we confess it) as we expected from our recollections of this picture a few years ago. It had less the effect of a perfect mirror of fashion in "the olden time," than we fancied to ourselves—the little girl had less exquisite primness and studied gentility, the little boy had not the same chubby, good-humoured look, and the colours in his cheek had faded—nor had the mother the same graceful, matron-like air. Is it we or the picture that has changed? In general, our expectations tally pretty well with our after-observations, but there was a falling-off in the present instance. There is a fine whole-length of a lady of quality of that day (we think Lady Cleveland); but the master-piece of Vandyke's pencil here is his *Charles I. on Horseback*. It is the famous cream or fawn-coloured horse, which, of all the creatures that ever were painted, is surely one of the most beautiful.

Sure never were seen
Two such beautiful ponies:
Other horses are brutes,
But these macaronies.

Its steps are delicate, as if it moved to some soft measure or courtly strain, or disdained the very ground it trod upon; its form all lightness and elegance; the expression quick and fiery; the colour inimitable; the texture of the skin sensitive and tremblingly alive all over, as if it would shrink from the smallest touch. The portrait of Charles is not equal; but there is a landscape-background, which in breezy freshness seems almost to rival the airy spirit and delicacy of the noble animal. There are also one or two fine Rembrandts (particularly a *Jacob and Esau*)—an early Raphael, the adoration of some saint, hard and stiff, but carefully

designed; and a fine, sensible, graceful head of the *Fornarina*, of which we have a common and well-executed engraving. There is not (thank God) a single Dutch picture in the whole collection!

"But did you see the Titian room?"—Yes, we did, and a glorious treat it was; nor do we know why it should not be shown to every one. There is nothing alarming but the title of the subjects—*The Loves of the Gods*—just as was the case with Mr. T. Moore's *Loves of the Angels*—but oh! how differently treated! What a gusto in the first, compared with the insipidity of the last! What streaks of living blood-colour so unlike gauze-spangles or pink silk-stockings! What union, what symmetry of form, instead of sprawling, flimsy descriptions—what an expression of amorous enjoyment about the mouth, the eyes, and even to the finger-ends, instead of cold conceits, and moonlight similes! This is unfair; so to our task.—It is said these pictures were discovered in an old lumber-room by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who set a high value on them, and that they are undoubtedly by Titian, having been originally sent over as a present by the King of Sardinia (for whose ancestor they were painted) to the first Duke of Marlborough. We should (without, however, pretending to set up an opinion) incline, from the internal evidence, to think them from the pencil of the great Venetian, but for two circumstances; first, the texture of the skin, and secondly, that they do not compose well as pictures. They have no background to set them off, but a most ridiculous trellis-work, representing nothing, hung round them; and the skin or flesh looks monotonous and hard, like a rind. On the other hand, this last objection seems to be answered satisfactorily enough, and without impugning the skill of the artist; for the pictures are actually painted on skins of leather. In all other respects, they might assuredly be by Titian, and we know of no other painter who was capable of achieving their various excellencies. The drawing of the female figures is correct and elegant in a high degree, and might serve as a model for, or be borrowed

from, classic sculpture, but that it is more fleshy, more feminine, more lovely. The colouring, with the exception already stated, is true, glowing, golden, harmonious. The grouping and attitudes are heroic, the expression in some of the faces divine—we do not mean, of course, that it possesses the elevation or purity that Raphael or Correggio could give, but it is warmer, more thrilling and ecstatic. There is the glow and ripeness of a more genial clime, the purple light of love, crimsoned blushes, looks bathed in rapture, kisses with immortal sweetness in their taste—Nay, then go and see the pictures, and no longer lay the blame of this unusual extravagance on us. We may at any rate repeat the subjects. They are eight in number. 1. *Mars and Venus*. The Venus is well worthy to be called the Queen of Love, for shape, for air, for every thing. Her redoubted lover is a middle-aged, ill-looking gentleman, clad in a buff-jerkin, and somewhat of a formalist in his approaches and mode of address; but there is a Cupid playing on the floor, who might well turn the world topsyturvy. 2. *Cupid and Psyche*. The Cupid is perhaps rather a gawky, awkward stripling, with eager, open-mouthed wonder: but did ever creature of mortal mould see any thing comparable to the back and limbs of the Psyche, or conceive or read any thing equal to it but that unique description in the *Troilus and Cressida* of Chaucer? 3. *Apollo and Daphne*. Not equal to the rest. 4. *Hercules and Dejanira*. The female figure in this picture is full of grace and animation, and the arms that are twined round the great son of Jove are elastic as a bended bow. 5. *Vulcan and Ceres*. 6. *Pluto and Proserpine*. 7. *Jupiter and Io*. Very fine. And finest of all, and last, *Neptune and Amphitrite*. In this last work it seems "as if increase of appetite did grow with what it fed on." What a face is that of Amphitrite for beauty and for sweetness of expression! One thing is remarkable in these groups (with the exception of two), which is that the lovers are all of them old men, but then they retain their beards according to the custom of the good

old times; and this makes not only a picturesque contrast, but gives a beautiful softness and youthful delicacy to the female faces opposed to them. Upon the whole, this series of historic compositions well deserves the attention of the artist and the connoisseur, and perhaps some light might be thrown upon the subject of their authenticity by turning over some old portfolios. We have heard a hint thrown out that the designs are of a date prior to Titian. But "we are ignorance itself in this!"

We now take leave of *British Galleries of Art*. There are one or two others that we had intended to visit; but they are at a great distance from

us and from each other; and we are not quite sure that they would repay our inquiries. Besides, to say the truth, we have already pretty well exhausted our stock of criticism, both general and particular. The same names were continually occurring, and we began sometimes to be apprehensive that the same observations might be repeated over again. One thing we can say, that the going through our regular task has not lessened our respect for the great names here alluded to; and, if we shall have inspired, in the progress of it, any additional degree of curiosity respecting the art, or any greater love of it in our readers, we shall think our labour and our anxiety to do justice to the subject most amply rewarded.

W. H.

OLD COREHEAD'S FIRESIDE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE troubled sun was wading 'mid the mirk
And gathering clouds o'er Tinwald tower and kirk;
The cattle left green Mousewold, while a cloud
Wrapt stately Moloch like a mighty shroud;
Fast on Dumfries the darkness dropp'd, and lay
In volumed wreaths on floating bark and bay;
The seaman plucks his mainsail down; and, hark!
He whistles loud, and doubly moors his bark.
Behind her thrown a broad and foaming line,
The port-ward ship comes breasting through the brine;
Flown from the flood, his dark wings' pluming dry,
The cormorant sits and utters a startled cry;
Birds seek the bower, steeds seek the stall—friends meet,
Nor know each other in the darken'd street.

His head's remaining snows Old Corehead shook,
And gazed to Heaven, as home his way he took;
Behind, above, he mark'd the shifting rack
Of cloud on cloud, fast gathering, deep and black,
And now and then the lightning, swift and blue,
Brighten'd the bellying storm, but broke not through;
He raised his latch—even then upon the roof
Big rain drops plash'd, and thunder roll'd aloof.
Ah, me! he said, yon tempest's coming sweep
Will shred the grain man's sickle's whet to reap.
Down dropp'd the wind—the barley's golden horn
Was rudely shook—loud rustled the standing corn.
The Clouden raised his moorland voice on high,
And the chafed Solway sent a hoarser cry.

Old Corehead sigh'd, and in his ancient chair
Sank and sat mute, and smooth'd his hoary hair;

His young son laid aside free Burns's strain,
 O'er which he smiled, and wept, and smiled again;
 His fair young daughter silenced her sweet tongue,
 Low warbling o'er a wild and tender song;
 And from her thrift came forth the frugal dame,
 And shut her shutters close, and trimm'd the flame.
 "Ah! maids," she said, "I mind in that sad year
 When I was wed, there came a tempest drear—
 The corn was shook; the fruit fell from the trees;
 In their sweet chambers died the honey-bees;
 For glad September's sunshine there came snow;
 The song-birds' wings were frozen to the bough;
 The sparrow on our hearth-stone sat; the swan
 Came from the cloud to the abodes of man;—
 Ah! maidens, mark, that was a cruel hour
 To knit fond hearts; scant was our winter store,
 Thin were our garments, and the cricket's song
 To our cold hearth came not the winter long."

While thus she spoke, lo! there began to gush
 Huge rain from Heaven; the wind rose with a rush;
 Thick darkness follow'd fast, flash after flash
 The lightning came, and the rude river's dash
 Rivall'd the thunder—o'er the battle mound
 Where Wallace fought it leap'd, and burst all bound;
 Dalswinton oak shook like a shepherd's wand,
 And the vex'd ocean sprang three roods on land.
 Ah! who unmoved may hearken to the sound
 Of torrents waked, and wild woods waving round,
 See Heaven's fierce lightnings flashing all abroad;
 Feel stedfast earth rock'd 'neath the foot of God?
 The old man knelt, 'Oh! for the righteous' sake
 Spare youth's green leaves, and, oh! the ripe ears take."
 And, as he pray'd, his long and hoary hair
 Shone with the levin's swift and dismal glare.
 His daughter knelt, her dark eyes from the flame
 Veil'd with her hands, while fear shook all her frame;
 Close to the floor her white brow did she lay,
 And sigh'd, and seem'd to sob her soul away.

Steed snorts to steed, and startles in the stalls;
 Deep answers deep—to mountain mountain calls;
 Eternal ocean roars—the mother wild
 Throws her arms seaward weeping for her child.
 God's steeds are loosed, the earth wide-shuddering feels
 Fire from their nostrils, thunder from their heels.
 A fearful brightness fills the house—the gleam
 Casts o'er each face a swift and ghastly stream:
 Gross darkness comes, and seems to swallow all,
 And heaven above hangs o'er us like a pall.
 The old man pray'd—his clench'd hands thus were thrust,
 His eyes were closed—his white hairs in the dust,—
 The old man pray'd—I knelt then by his side,
 And say it now in meekness more than pride,—
 The old man pray'd—ye who deem poets' strain
 A shadowy fiction, profitless and vain—
 Believe or doubt—even as he pray'd, the heaven
 Dropt its last drop and quench'd its burning levin,
 Made mute its thunder—bade the spirit begone,
 That ruled the storm, with a reluctant groan.

Uprose the old man from his knees—I saw
 Light in his eyes that made me look with awe.
 He led his family forth, and gazing down,
 Saw far beneath him cottage, tower, and town;
 The heaven above, with thunder track'd and plow'd
 And sown with stars, in deep blue glory glow'd;
 The wind smell'd sweet like air of summer-noon,
 And o'er the mountains came the round clear moon,
 The round clear moon came forth, and you might mark
 The foaming firth—Nith tumbling deep and dark,
 Save where its current caught a golden stain
 From fields whose riches made the farmer vain.
 From fair Dumlanrig and green Durisdeer,
 From thy dark woodlands mine own native Keir,
 There comes a voice—to which the trumpet seems
 A baby's cry—the thunder of the streams;
 The cormorant calls in gladness from its rocks,
 The green hills give the low of all their flocks;
 Doves sit and plume them on Dalswinton pines,
 Lights from men's windows stream in trembling lines;
 And man comes forth, and, in a thankful mood,
 Blesses the sight, and owns that God is good.

The old man stood, the moon upon his face
 Spilt her soft light—he mused a little space—
 Eastward he turn'd, a wild and fitful light
 Was glimmering there, his face grew glad and bright.
 Westward he look'd—there deep with thunder scars
 The heaven seem'd sick and dropping fast her stars;
 Southward he look'd—his breath grew tight with awe—
 The wondrous shade as of a ship he saw;
 Her milk-white mainsail, decks, and pennons high
 Fill'd all the space between the sea and sky,
 And as she sail'd, from her deep sides she dealt
 That conquering thunder which proud France has felt.

A holy fire flush'd all the old man's brow;
 He read what none save those inspired know;
 He calls his children round, and as he stands,
 On them he looks, and heav'nward holds his hands:
 "Dance all and sing—lo, I have had to-night
 My country's glory vision'd fair and bright,
 Go shear the fleece, go yoke the crooked plough!
 And reap in peace what ye in gladness sow—
 Dance all and sing. Let maidens bind their hair,
 The bridal gifts and bridal beds prepare;
 Let the bride-candles greet the morning star,
 And cheer the flail and glad the harvest car.
 From hall and tower let prayer and praise be heard—
 Heroic strains from the impassion'd bard,
 Strains such as make the soul dance on the tongue;
 Strains such as Scott or hapless Burns has sung.
 Let words of joy come from the deep sea-brine;
 Let all our pulpits send a voice divine;
 Be mute, ye lords and earls—how cold and weak
 Are your best words—and let George Canning speak.
 Come all and hear him, warrior, priest, and sire—
 Him who warms wisdom with poetic fire."
 Awhile he paused, and as he paused more pure
 The full moon shone—'twas nigh the midnight hour.

" Shall man see more such sights as I have seen,
 'Twixt snowy sixty-seven and green nineteen?
 I've seen the war-plumes fill the shore like snow;
 I've heard the horn, but not to harvest blow;
 I've seen the fierce artillery shower its rain;
 And spears stand thick as that broad vale with grain,
 I've seen a sea of plumed and helmed heads;
 I've heard the thunder of ten thousand steeds;
 From sunny Seine to Siber's dreary bourne,
 I've heard the clang of many a martial horn—
 I've braved blythe France, when sharpest was her sword,
 And bearded Paul and his barbarian horde;
 I've chased the Turk round Chios isle and Rhodes;
 Tamed the proud Spaniard and his drowsy gods;
 I sail'd with him who bade the Dane retire,
 And gave him light from flaming fleet and spire—
 I sail'd with him—on whom proud Victory's sun
 For ever shone, who fell when all was won—
 Nelson and Bronte—on the wide wild sea
 Thou wert a god as much as man may be!
 Round thee, my country, dark and dashing far,
 The world like one wild ocean roll'd in war,
 Strong men's ambition 'gainst thy glory burn'd,
 They came with shouting and with wail return'd;
 The sea was sick with blood, with slaughter'd bones
 The earth was fill'd, and maids' and orphans' moans;
 Fierce armies come—fast from the earth they melt,
 Like April snow when May's first sun is felt;
 Britain alone, like heaven's own quenchless flame,
 Stood still unchanged, majestic, and the same;
 From her proud island o'er the world look'd down,
 Sad was her sinless brow with sorrows not her own."

The old man went and sought his aged chair;
 The moon came streaming 'mid his silver hair;
 He gave a glance, and all his children dear
 Drew nigh, they knew the time of prayer was near.
 God's holy word with reverent hand took he,
 Said, " Let us worship God," and laid it o'er his knee;
 Closer his children came, and meek and mute
 Hemm'd him, like Joseph's vision'd sheaves, about.
 As calm he read, with clear prophetic tone,
 Each eye look'd down, each breath was gentler blown,
 Each palm was spread, each head was meekly hung,
 O'er them Devotion's charmed veil was flung.
 He closed the book, a holy sign he made,
 Fell on his knees, and " Let us pray," he said.
 All lights were dimm'd, save those bright ones which keep
 Close watch with seraphs when the righteous sleep.
 All knelt—and laying to the floor each face,
 Breath'd low—'twas silence for a little space.
 The old man pray'd—the slant moon-beam became
 Five-fold more bright, and fill'd the room with flame,
 His best beloved child look'd up, she saw
 The wondrous light, she held her breath with awe,
 And partly deem'd the glowing light that shone
 Was lustre streaming from his blessed locks alone.

THE KING OF HAYTI.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Six weeks after his death stood the bust of the late stamp-distributor Goodchild exposed to public view in the china-manufacture of L—. For what purpose? Simply for this—that he might call Heaven and earth to witness, that, allowing for some little difference in the colours, he looked just as he did heretofore in life: a proposition which his brother and heir Mr. Goodchild the merchant flatly denied. For this denial Mr. Goodchild had his private reasons. "It is true," said he, "my late brother the stamp-distributor, God rest him! did certainly bespeak three dozen copies of his own bust at the china-works:—but surely he bespoke them for his use in this life, and not in the next. His inten-

tion doubtless was to send a copy to each of those loose companions of his who helped him to run through his fine estate: natural enough for him to propose as a spendthrift, but highly absurd for me to ratify as executor to so beggarly an inheritance; and therefore assuredly I shall not throw so much money out of the windows."

This was plausible talking to all persons who did not happen to know that the inheritance amounted to 25 thousand dollars; and that the merchant Goodchild, as was unanimously affirmed by all the Jews both Christian and Jewish, in L—, weighed moreover in his own person, independently of that inheritance, one entire ton of gold.

CHAPTER II.

The ostensible Reason.

The china-works would certainly never have been put off with this allegation; and therefore, by the advice of his attorney, he had in reserve a more special argument why he ought not to pay for the six-and-thirty busts. "My brother," said he, "may have ordered so many copies of his bust. It is possible. I neither affirm nor deny. Busts may

be ordered: and my brother may have ordered them. But what then? I suppose all men will grant that he meant the busts to have some resemblance to himself, and by no means to have no resemblance. But now, be it known, they have no resemblance to him. Ergo I refuse to take them. One word's as good as a thousand."

CHAPTER III.

"In the second Place"—Dinner is on the Table.

But this one word, no nor a thousand such, would satisfy Mr. Whelp the proprietor of the china-works. So he summoned Mr. Goodchild before the magistracy. Unfortunately Mr. Whelp's lawyer, in order to show his ingenuity, had filled sixteen folio pages with an introductory argument in which he laboured to prove that the art of catching a likeness was an especial gift of God, bestowed on very few portrait-painters and sculptors—and which therefore it was almost impious and prophane to demand of a mere uninspired baker of porcellain. From this argument he went on to infer *a fortiori* in the second place that, where the china-baker *did* hit the likeness, and had done so much more than could lawfully be asked of

him, it was an injustice that would cry aloud to heaven for redress if, after all, his works were returned upon his hands; especially where, as in the present instance, so much beauty of art was united with the peculiar merit of a portrait. It was fatal, however, to the effect of this argument, that just as the magistrate arrived at—"In the second place,"—his servant came in and said, "If you please, Sir, dinner is on the table." Naturally therefore conceiving that the *gite* of the lawyer's reasoning was to defend the want of resemblance as an admitted fact, which it would be useless to deny, the worthy magistrate closed the pleadings and gave sentence against Mr. Whelp the plaintiff.

CHAPTER IV.

The professional Verdict.

Mr. Whelp was confounded at this decree: and as the readiest means of obtaining a revision of it, he sent in to the next sitting of the bench a copy of the bust which had previously been omitted. As bad luck would have it however, there happened on this occasion to be present an artist who had a rancorous enmity both to Mr. Whelp and to the modeler of the bust. This person, being asked his opinion, declared without scruple that the bust was as wretched a portrait as it was lamentable in its pretensions as a work of art; and that his youngest pupil would not have had the audacity to produce so infamous a performance unless he had an express wish to be turned neck and heels out of his house.

Upon this award of the conscientious artist,—out of regard to his

professional judgment, the magistracy thought fit to impose silence upon their own senses which returned a very opposite award: and thus it happened that the former decision was affirmed. Now certainly Mr. Whelp had his remedy: he might appeal from the magistrate's sentence. But this he declined.—“No, no,” said he, “I know what I'm about: I shall want the magistrate once more; and I mustn't offend him. I will appeal to public opinion: *that* shall decide between me and the old rogue of a merchant.”

And precisely in this way it was brought about that the late stamp-distributor Goodchild came to stand exposed to the public view in the centre window of the china-manufactory.

CHAPTER V.

The Sinecurist.

At the corner of this china-manufactory a beggar had his daily station,—which, except for his youth, which was now and then thrown in his teeth, was indeed a right pleasant sinecure. To this man Mr. Whelp promised a handsome present if he would repeat to him in the evening what the passers-by had said of the bust in the day-time. Accordingly at night the beggar brought him the true and comfortable intelligence

that young and old had unanimously pronounced the bust a most admirable likeness of the late stamp-distributor Goodchild. This report was regularly brought for eight days: on the eighth Mr. Whelp was satisfied, and paid off his commissioner, the beggar.

The next morning Mr. Whelp presented himself at Mr. Goodchild's to report the public approbation of his brother's bust.

CHAPTER VI.

The young Visionary.

But here there was sad commotion. Mr. Goodchild was ill: and his illness arose from a little history which must here be introduced by way of episode.—Mr. Goodchild had an only daughter named Ida. Now Miss Ida had begun, like other young ladies of her age, to think of marriage: nature had put it into her head to consider all at once that she was seventeen years of age. And it sometimes occurred to her that Mr. Tempest the young barrister, who occupied the first floor over the way, was just the very man she would like in the character of lover. Thoughts of the same tendency appeared to have occurred also to Mr. Tempest: Ida seemed to him remarkably well fitted to play the part of a wife;

and, when he pretended to be reading the pandects at his window, too often (it must be acknowledged) his eyes were settled all the while upon Ida's blooming face. The glances of these eyes did certainly cause some derangement occasionally in Ida's sewing and netting. What if they did? Let her drop as many stitches as she would, the next day was long enough to take them up again.

This young man then was clearly pointed out by Providence as the partner of her future life. Ah! that her father would think so too! But he called him always the young visionary. And whenever she took a critical review of all their opposite neighbours, and fell as if by accident upon the domestic habits, re-

spectable practice, and other favourable points about Mr. Tempest, her father never failed to close the conversation by saying,—“Aye, but he’s a mere young visionary.” And why, Mr. Goodchild? Simply for these two reasons: first, because once at a party where they had met, Mr. Tempest had happened to say a few words very displeasing to his pre-

judices on the “golden age” of German poetry, to which Mr. Goodchild was much attached, and on which he could bear no opposition. Secondly and chiefly, because at the same time he had unfortunately talked of the King of Hayti as a true crowned head—a monarch whom Mr. Goodchild was determined never to acknowledge.

CHAPTER VII.

At last Ida and Mr. Tempest had come to form a regular correspondence together in the following way. The young advocate had conducted a commerce of looks with the lovely girl for a long time and hardly knowing how it began: he had satisfied himself that she looked like an angel: and he grew very anxious to know whether she also talked like one. To ascertain this point, he followed her many a time and up and down many a street: and he bore patiently for her sake all the angry looks of his clients, which seemed to say that he would do more wisely to stay at home and study their causes than to roam about in chace of a pretty girl. Mr. Tempest differed from his clients on this matter: suits at law, said he, have learned to wait: they are used to it: but hearts have not learned to wait, and never will be used to it. However all was in vain. Ida was attended constantly either by her father, or by an old governess: and in either case his scheme was knocked on the head.

At length chance did for him more than he could ever do for himself, and placed him one night at her elbow in the theatre. True it was that her father, whose dislike to him ever since his fatal acknowledgment of the king of Hayti he had not failed to remark, sate on the other side of her: but the devil is in it, thought he, if I cannot steal a march on him the whole night through. As the overture to his scheme therefore he asked in the most respectful manner for the play-bill which Ida held in her hand. On returning it, he said—what a pity that the vanity of the manager should disturb so many excellent parts: the part allotted to himself would have been far better played by several others in the company.

Mr. Tempest was not much delighted on observing that Mr. Goodchild did not receive this remark very propitiously but looked still gloomier than before. The fact was that the manager constantly attended all Mr. Goodchild’s literary parties, professed great deference for his opinions, and was in return pronounced by Mr. Goodchild a man of “exceedingly good taste and accurate judgment.” His first shot, Mr. Tempest saw clearly, had missed fire; and he would have been very glad to have had it back again: for he was thrown into a hideous fright when he saw the deep darkness which was gathering on Mr. Goodchild’s face. Meantime, it was some little support to him under his panic—that in returning the play-bill to Ida, he had ventured to press her hand, and fancied (but it could only be fancy) that she slightly returned the pressure. His enemy, whose thunder now began to break, insisted on giving an importance to his remark which the unfortunate young man himself had never contemplated—having meant it only as an introduction to further conversation, and not at all valuing himself upon it. “A pity! my good Sir?” said Mr. Goodchild: “Why so, my good Sir? On the contrary, my good Sir, on the contrary, I believe it is pretty generally admitted that there is no part whatsoever in which this manager fails to outshine all competitors.”

“Very true, Sir: as you observe, Sir, he outshines all his competitors: and in fact that was just the very remark I wished to make.”

“It was, was it? Well then, upon my word, my good Sir, you took a very odd way to express it. The fact is—young and visionary people of this day are very rash in their judgments. But it is not to be supposed that so admirable a performer

as this can be at all injured by such light and capricious opinions.

Mr. Tempest was confounded by this utter discomfiture of his inaugural effort, and sank dejected into silence. But his victorious foe looked abroad in all directions with a smiling and triumphant expression on his face—as if asking whether

any body had witnessed the ability with which he had taken down the conceit of the young rattle-brain.

However Mr. Tempest was not so utterly dejected but he consoled himself with thinking that every dog has his day: his turn would come: and he might yet perhaps succeed in laying the old dragon asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

With a view to do this as soon as possible, at the end of the first act he begged a friend who stood next to him to take his place by the side of Ida for a few minutes, and then hastened out. Under one of the lamps on the outside of the theatre, he took out from his pocket the envelope of a letter he had lately received, and with a pencil wrote upon it a formal declaration of love. His project was—to ask Ida a second time for the play-bill, and on returning it to crush up the little note and put both together into her hand.—But lord! how the wisest schemes are baffled! On returning to the pit,

he found the whole condition of things changed. His faithless representative met him with an apology at the very door. The fact was—that, seeing a pretty young lady standing close by him, the devil of gallantry had led him to cede to her use in perpetuity what had been committed to his own care in trust only for a few moments. Nor was this all: for the lady being much admired and followed, and (like comets or highland chieftains) having her “tail” on for this night, there was no possibility of reaching the neighbourhood of Ida for the pressure of the lady’s tail of followers.

CHAPTER IX.

In his whole life had Mr. Tempest never witnessed a more stupid performance, worse actors, or more disgusting people about him than during the time that he was separated from Ida. With the eye of an experienced tactician, he had calculated to a hair the course he must steer on the termination of the play to rejoin the object of his anxious regard. But alas! when the curtain dropped, he found his road quite blocked up. No remedy was left but to press right on and without respect of persons. But he gained nothing by the indefatigable labour of his elbows except a great number of scowling looks. His attention was just called to this, when Ida who had now reached the door looked back for a moment and

then disappeared in company with her father. Two minutes after he had himself reached the door; but, looking round, he exclaimed pretty loudly—“Ah, good lord! it’s of no use;” and then through the moonlight and the crowd of people he shot like an arrow—leaving them all to wonder what madness had seized the young advocate who was usually so rational and composed. However he overtook the object of his pursuit in the street in which he lived. For, upon his turning rapidly round the corner, Mr. Goodchild alarmed at his noise and his speed, turned round upon him suddenly, and said, “Is this a man, or a horse?”

CHAPTER X.

“Mr. Goodchild!” began the breathless barrister, “I am very much indebted to you.”

“Hem!” said the other in a way which seemed to express—“What now, my good Sir?”

“You have this evening directed my attention to the eminent qualifications of our manager. Most assuredly you were in the right: he played the part divinely.”

Here Mr. Tempest stopped to congratulate himself upon the triumphant expression which the moonlight revealed upon the face of his antagonist. On this triumph, if his plans succeeded, he meant to build a triumph of his own.

“Aye, aye: what then you’ve come to reason at last, my good Sir?”

“Your judgment and penetration,

Mr. Goodchild, I am bound at all times to bow to as far superior to my own."

During this compliment to the merchant's penetration, Mr. Tempest gently touched the hand of Ida with his pencil note: the hand opened, and like an oyster closed upon it in an instant. "In which scene, Mr. Tempest," said the merchant, "is it your opinion that the manager acquitted himself best?"

"In which scene!" Here was a delightful question! The advocate had attended so exclusively to Ida, that whether there were any scenes at all in the whole performance was more than he could pretend to say: and now he was to endure a critical examination on the merits of each scene in particular. He was in direful perplexity. Considering however that in most plays there is some love, and therefore some love-scenes, he dashed at it and boldly said—"In that scene, I think, where he makes the declaration of love."

"Declaration of love! why, God bless my soul! in the whole part from the beginning to end there is nothing like a declaration of love."

"Oh confound your accuracy, you old fiend!" thought Mr. Tempest to himself: but aloud he said—"No declaration of love, do you say?—Is it possible? Why, then, I suppose I must have mistaken for the manager

that man who played the lover: surely he played divinely."

"Divinely! divine stick! what that wretched, stammering, wooden booby? Why he would have been hissed off the stage, if it hadn't been well known that he was a stranger hired to walk through the part for that night."

Mr. Tempest, seeing that the more he said the deeper he plunged into the mud, held it advisable to be silent. On the other hand, Mr. Goodchild began to be ashamed of his triumph over what he had supposed the lawyer's prejudices. He took his leave therefore in these words: "Good night, Mr. Tempest; and, for the future, my good Sir, do not judge so precipitately as you did on that occasion when you complimented a black fellow with the title of king, and called St. Domingo by the absurd name of Hayti. Some little consideration and discretion go to every sound opinion."

So saying, the old dragon walked off with his treasure—and left the advocate with his ears still tingling from his mortifications.

"Just to see the young people of this day!" said Mr. Goodchild, "what presumption and what ignorance!" The whole evening through he continued to return to this theme; and during supper nearly choked himself in an ebullition of fiery zeal upon this favourite topic.

CHAPTER XI.

The Letter-box.

To her father's everlasting question—"Am not I in the right, then?" Ida replied in a sort of pantomime which was intended to represent "Yes." This was her outward yes: but in her heart she was thinking of no other yes than that which she might one day be called on to pronounce at the altar by the side of Mr. Tempest. And therefore at length, when the eternal question came round again, she nodded in a way which rather seemed to say—"Oh! dear Sir, you are in the right for any thing I have to say against it"—than any thing like a downright yes. On which Mr. Goodchild quitted one favourite theme for another more immediately necessary: viz. the lukewarmness of young people towards good counsel and sound doctrine.

Meantime Ida's looks were unceasingly directed to her neck handkerchief: the reason of which was this. In order on the one hand to have the love-letter as near as possible to her heart, and on the other to be assured that it was in safe custody, she had converted the beautiful white drapery of her bosom into a letter case; and she felt continually urged to see whether the systole and diastole which went on in other important contents of this letter-case, might not by chance expose it to view. The letter asked for an answer; and late as it was, when all the house were in bed, Ida set about one. On the following morning this answer was conveyed to its destination by the man who delivered the newspapers to her father and Mr. Tempest.

From this day forward there came so many letters to Miss Goodchild by the new established post that the beautiful letter-case was no longer able to contain them. She was now

obliged to resort to the help of her writing-desk, which—so long as her father had no suspicions—was fully sufficient.

CHAPTER XII.

The paper intercourse now began to appear too little to Mr. Tempest. For what can be dispatched in a moment by word of mouth, would often linger unaccomplished for a thousand years when conducted in writing. True it was that a great deal of important business had already been dispatched by the letters. For instance Mr. Tempest had through this channel assured himself that Ida was willing to be his for ever. Yet even this was not enough. The contract had been made, but not sealed upon the rosy lips of Ida.

This seemed monstrous to Mr. Tempest. "Grant me patience!" said he to himself, "Grant me patience, when I think of the many disgusting old relations, great raw-boned absurd fellows with dusty snuff-powdered beards, that have revelled in that lip-paradise, hardly knowing—old withered wretches!—what they were about, or what a blessing was conferred upon them; whilst I—yes, I that am destined to call her my bride one of these days, am obliged to content myself with payments of mere paper money."

This seemed shocking; and indeed, considering the terms on which he now stood with Ida, Mr. Tempest could scarcely believe it himself. He paced up and down his study in anger, flinging glances at every turn upon the opposite house which contained his treasure. All at once he stopped: "What's all this?" said he, on observing Mr. Goodchild's servants lighting up the chandeliers in the great saloon:—"what's in the wind now?" And immediately he went to his writing table for Ida's last letter: for Ida sometimes communicated any little events in the

family that could any ways affect their correspondence: on this occasion however she had given no hint of any thing extraordinary approaching. Yet the preparations and the bustle indicated something very extraordinary. Mr. Tempest's heart began to beat violently. What was he to think? Great fêtes, in a house where there is an only daughter, usually have some reference to her. "Go, Tyrrel," said he to his clerk, "go and make inquiries (but cautiously you understand and in a lawyer-like manner) as to the nature and tendency of these arrangements." Tyrrel came back with the following report: Mr. Goodchild had issued cards for a very great party on that evening; all the seniors were invited to tea; and almost all the young people of condition throughout the town to a masqued ball at night. The suddenness of the invitations, and the consequent hurry of the arrangements, arose in this way: a rich relative who lived in the country had formed a plan for coming by surprise with his whole family upon Mr. Goodchild. But Mr. Goodchild had accidentally received a hint of his intention by some side-wind; and had determined to turn the tables on his rich relation by surprising him with a masquerade.

"Oh! Heavens! what barbarity!" said Mr. Tempest, as towards evening he saw from his windows young and old trooping to the fête. "What barbarity! There's hardly a scoundrel in the place but is asked: and I, —I, John Tempest, that am to marry the jewel of the house, must be content to witness the preparations and to hear the sound of their festivities from the solitude of my den."

CHAPTER XIII.

Questions and Commands.

As night drew on, more and more company continued to pour in. The windows being very bright, and the curtains not drawn, no motion of the party could escape our advocate. What pleased him, better than all the splendour which he saw, was the

melancholy countenance of the kind-hearted girl as she stood at the centre window and looked over at him. This melancholy countenance and these looks directed at himself were occasioned, as he soon became aware, by a proposal which had been made—

to play at questions and commands. This game in fact soon began. "Thunder and lightning!" said Mr. Tempest discovering what it was, "is this to be endured?"

If the mere possibility of such an issue had alarmed him, how much more sensible was his affliction when he saw as a matter of fact laid visibly before his bodily eyes that every fool and coxcomb availed himself of the privilege of the game to give to Ida—his own destined bride—kisses* without let or hindrance; "whilst I," said he, "I—John Tempest—have never yet been blessed with one."

But if the sight of such liberties taken with his blooming Ida placed him on the brink of desperation, much more desperate did he become when that sight was shut out by that "consummate villain" (as he chose to style him) the footman, who at this moment took it into his head or was ordered to let down the curtains. Behind the curtains,—ah! ye Gods, what scenes might not pass!

"This must be put a stop to," said Mr. Tempest taking his hat and

cane, and walking into the street. Aye: but how? This was a question he could not answer. Wandering, therefore, up and down the streets until it had become quite dark, he returned at length to the point from which he had set out, and found that one nuisance at least—viz. the kissing, had ceased; and had given place to a concert. For Ida's musical talents and fine voice were well known; and she was generally called the little Catalani. She was now singing; and a crowd of persons had collected under the window to hear her, who seemed by their looks to curse every passer-by for the disturbance he made. Mr. Tempest crept on tip-toe to join the crowd of listeners, and was enraptured by the sweet tones of Ida's voice. After the conclusion of the air, and when the usual hubbub of enchanting! divine! &c. had rung out its peal, the by-standers outside began to talk of the masquerade. In the crowd were some of those who had been invited: and one amongst them was flattering himself that nobody would recognize him before he should unmask.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Death's-head Masque.

Thus much information Mr. Tempest drew from this casual conversation that he found it would not be required of the masquers to announce their names to any person on their arrival. Upon this hint he grounded a plan for taking a part in the masqued ball. By good luck he was already provided with a black domino against the winter masquerades, at the public rooms: this domino was so contrived that the head of the wearer was hidden under the

cloak, in which an imperceptible opening was made for the eyes: the real head thus became a pair of shoulders; and upon this was placed a false head which, when lifted up, exposed a white skull with eyeless sockets and grinning with a set of brilliantly white teeth at the curious spectator.

Having settled his scheme, Mr. Tempest withdrew to his own lodgings in order to make preparations for its execution.

CHAPTER XV.

It's only I.

The company at Mr. Goodchild's consisted of two divisions: No. 1, embracing the elder or more fashionable persons and those who were nearly connected with the family, had been invited to tea, supper, and a masqued ball: No. 2, the younger and less distinguished persons, had been invited to the ball only. This arrangement, which proceeded from

the penurious disposition of Mr. Goodchild, had on this occasion the hearty approbation of Mr. Tempest; about eleven o'clock therefore, when a great part of the guests in the second division had already arrived, he ordered a sedan-chair to be fetched; and then, causing himself to be carried up and down through several streets, that nobody might dis-

* The reader must remember that the scene is laid in Germany. This and other instances of grossièreté have been purposely retained in illustration of German manners.

cover from what house the gigantic domino had issued, he repaired to the house of Mr. Goodchild.

His extraordinary stature excited so much the more astonishment amongst the party-coloured mob of masquers, because he kept himself wholly aloof from all the rest and paced up and down with haughty strides. His demeanour and air had in it something terrific to every body except to Ida, to whom he had whispered as he passed her alone in an ante-room—"Don't be alarmed; it's only I:" at the same time giving her a billet, in which he requested a few moments' conversation with her at any time in the course of the evening.

Some persons however had observed him speaking to Ida: and therefore, on her return to the great

saloon, she was pressed on all sides to tell what she knew of the mysterious giant. She! good heavens! how should she know any thing of him? "What had he said then?"—That too she could as little answer. He spoke, she said, in such a low hollow and unintelligible tone that she was quite alarmed and heard nothing of what he uttered.

The company now betrayed more and more anxiety in reference to the unknown masque; so that Ida had no chance for answering his billet or granting the request which it contained. Mr. Tempest now began to regret much that he had not selected an ordinary masque in which he might have conversed at his ease without being so remarkably pointed out to the public attention.

CHAPTER XVI.

Suspicious.

The murmurs about the tall domino grew louder and louder, and gathered more and more about him. He began to hear doubts plainly expressed—whether he was actually invited. The master of the house protested that, so far from having any such giant amongst his acquaintance, he had never seen such a giant except in show-booths. This mention of booths gave a very unfortunate direction to the suspicions already

abroad against the poor advocate. For at that time there was a giant in the town who was exhibiting himself for money: and Mr. Goodchild began to surmise that this man, either with a view to the increasing his knowledge of men and manners, or for his recreation after the tedium of standing to be gazed at through a whole day's length, had possibly smuggled himself as a contraband article into his masqued ball.

CHAPTER XVII.

Difficulties increase.

The worthy host set to work very deliberately to count his guests: and it turned out that there was actually just one masque more than there should be. Upon this he stepped into the middle of the company, and spoke as follows: Most respectable and respected masques! Under existing circumstances, and for certain weighty causes me thereto moving (this phrase Mr. Goodchild had borrowed from his lawyer) I have to request that you will all and se-

veral, one after the other, communicate your names to me by whispering them into my ear.

Well did Mr. Tempest perceive what were the existing circumstances, and what the reasons thereto moving, which had led to this measure; and very gladly he would have withdrawn himself from this vexatious examination by marching off: but it did not escape him that a couple of sentinels were already posted at the door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Panic.

More than one half of the guests had already communicated their names to Mr. Goodchild, and stood waiting in the utmost impatience for the examination of the giant. But the giant, on his part, was so little

eager to gratify them by pressing before others—that at length, when all the rest had gone through their probation honourably, he remained the last man; and thus was *ipso facto* condemned as the supernu-

merary man—before his trial commenced.

The company was now divided into two great classes—those who had a marriage garment, and the unfortunate giant who had none. So much was clear: but, to make further discoveries, the host now stepped up to him hastily—and said, “Your name, if you please.”

The masque stood as mute, as tall, and as immovable as the gable end of a house. “Your name,” repeated Mr. Goodchild: “I’ll trouble you for your name.” No answer coming, a cold shivering seized upon Mr. Goodchild. In fact, at this moment a story came across him from his childish years—that, when Dr. Faustus was played, it had sometimes happened that amongst the stage devils there was suddenly observed to be one too many; and the supernumerary one was found to be no spurious devil, but a true—sound—and legitimate devil.

For the third time, while his teeth chattered, he said—“Your name, if you please.”

“I have none,” said Mr. Tempest, in so hollow a voice, that the heart of the worthy merchant sunk down in a moment to his knee-buckles, and an ice-wind of panic began to blow pretty freshly through the whole company.

“Your face then, if you please, sir,” stammered out Mr. Goodchild.

Very slowly and unwillingly the masque, being thus importunately besieged, proceeded to comply: but scarcely had he unmasked and exposed the death’s head, when every soul ran out of the room with an outcry of horror.

The masque sprang after them, bounding like a grey-hound, and his grinning skull nodding as he moved: this he did under pretence of pursuing them, but in fact to take advantage of the general panic for making his exit.

CHAPTER XIX.

The parting Kiss. Miss Goodchild in the Arms of Death.

In an ante-room, now totally deserted, Death was met by Ida, who said to him,—“Ah! for God’s sake, make your escape. Oh! if you did but know what anxiety I have suffered on account of your strange conceit.” Here she paused; and spite of her anxiety she could not forbear smiling at the thought of the sudden *coup-de-théâtre* by which Mr. Tempest had turned the tables upon every soul that had previously been enjoying his panic: in the twinkling of an eye he had inflicted a far deeper panic upon *them*; and she had herself been passed by the whole herd of fugitives—tall and short, corpulent and lanky, halt and lame, young and old—all spinning away with equal energy before the face of the supernumerary guest.

Death in return told Ida how he had been an eye-witness to the game of questions and commands, and to the letting down of the curtains. This spectacle (he acknowledged) had so tortured him, that he could stand it no longer; and he had sworn within himself that he would have a

kiss as well as other persons, and further that he would go and fetch it himself from the midst of the masquerade, though not expecting to have been detected as the extra passenger or nip.* And surely, when a whole company had tasted the ambrosia of her lips, Miss Goodchild would not be so unkind as to dismiss him alone without that happiness.

No: Miss Goodchild was not so unkind: and Death was just in the act of applying his lips to the rosy mouth of Ida, when old Goodchild came peeping in at the door to see if the coast were clear of the dreadful masque; and behind him was a train of guests—all stepping gently and on tip-toe from an adjoining corridor.

Every soul was petrified with astonishment, on seeing the young warm-breathing Ida on such close and apparently friendly terms with the black gigantic Death, whose skull was grinning just right above the youthful pair and surmounting them like a crest. At this sight, all became

* In England, passengers who are taken up on stage coaches by the collusion of the guard and coachman, without the knowledge of the proprietors, are called *nips*.

plain: and the courage of the company, which had so recently sunk below the freezing point, suddenly rose at once above boiling heat. Mr. Goodchild levelled a blow at the Death's-head which had caused him so much pain and agitation; and Mr. Tempest, seeing that no better course remained, made off for the front door: and thus the uninvited masque,

who had so lately chased and ejected the whole body of the invited ones, was in turn chased and ejected by them.

The festivities had been too violently interrupted to be now resumed: the guests took leave; and the weeping Ida was banished to a close confinement in her own room.

CHAPTER XX.

Here ends our episode. It was on the very morning after this *fracas* that Mr. Whelp waited upon Mr. Goodchild to report to him the universal opinion of the world upon the bust of the late stamp-distributor his brother; and upon that opinion to ground an appeal to his justice.

A worse season for his visit he could not possibly have chosen. Mr. Goodchild stormed and said—"The case had been tried and disposed of; and he must insist on being troubled with no further explanations." And so far did his anger make him forget the common courtesies of life, that he never asked the proprietor of the

china-works to sit down. Mr. Whelp, on his part no less astonished than irritated at such treatment, inquired of the footman what was the matter with his master; and the footman, who was going away and was reckless of consequences, repeated the whole history of the preceding night with fits of laughter; and added that the sport was not yet over; for that this morning a brisk correspondence had commenced between his master and Mr. Tempest—which, by the effect produced on the manners of both, seemed by no means of the gentlest nature.

CHAPTER XXI.

The King of Hayti.

This account was particularly agreeable to Mr. Whelp. Concluding, that under the present circumstances Mr. Tempest would naturally be an excellent counsellor against Mr. Goodchild, he hastened over to his apartments; and said that, his last effort to bring the merchant over the way to any reasonable temper of mind having utterly failed, he had now another scheme. But first of all he wished to have the professional opinion of Mr. Tempest—whether he should lay himself open to an action if he took the following course to reimburse himself the expenses of the three dozen of busts. He had been told by some Englishman, whose name he could not at this moment call to mind, that the bust of the stamp-master was a most striking likeness of Christophe the black king of Hayti: now this being the case, what he proposed to do was to wash over the late stamp-distributor with a black varnish, and to export one dozen and a half of the distributor on speculation to St. Domingo, keeping the rest for home consumption.

When Mr. Tempest heard this plan stated—in spite of his own disturbance of mind at the adventures of the last night, he could not forbear laughing heartily at the conceit: for he well knew what was the real scheme which lurked under this pretended exportation to St. Domingo. Some little time back Mr. Goodchild had addressed to the German people, through the General Advertiser, this question:—"How or whence it came about that in so many newspapers of late days mention had been made of a kingdom of Hayti, when it was notorious to every body that the island in question was properly called St. Domingo?" He therefore exhorted all editors of political journals to return to more correct principles. On the same occasion he had allowed himself many very disrespectful expressions against "a certain black fellow who pretended to be king of Hayti;" so that it might readily be judged that it would not be a matter of indifference to him if his late brother the stamp-master were sold under the name of king of Hayti.

The barrister's opinion was—that, as the heir of the bespeaker had solemnly deposed to the non-resemblance of the busts, and had on this ground found means to liberate himself from all obligation to take them or to pay for them, those busts had

reverted in full property to the china-works. However he advised Mr. Whelp to blacken only one of them for the present, to place it in the same window where one had stood before, and then to await the issue.

CHAPTER XXII.

A week after this, the bust of the stamp-distributor with the hair and face blackened was placed in the window; and below it was written in gilt letters—“*His most excellent Majesty, the King of Hayti.*”

This manœuvre operated with the very best effect. The passers-by all remembered to have seen the very same face a short time ago as the face of a white man: and they all remembered to whom the face belonged. The laughing therefore never ceased from morning to night before the window of the china-works.

Now Mr. Goodchild received very early intelligence of what was going on, possibly through some persons specially commissioned by Mr. Whelp to trouble him with the news: and straightway he trotted off to the china-works; not, to be sure, with any view of joining the laughers, but on the contrary to attack Mr. Whelp, and to demand the destruction of the bust.—However all his remonstrances were to no purpose; and the more anger he betrayed, so much the more did it encourage his antagonist.

Mr. Goodchild hurried home in a

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Goodchild was on the brink of despair the whole night through: and, when he rose in the morning and put his head out of the window to inhale a little fresh air, what should be the very first thing that met him but a poisonous and mephitic blast from the window of his opposite neighbour which in like manner stood wide open. For his sharp sight easily detected that the young barrister his enemy, instead of the gypsum bust of Ulpian which had hitherto presided over his library, had mounted the black china bust of the king of Hayti.

Without a moment's delay Mr. Goodchild jumped into his clothes and hastened down to Mr. Whelp.

great passion, and wrote a note to the borough-reeve with a pressing request that he would favour him with his company to supper that evening to taste some genuine bottled London porter.

This visit however did not lead to those happy results which Mr. Goodchild had anticipated. True it was that he showed his discretion in not beginning to speak of the busts until the bottled porter had produced its legitimate effects upon the spirits of the borough-reeve: the worshipful man was in a considerable state of elevation; but for all that he would not predict any favourable issue to the action against Mr. Whelp which his host was meditating. He shrugged his shoulders, and said that, on the former occasion, when Mr. Goodchild had urged the bench to pronounce for the *non-resemblance* of the busts, they had gone farther in order to gratify him than they could altogether answer to their consciences: but really to come now and call upon the same bench to pronounce for the *resemblance* of the same identical busts was altogether inadmissible.

His two principles of vitality, avarice and ambition, had struggled together throughout the night: but, on the sight of his brother the stamp-master, thus posthumously varnished with lamp-black, and occupying so conspicuous a station in the library of his mortal enemy, ambition had gained a complete victory. He bought up therefore the whole thirty-five busts; and, understanding that the only black copy was in the possession of Mr. Tempest, he begged that upon some pretext or other Mr. Whelp would get it back into his hands,—promising to pay all expenses out of his own purse.

Mr. Whelp shook his head: but promised to try what he could do;

and went over without delay to the advocate's rooms. Meantime, the longer he stayed and made it evident that the negotiation had met with obstacles, so much the larger were the drops of perspiration which stood upon Mr. Goodchild's forehead as he

paced up and down his room in torment.

At last Mr. Whelp came over; but with bad news: Mr. Tempest was resolute to part with the bust at no price.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dictation.

Mr. Goodchild, on hearing this intelligence, hastened to his daughter, who was still under close confinement; and, taking her hand, said—"Thoughtless girl, come and behold!" Then, conducting her to his own room and pointing with his finger to Mr. Tempest's book-case, he said—"See there: behold my poor deceased brother the stamp-distributor, to what a situation is he reduced—that, after death, he must play the part of a black fellow styling himself king of Hayti. And is it with such a man, one who aims such deadly stabs at the honour and peace of our family, that you would form a clandestine connexion? I blush for you, inconsiderate child. However sit down to my writing-desk; and this moment write what I shall dictate—*verbatim et literatim*; and in that case I shall again consider and treat you as my obedient daughter. Ida seated herself: her father laid a sheet of paper before her, put a pen into her hand, and dictated the following epistle, in which he flattered himself that he had succeeded to a marvel in counterfeiting the natural style of a young lady of seventeen.

Respectable and friendly Sir,—Since the unfortunate masquerade, I have not had one hour of peace. My excellent and most judicious father has shut me up in my own apartments; and, according to special information which I have had, it is within the limits of possibility that my confinement may last for a year and a day. Now, therefore, whereas credible intelligence has reached me, that you have by purchase

from the china manufactory of the city possessed yourself of a bust claiming to be the representation of a black fellow who (most absurdly!) styles himself king of Hayti;—and whereas, from certain weighty reasons him thereunto moving, my father has a desire to sequester into his own hands any bust or busts purporting to represent the said black fellow,—and whereas further my father has caused it to be notified to me that immediately upon the receipt of the said bust, through any honourable application of mine to you, he will release me from arrest; therefore, and on the aforesaid considerations, I Ida Goodchild, spinster, do hereby make known my request to you that, as a testimony of those friendly dispositions which you have expressed or caused to be expressed to me, you would, on duly weighing the premises, make over to me the bust aforesaid in consideration of certain monies (as shall be hereafter settled) to be by me paid over unto you. Which request being granted and ratified, I shall, with all proper respect acknowledge myself your servant and well wisher

IDA GOODCHILD,
manu propria.

The two last words the poor child knew not how to write; and therefore her father wrote them for her, and said—the meaning of these words is, that the letter was written with your own hand; upon which in law a great deal depends. He then folded up the letter, sealed it, caused Ida to direct it, and rang for a servant to carry it over to Mr. Tempest. "But not from me, do you hear, William? Don't say, it comes from me: and, if Mr. Tempest should cross-examine you, be sure you say that I know nothing of it."

CHAPTER XXV.

Candor.

"For the rest," said Mr. Goodchild, "never conceit that I shall lend any the more countenance, for all this, to your connexion with the young visionary. As soon as the bust is once in my hands, from that moment he and I are strangers and shall know each other no more."

Mr. Goodchild had not for a long time been in such spirits as he was after this most refined *tour d'adresse* in diplomacy (as he justly conceived it). "The style," said he, "cannot betray the secret: no, I flatter myself that I have hit *that* to a hair; I defy any critic the keenest to distinguish

it from the genuine light sentimental billet-doux style of young ladies of seventeen. How should he learn then? William dares not tell him for his life. And the fellow can never be such a brute as to refuse the bust to a young lady whom he pretends to admire. Lord! it makes me laugh to think what a long face he'll show when he asks for permission to visit you upon the strength of this sacrifice; and I, looking at him like a

bull, shall say—"No, indeed, my good Sir; as to the bust, what's that to me, my good Sir? What do I care for the bust, my good Sir? I believe it's all broken to pieces with a sledge-hammer, or else you might have it back again for anything I care. Eh, Ida, my girl, won't that be droll? Won't it be laughable to see what a long face he'll cut?"—But, but—

CHAPTER XXVI.

Won't it be laughable to see what a long face the fellow will cut?

If Ida had any particular wish to see how laughable a fellow looked under such circumstances, she had very soon that gratification; for her father's under jaw dropped enormously on the return of the messenger. It did not perhaps require any great critical penetration to determine from what member of the family the letter proceeded: and independently of that, Mr. Tempest had (as the reader knows) some little acquaintance with the epistolary style of Miss Goodchild. In his answer therefore he declined complying with the request: but, to convince his beloved Ida that his refusal was designed not for her but for her father, he expressed himself as follows:

CHAPTER XXVII.

Unexpected Dénouement.

"Now then," thought Mr. Goodchild, "the world is come to a pretty pass." The honour and credit of his name and family seemed to stand on the edge of a razor: and, without staying for any further consideration, he shot over like an arrow to Mr. Tempest.

Scarcely was he out of the house, when in rushed the postman with a second note to Miss Goodchild, apologizing for the former and explaining to her the particular purpose he had in writing it.

How well he succeeded in this, was very soon made evident by the circumstance of her father's coming back with him arm in arm. Mr. Tempest had so handsomely apologized for any offence he might have given, and with a tone of real feel-

Madam, my truly respectable young Friend,—It gives me great concern to be under the painful necessity of stating that it is wholly out of my power to make over unto you the bust of his gracious majesty the king of Hayti "in consideration" (as you express it) "of certain monies to be by you paid over unto me." This, I repeat, is wholly impossible: seeing that I am now on the point of ratifying a treaty with an artist in virtue of which three thousand copies are to be forthwith taken of the said bust on account of its distinguished excellence, and to be dispersed to my friends and others throughout Europe. With the greatest esteem I remain your most obedient and devoted servant,

JOHN TEMPEST.

ing had rested his defence so entirely upon the excess of his admiration for Miss Goodchild which had left him no longer master of his own actions or understanding, that her father felt touched and flattered—forgave every thing very frankly—and allowed him to hope from his daughter's mouth for the final ratification of his hopes.

"But this one stipulation I must make, my good Sir," said Mr. Goodchild returning to his political anxieties, "that in future you must wholly renounce that black fellow who styles himself (most absurdly!) the king of Hayti." "With all my heart," said Mr. Tempest, "Miss Goodchild will be cheaply purchased by renouncing *The King of Hayti*."

A FIFTH LETTER TO THE DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

1st. Scholar. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2d. Scholar. Yet let us see what we can do.

Marloe's Faustus.

GENTLEMEN,—You recollect, perhaps, that my last letter propounded a two-fold essential of dramatic language, viz.—that it should be “accommodated to action,” and that “common dialogue should always appear on its surface.” Now, I will be judged by St. Peter if the following piece of eloquent prolixity have any smack of dramatical essence; that is to say, whether it be adapted to action; and whether it be more like common dialogue, or *common poetry*, all about lips, and smiles, and showers, and beauty, and so forth:

Nay, taunt not her, Bianca, taunt not her:
Thy Fazio loved her once. Who, who
would blame

Heav'n's moon because a maniac hath
adored it,

And died in his dotage? E'en a saint might
wear

Proud Aldabella's scorn, nor look less
heavenly;

Oh! it dropt balm upon the wounds it
gave,

The soul was pleased to be so sweetly
wrong'd,

And misery grew rapturous. Aldabella!
The gracious! the melodious! Oh, the
words

Laugh'd on her lips; the motion of her
smiles

Show'r'd beauty as the air-caressed spray
The dews of morning; and her stately
steps

Were light as though a winged angel trod
Over Earth's flow'rs, and fear'd to brush
away

Their delicate hues; ay, e'en her very robes
Were animate and breathing, as they felt
The presence of her loveliness, spread
around

Their thin and gauzy clouds, ministering
freely

Officious duty on the shrine where Nature
Hath lavish'd all her skill.

Fazio, Act I, Sc. 1.

Is it possible, is it within the possibility of supposition, that the author of the above sheet of water-poetry could be so lamentably in error, as to think that he was here writing legitimate Drama! Why, there is not a single image, not a single line, not a single word (but the articles and conjunctions) in the whole speech, ac-

commodated to action. Smooth and flowing, it certainly is, and the images of substantial things are faintly shadowed on its surface,—but I should be glad to know, how is it distinguished from any other common stream that bubbles from the lips of Hippocrene? It has no attribute whatever of dramatic language, but that of running upon the same number of feet. I challenge the Author of Fazio to contradict me here. I appeal to the most furious partisan of this soft school of poetry, if this speech be a whit more like Drama, than an equal number of lines taken from Tate and Brady's New Version, or any other species of verse to be sung through the nose. I call upon any tragedian on the boards to say whether he could not speak this speech with his arms *tied behind his back* as well as oscillating by his side. But hear the Author himself on the subject of dramatic language, and you will have a clue to his conduct: “(Advertisement) It would surely be an advantage that a previous familiarity with the language and incidents should enable the audience to catch those *lighter and fainter touches* of character, passion, and poetry, on which dramatic excellence *so mainly depends*.” *Mainly depends!* Not at all! *Poetical excellence* may depend on these, *dramatic* never. Here, we see, is the old (or rather, new) confusion of Drama with Poetry. Character, passion, and poetry adapted for the stage, should not consist of “*touches*” at all; nor be “*light*” nor “*faint*.” They should consist of powerful *strokes*, *furrows*, absolute *furrows*; and be *deep* and *broad*; or, in the flow of dialogue and recitation, they will never be perceived by the audience. Your language, Sir, the Author of Fazio, abounds in those “*lighter and fainter touches*,” yet though we all read it in the closet, who would listen to it on the stage? Is it not plain, then, that you utterly mistake the nature of dramatic language? And this very oversight of mistaking mere

poetry for the phraseology of the stage is the root, the source, the origin of the present degenerate condition of tragedy. But who can wonder at the ignorance of *common* dramatists, when it appears that the Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford does not know the difference between pure poetry and Drama! Show me the "lighter and fainter touches" in the scene between Brutus and Cassius, or in that between Othello and Iago, which are perhaps the most characteristic specimens of pure dramatic language extant on paper, being *alive* with action from beginning to end. My "dull and muddy-mettled" apprehension is unable to "catch" any such; I can see none there but what are drawn deep and strong as the graver can go. So that if Shakspeare and common-sense be of any authority, the Professor of Poetry is miserably in error; he is at the very end of the diameter opposite to all propriety. And this is the more to be regretted, as the Author of Fazio, belying his own principles of composition, exhibited in that work some really dramatic "touches." He is now turned *Sacred* Dramatist, so is beyond the pale of my profane jurisdiction; and I am sorry for it. Believe me in this, however, Gentlemen:—that tragedy which requires "a previous familiarity with the language and incidents" to "enable the audience to catch" its volatile beauties, or "touches" (as the Professor calls them), *is not fit for the stage*. I, John Lacy, tell you this; and the Professor of Poetry at Oxford University insinuates the contrary; now make your election, and prosper accordingly.

It may be here said that I act disingenuously, in quoting only such passages from modern Dramas as will suit my own theory; invidiously selecting only those paragraphs where the authors have involuntarily lapsed into still-life and poetical amplification; but that if I took a handful of lines out of the middle of one of these plays, with my eyes shut, I should find none of the exuberant beauty I complain of, none of the all-pervading, all-engrossing poetry I anathematize. Granted. But what shall I find? Drama? No: but creeping, bald, empty versification,

more appropriately designated—five-footed prose. If you are for a sample, however;—

Myrrha. Why do I love this man? My country's daughters
Love none but heroes. But I have no country!
The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;
And that's the heaviest link of the long chain—
To love whom we esteem not. Be it so:
The hour is coming when he'll need all love
And find none. To fall from him now were baser
Than to have stabb'd him on the throne when highest
Would have been noble in my country's creed;
I was not made for either. Could I save him,
I should not love *him* better, but myself;
And I have need of the last, for I have fallen
In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger;
And yet methinks I love him more, perceiving
That he is hated of his own barbarians,
The natural foes of all the blood of Greece,
&c. &c. &c. *ad infinitum*.

Sardanapalus, Act I, Sc. 2.

What should I, the reader, or the author, gain by quoting such vapid garrulity as this? In selecting those passages which the authors have wrought with the best bad effect into elaborate beauty, I have merely done them justice; for were I to cite their *un-be-beautified* passages, these being also undramatical, nothing would remain for admiration. I acknowledge that it is in those parts of a tragedy, where ultra-poesy does not predominate, that the spirit of dramatism most eminently shines forth (the Brutus and Cassius scene, for instance); but the misfortune of our living tragic writers is this, they are mere poets or mere nothings; when they are not sitting on Pegasus's neck, they are but just holding on by the tail; when they are not (to use a slang term)—*larking* in the sultry heights of "empyrean poesy," they are waddling like widgeons in the very bottom of the shallows. In a word, their set speeches are much too fine, their choice passages much too overloaded with beauties, whilst their running dialogue, and the business-part of their plays, would disgrace the pen of an automaton. But

to digress back again: see how Shakspeare informs his loveliest poetry with the quick spirit of drama; see how he *enlivens* his pictures even where they were necessarily those of still-life; and accommodates tranquillity itself to action:

Scene—*Imogen asleep.*

Iachimo. The cricket sings and man's
o'er labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, e'er he wakened
The chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh
lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!

But kiss—one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing
that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'
the taper

Bows tow'ards her; and would underpeep
her lids

To see the inclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows: white and azure
laced;

With blue of heav'n's own tinct.—But my
design, &c.

Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. 2.

How vivid is this picture of sleeping beauty; how lively all the imagery; how animated all the expressions! An author of the present day on such an occasion would have slept away three-score lines in petrifying *Imogen*, till she was as cold, as polished, and as lifeless as *Mrs. Nightingale* on the monument. King *Henry's Soliloquy on Sleep* is another example of the vivacity with which the Great Dramatist thought it necessary to endue his most solemn and inactive scenes: the very first line is an exclamation—

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!

and the whole speech is divided between exclamation and interrogation, the liveliest forms of expression of which language is capable.

I would also here make a collateral remark, which no doubt the reader has anticipated, namely: that in modern Drama there is no room whatever for what is technically called, *Repose*; and for this simple reason,—modern Drama, from beginning to end, is *all repose*. Contrast is one of the most powerful excitements to which the mind is subject; the revulsion of spirits occasioned by a dexterous contrastment of two dissi-

imilar scenes or subjects, is often more effective than a continuation of the most passionate language. That species of contrast where a tranquil scene immediately succeeds a bustling one, is termed in the Drama (and with much greater propriety than the word is applied in Painting),—*repose*. There is a fine and celebrated instance of it in *Macbeth*:

Scene before the Castle.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant
seat; the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heav'n's
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this
bird

Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant
cradle:

Where they most breed, and haunt, I have
observed,

The air is delicate. *Act I. Sc. 6.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes upon this passage: "the subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds." The scene in *Othello*, where *Desdemona* sings her death-song, is another instance of repose; and *Othello's soliloquy* in his wife's bed-chamber, just before he murders her, another—that speech in the *Revenge*, beginning

Ye amaranths! ye roses! &c.

imitates with praiseworthy servility Shakspeare's piece of repose last mentioned. But in your tragedies, Gentlemen, there is no possibility of letting down the passions, for they are never raised; there is no opportunity for the sweet resolution of the discords into which energetic language rises, for all is monotonous; and as for repose, which, in the sense it here possesses, implies a negation of it *a parte post* and *a parte ante*, they cannot enjoy the pleasures of a calm who never have endured the storm. Suppose it granted that your poetry is as exquisitely delicate and wooing as the above specimens from *Macbeth*; suppose it granted, that it is all that is deep, and divine, and melting, and mellifluous, and beautiful,

and eloquent; still I ask, is this the language of Drama? If it is, why does not Shakspeare always use it? If it is not, why do you? I would you reflected upon this specifically. Here is an author, who manifestly can be most sweetly poetical when he wishes, yet he is so only by snatches. Had I given you Massinger, whose language, however accommodated to action, is rarely poetical, as an exemplar, you might have put my pen to silence, by saying that Massinger's genius did not allow him to luxuriate in poetry, and that therefore he did not. But Shakspeare, if not the greatest poet that ever wrote, is certainly the most *poetical* writer that ever lived; there is more of the wild soul of romance and towering audacity of imagination about him, than the polished Greek or the stately Roman have any pretensions to: the "barbarian" sets his foot upon the last visible step of the ladder, whose top reaches up to the footstool of Fame, crying out to the "civilized" sons of Parnassus (as Byron nicknames them),—Follow me now, if you dare! Many people, and I do not wish to quarrel with their taste, on account of the numberless faults in his writings, his unpardonable negligences, oversights, inconsistencies, and absurdities, his puns and his bombast, the deplorable blemishes which everywhere disgrace his page, and the strange fits of mortality which perpetually pull him down to earth in the very highest flights of his genius, degrade him as a general poet below Homer:—no one whose opinion is worth a penny-fee ever denied that, in particular instances, he has soar'd to greater heights than Homer ever reach'd; and that he is the sole bird of genius who has struck his wings against the sun of poetry, whilst the very next in pinion rose but half-way in the beams. Yet he, even he makes his poetry always subservient to his dialogue; sweetness and beauty are merely incidental to his language; his purely-poetical passages come rather by way of interpolation, and the general course of his text is no farther poetical than sublimity of thought and harmony of verse, every now and then indulged, must necessarily make it. You, on the contrary, are always sidleing towards

the sing-song Muse, when you should only worship the Muse of Tragedy; you think of nought but creating and seizing upon occasions to be egregiously poetical, instead of specifically dramatical; you not only immolate, but annihilate energy, sublimity, action, passion, propriety, and nature, on the altars of your idol—Ultra-poesy.

But, as if this was not enough, up starts the accursed spirit of Prose-poetry.

This name, aided by the reader's own observation, must, I think, sufficiently explain the system of versification to which I allude. In reading the poetry of the present day, it must strike the most superficial observer as being totally different in its structure from that hitherto in use amongst us. He may not, perhaps, have taken the time or the trouble to investigate the particular quality which thus distinguishes our hodiernal poetry; but will readily acknowledge it to consist in a perpetual tendency to run into prose. It is from this quality that I denominate it *prose-poetry*. For illustration's sake:

What are these letters which

(Approaching the prison wall)

Are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall?

Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah!
the names

Of my sad predecessors in this place,
The dates of their despair, the brief words of
A grief too great for many. This stone
page

Holds like an epitaph their history,
And the poor captive's tale is graven on
His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record
Upon the bark of some tall tree, which
bears

His own and his beloved's name. Alas!
&c.

(*Two Foscari*, Act 3. Sc. 1.)

Here it is evident that there is a great deal of false printing; let the speech be put down upon paper as we should read it, and it will run thus:

What are these letters which Are scrawl'd
along the inexorable wall?

Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah!
the names

Of my sad predecessors in this place,
The dates of their despair, the brief words
of A grief too great for many. This stone
page

Holds like an epitaph their history.

And the poor captive's tale is graven on His
dungeon barrier, like the lover's record

Upon the bark of some tall tree, which
bears

His own and his beloved's name. Alas!

Here is a motley piece of work!
First a patch of prose; then two
streaks of poetry; then another patch
of prose; followed by a single streak
of poetry; and so on. Would not
one think the writer of this had lost
either his ears or his senses!

The art of composing in this kind
of two-handed language lies wholly
in one rule of easy observance, viz.
the neglecting final emphases and
pauses. If the standard poetry of
our nation be examined, it will be
found that, for the most part, there is
a pause of greater or less duration at
the end of every line, whether indi-
cated by a stop or not. It will also
be found that a sounding word gene-
rally closes each verse. And it is the
due attention to make these pauses
of a certain perceptible duration,
and to introduce these sounding
closes, which confers dignity, gran-
deur, and strength on the verse.* In
contradistinction to this, if the pre-
vailing poetry of the day be inspect-
ed, we shall find that the lines per-
petually run into one another without
any pause at all, the final word of
this line not being disjoined by any

perceptible division of time from the
first word of the succeeding; and
also, that the verses frequently end
with words neither emphatic nor so-
norous. So that no difference what-
ever exists between such versifica-
tion and sweet weak prose, but a
certain superfluity of capital letters
squandered over the page.

This mode of versifying (if it can
be called so) is, however, not of mo-
dern date even with us. It is the
great defect of Beaumont and Flet-
cher's dramatic poetry, and is that
quality to which their verse owes all
its distinguishing feebleness. The
style of Massinger is also in many
places prose-poetic; differing chiefly
from that so epidemic at present, by
the speeches being often wholly in-
divisible into pentameters by any
device of printing or capitals, unless
lines could be divided in the middle
of a word. Indeed I sometimes know
not what to make of this last author's
versification. I am often tempted to
think that many of his speeches which
are now clipt into cuttings of various
lengths, should be printed in prose;
yet occasionally lines of the regular
measure intervene, and spoil my
theory. Who, for instance, can tell
whether Philip was at the top or the
toe of Parnassus, when he wrote this
awkward medley of verse and prose:

* That the majesty of English verse depends on final *pauses* as well as final emphatic syllables has never been observed, that I know of, by any writer on our language. Yet it is demonstrable from these two facts: first, that the most insignificant words, such as *on, of, which, &c.* may properly enough end our most heroic lines, if followed by a pause of perceptible duration, ex. gr.

Like the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont.—(*Othello*, Act 3. Sc. 2.)

Secondly, that the most significant and sounding words may close our lines improp-
perly, i. e. when not followed by a pause in recitation, ex. gr.

Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,
And therefore, when I love a stranger, more
Degraded by that passion than by chains!
Still I have loved you. If that love were *strong*
Enough to overcome all former nature,
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

(*Sardanapalus*, Act 1. Sc. 2.)

In this passage, the word "*strong*" is both sounding, and capable (according as we choose to read the line) of a heavy emphasis; but by reason of its being too closely connected in recitation with "*enough*," the first word of the next verse, i. e. by the want of a final pause, the lines lose their majesty and become mere prose.

The above remark, may possibly, to those who are deeply read in the philosophy of our tongue, appear trite and common-place; to me, however, it was wholly new, and I rather choose to be laughed at for my ignorance, than to omit making a remark which may, perhaps, be new to all.

These were your father's words : " If e'er
my son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school
In which all the principles tending to honor
Are taught, if truly followed ; but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with licence
practise

Their lawless riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers.—

To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies ;
To dare boldly

In a fair cause, and for the country's safety
To run upon the cannon's mouth un-
daunted ;

To bear with patience the winter's cold
And summer's scorching heat ;
Are the essentials to make up a soldier.—
New Way to pay Old Debts, Act I. Sc. 2.

The Rhetoric school of Drama, on
account of its desperate propensity
to heroic versification, cannot easily
deviate into prose-poetry ; yet we
find a ludicrous instance of it in
Congreve. Almeria says :—

Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear
Mourning Bride, A. 4. Sc. 7.

The words

And wedded husband—

follow ; but nothing can take off the
fatally un-tragic effect of Almeria's
" dear."

Shakspeare seldom indulges in this
piebald species of poetry ; and when
he does, the fulness and weight of
his phraseology still preserves the
dignity of his verses :

With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fi-
dele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not
lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale
primrose ; nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins ; no,
nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out sweeten'd not thy breath.—

Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. 2.

In his great tragedies, or where
he speaks in the *digna cothurno*, it
would be difficult to find an instance
of prose-poetry, or any line, such as
the fourth and fifth in the above
quotation, which does not end with
a pause of perceptible duration. And
perhaps it would be injudicious, in
the more familiar parts of Drama,
never to swerve from the strict epic
rule of ending each line with a *tone* ;
as the verse might then appear above
the subject, as well as too artificial
and monotonous. But it requires
much greater skill, or much greater
genius, than I fear even my Lord
Byron possesses, safely to indulge the
pedestrian method of metre, which I
have denominated prose-poetry.

For it is you, my Lord, whom I
impeach as the arch-patron and pro-
pagator of this degenerate system of
poetry. You have debased the lan-
guage of our native Muse, by the
revival, in a worse shape, of this un-
British school of versification.* Re-
markable alike for your genius, your
eccentricities, your nobility of birth,
and external gifts of fortune, you
are for nothing so distinguished as
for the incalculable mischief you have
brought upon the literature of your
country, by the loan of your name
and abilities to the purpose which I
speak of,—the undermining of our
energetic laws of verse, the over-
throw of our lofty system of metre,
the degradation, depravation, and
annihilation of our national spirit of
poetry. You, my Lord Byron, are
the man whom I arraign before your
country and the tribunal of the

* Revival, do I say ? No : neither Massinger, nor Shakspeare,—no man of genius,
whose blood was unpolluted by the *mal aria* of that pestilent clime, the Land of slaves
and opera-singers, ever sullied his paper with such drivelling imbecility as this by way of
verse :

'Tis he ! I am taken in the toils. Before
I quitted Hamburg, Giulio, his steward,
Informed me, that he had obtain'd an order
From Brandenburg's elector for the arrest
Of Kruitznor (such the name I then bore), when
I came upon the frontier ; the free city
Alone preserved my freedom—till I left
Its walls—fool that I was to quit them ! But
I deem'd this humble garb, &c.—*Werner, Act I. Sc. 1.*

" Before I quitted Hamburg !—an order From Brandenburg !—the arrest Of
Kruitznor !—&c ! &c !"—O the Roman majesty of prose-poetry ! the *os magna* of the
Byronian school of verse ! the " energy divine" of pauseless pentameters, endless
Iambics !

Muses, of high treason against the majesty of our language.

You are a man of genius, my Lord, and as such an honour to your country:—but, Sir, it were better for our fame that you never had been born amongst us. You have fulfilled one, at least, of a poet's duties; your works are inexhaustible, fatal sources of delight:—but you are the greatest enemy of its poetry your country ever had; you have given *that* a blow which I fear it will never recover. To your genius I ascribe the manifest debasement of mind which now pervades this department of our literature; from the rise of your poetic birth-star I date the decline of English poetry. This is a serious charge, my Lord; perhaps more serious than is compatible with the light tone of these letters; but it is easily substantiated. It is a most important subject too; involving no less than our future national rank in the poetic world; and I could wish some abler hand were employed in developing its circumstances, so that, if possible, your imitators and admirers, nay you yourself, might be deterred from the prosecution of a system at once disgraceful and injurious. In a word, my Lord, you are the champion and professor-principal of Prose-poetry. That vile and abominable system of versification, which has utterly broken down the strength of our language, was made current, if not coined, by you. The influence of your name and the power of your practice have spread this accursed infection throughout the whole body literate; and from your own eloquent volumes down to the glib, maudlin inanities of our ephemeral poetry, all our once-noble strain of verse is contaminated by the presence of this pernicious leaven. The Apollo of the British Lyre is *Italianated*.

You come forth, my Lord, an opponent of the English school of versification. You reject our metre as harsh, rugged, and unpolished. —Why, to the voluptuary, to the proselyte of southern luxury, to the man of a vitiated taste and a depraved morality, to him *who has forgotten his country, who loves a foreign and a fallen clime, better than his native, and with all its faults, a noble land, —to such a man as this,*

it is no wonder if the British Muse appears stern, and forbidding, and severe. But, my Lord, there is a rude melody in our numbers, which cannot be equalled by the effeminate modulation of any living language; there is a harmonious simplicity in the structure of our verse, which we can enjoy, though you cannot appreciate, else you would practise it in your works; there is a sweetness and beauty of language in our own Shakspeare, which you are not capable of imitating, and which we defy you to parallel in all Italy. But supposing your theory true; granting that our island poetry were deficient in softness and euphony,—Is it for a Briton to sacrifice energy, manliness, and vigour, to languid blandiloquence and voluptuous suavity of diction? Nor will it avail to reply, that England is a “fallen clime;” that she is no more a land of liberty; no more the hardy nurse of rude but noble spirits. Is she to be restored to primeval grandeur by deserting her in her adversity? Is she to be freed by forgetting her? Is her spirit to be re-ennobled by matriculating the lascivious tales of the south, by pandering to the sensual appetite of the age, and by debasing her poetry, the moral philosophy of the people, to a mere soft sliding vehicle of dissolute principles? No, you answer; but her case is hopeless; her decline has set in, and it is impossible to stay it. True, my Lord; and because you cannot remedy the disease that consumes her, you inflame it; because you cannot save her from ultimate destruction, you stab her through the heart? This is nobly done, and will make a noble epitaph for your memory.

A renegade from your country, you cultivate a continental distaste for the simple energy of her language. A denizen of another clime, you endeavour to corrupt our poetry with the effeminate manner of a voluptuous latitude. Alas! my Lord, our language was but too much inclined to degeneracy already; our poetry was fast verging to that condition of smooth imbecility which characterises the last ages of the empire of the Muses. It is, perhaps, the tendency of a luxurious nation to decline into effeminacy; of a highly-cultivated language to refine itself to

insipidity. But it was your part, my Lord, to have resisted this decadence, both of morals and language, instead of accelerating it. Our other writers, either through indolence, impotence, or a shameful connivance with the depraved temper of the times, were prone enough to exhibit the gaudy finery they had personally or by proxy gathered from Ind; to substitute the dazzling gewgaws, and splendid phantasmagoria of the tinsel'd East, for our native truth of thought; to exchange our natural simplicity of phrase, for the gorgeous, eye-striking, Asiatic glitter of diction. But you, my Lord, are doubly delinquent; you not only adopt this orientalism of imagery, but you reduce the manly flow of our national verse to the lazy current of prose-poetry; instead of the firm and stately tread of numbers, in which *we alone*, of all the moderns, emulated the ancients, you have introduced the feeble, voluminous, spent eloquence, whose taint you imbibed from the air of degenerate Italy. And it would have been matter enough for regret, to see your own vigorous mind thus effeminated; your inborn sense of what is sweet and beautiful and gracious, rebated; your natural relish for true melody of verse corrupted and depraved. We should have had in this alone sufficient to deplore; but when we behold the universal host of our poets plunge headlong into the same abyss, anger and indignation against the Lucifer who misled them are mingled with our shame and our sorrow. It is true, that by luxury, and overgrown wealth, the public mind was unnerved, the national soul was enfeebled; I therefore cannot with justice attribute the total effeminacy of our common poetry to your influence alone; the genius of the times should relieve you of one half the disgraceful burthen. But if we are on the brink of our national decline, is this any reason that you, my Lord, should, just at this critical moment, like a satellite of the demon of Corruption, set your shoulders to the back of the tottering crowd, and push us down the hill of perdition? What! you say, is prose-poetry (as you call it) so potent a stream as to sweep down a nation in that way? Perhaps not; that last clause of mine alludes, I confess, rather to the matter than the manner of your works: but I do as-

sert, that the system of prose-poetry dissolves and relaxes the public mind; that it softens, enervates, and brings down the bold spirit of the north to the level of southern effeminacy. Speaking more to the purpose of this letter, however,—I say that you, my Lord Lucifer, have not only gone astray yourself, but have led the whole train of poetical seraphim after you. Seraphim! ay, and mere mortals too. Look at the daily issue of the press, and behold your handy-work: the scribbling rhymester, the newspaper poet, the maudlin Sappho, the namby-pamby versifier, the languid fine gentleman, and the smug lordling, every fool and every fribble, contributes his or her little mawkish stream to the overflowing ocean of prose-poetry. Such a consummation was naturally to have been expected: the predominance of fools in every nation is always so great, human nature is so prone to descend, and voluble nonsense is so pat to the popular ear, whilst thought-full poetry is so oppressive to the general brain, that we wanted but a tilt from the professor of prose-poetry, and down!—down we went the slope of degeneracy, till we came to the very bottom of Parnassus. The nation followed its poets, as complacently as wild-geese follow their leaders. This is wherefore I arraign you, my Lord; this is what I mean by calling you the enemy of our poetic literature. You have had talent enough to consecrate a false system of versification, to deprave our ear, and to debase our numbers. You have had skill sufficient to dilute our native poetry into a kind of melting mellifluence; too sweet not to be agreeable; too apt for the age, not to become prevalent; too corruptive in its nature, not to destroy what it pervades. Thus does your genius work our disgrace; by its influence, you have debauched our poetry. Had you not written with such unlucky felicity in this degenerate style of verse, you would have had neither imitators nor admirers; and though our annals had wanted the glory of your present name, we should still have lived in the hope of seeing other and more *British* poets arise.

For my own part, my Lord, I should perhaps never have troubled my readers or myself with this matter, had you not most impiously and

most daringly presumed to adulterate our tragic verse, as if it were nought but common, highway poetry. Here indeed, my Lord, I could have wished, when you introduced your abominations into the sanctuary of our Tragic Muse, that her statue had fallen and crushed you.* Upon this subject, British feeling is morbidly sensitive. We have excelled all modern nations in the principal arts and sciences; we have excelled the ancients but in one,—the Drama. There is more of the genuine spirit of dramatism in the English nation, than has ever yet appeared on the boards of mortality. She has produced the only dramatist, in its true sense, worthy of the name. SHAKSPEARE is the rock upon which England's fame must rest; her claims to pre-eminent glory are founded on her Drama. Milton has been surpassed as an Epic poet; Newton, himself, will not carry down her name to posterity, for his works are even now becoming dead letter. But the dramas of Shakspeare will descend to the last ages of the world, and it is from them that we must expect celebrity when our island is a waste for wild animals. Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare, will be the three great names of antiquity, to the future world. Our other tragedists, without equaling Shakspeare, have excelled the rest of mankind, in a dramatic point of view; and, however inferior in the general scope of mind, have always exhibited a superior talent for the stage. Now, my Lord, we might have permitted you to teach women and fools, weak-headed poetasters, and

the ordinary mob of verse-makers, to lisp in effeminate numbers with impunity: but what reprobation do you not deserve for setting a copy of prose poetry to our rising tragedists? for naturalizing that detestable thing amongst our dramatists? That you have done so, is manifest from a slight inspection of your plays;† and I honestly tell you, if I could damn you with a dash of my pen,—for this deed of sacrilege, I would do it. Hence comes it that we are inundated with such a flood of tragedies. Every witless babbler, every loquacious simpleton, every pert popinjay “smit with the love of poesy and prate,” who can bedizen his words with a flush of gaudy, glittering, half-formed images, and deliver himself out to the public with a velvet volubility of phrase in something of your Lordship's elongated suavity of manner,—writes a tragedy incontinent. A tragedy! the highest effort of human poetical powers! *O tempora! O prose-poesy!*

In predicting the decline of English poetry from this period, I may be in error; I hope I am. In arraigning your Lordship, as the chief degenerator, I may be unwarranted; I wish I were. You will, however, I am sure, my Lord, allow that the remarks which I have made above and throughout these letters, mostly on *your* works, if not superior in point of judgment or discrimination to the common cant of criticism, are at least dictated by a spirit of honesty and candour, not always to be found in this disreputable province of literature. JOHN LACY.

* We have had some revenge of this kind; his Lordship has never held up his head since he profaned the temple of Melpomene.

† *Vide* Lioni's speech (Doge of Venice) in particular; an eloquent, profuse, effeminate, voluptuous specimen of beautiful prose-poetry.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

GERMANY.

THE Leipzig Michaelmas fair does not appear to have produced any thing very remarkable, and we even miss in the catalogue some important works which there was every reason to hope would be announced in it; among these are the Travels of Drs. Spix and Martius, in Brazil, which we understand are not likely to appear before February, 1824; Baron Minutoli's Travels, in Egypt, de-

ferred till the end of this year; and Raumer's History of the House of Hohenstaufen, which is expected with great impatience; the first Number of the Botanical part of Dr. Martin's Travels in Brazil is, however, published, and, we believe, the first Number of the Zoology. Our correspondent in Germany mentions the following works as amongst the most worthy of notice:—Professor Niemeyer's Observations on his Tra-

vels, vol. 3; Parrot's Travels in the Pyrenees; Ch. Muller, the Campaign of Rome, in reference to Ancient History, Poetry, and Art, 2 vols.; F. Schiller's (inedited) Letters to Dalberg, in 1781—85. Such relics cannot fail to be welcome. H. Hirzel, Views of Italy, part 2; H. Döring, the Life of Herder; Hulsemann, the History of Democracy, in the United States of North America; Bergmann, Peter the Great, as a Man and a Sovereign; Casanova's Memoirs, part 5; Busching, the Castle of the Teutonic Knights at Marienburg, with seven plates.—Among the Novels are three by the much esteemed author, F. Laun; two by Baron Fouqué, and one (the Exiles) by his Lady; the Messenger from Jerusalem, by Maria Muller; the Baron and his Nephew, by S. Contessa; Iwan and Feodora, and two others, by C. Hildebrandt; there is besides a whole host of translations from the English and French, among which Sir W. Scott and Viscount d'Arlincourt occupy the first place. The translations from Sir W. Scott fill nearly a whole page of the catalogue. There are likewise translations of almost all the travels that have lately appeared in the other languages of Europe, as well as of numerous other works, including the Napoleon Memoirs, by Montholon, Gourgaud, Las Cases, &c. &c. and various books and pamphlets about Greece and Turkey.

The Dramatic department offers nothing original of any note; there are various new versions of single plays of Shakspeare. Among the latest Travels are the second volume of Dr. Schubert's Tour through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland; the first volume of Dr. Naumann's Excursions in Norway in 1821 and 1822; and a third volume of Dr. Sieber's Travels, being a journey from Cairo to Jerusalem and back, with a plan of Jerusalem. The Count Caspar Von Sternberg has published the third number of his Essay towards a Geognostic-botanical representation of the Flora of the Antediluvian World. Several numbers of the Prince of Niewwied's representations of the Plants of Brazil are also published; and it is reported that his Highness is going to make a second expedition to that interesting country.

FRANCE.

The Drama.—The French theatres are all very busy in getting up what they call *Pièces de Circonstances*, to celebrate the success of the French in Spain. At the Opera, they are preparing *Vendôme en Espagne*: a new opera, called the Snow, or the New Eginhard, was produced at the beginning of this month. The author, M. Scribe, has founded his piece on the well-known (though probably fabulous) anecdote of the Princess Emma, daughter of Charlemagne. He lays the scene in Germany, in the 16th century, as it seems, and makes Louisa his heroine, daughter to the Duke of Suabia, and united by a clandestine marriage to a Count Lensberg, who, on returning from a military expedition, finds the Duke ready to give his daughter in marriage to a Prince of Neuburg. The Parisian critics agree, that it is full of improbabilities and attempts at effect, but that there are many scenes that are highly interesting. It has proved very successful; the first six representations having produced 25,000 francs. Encouraged by this success, the managers are going to bring forward *The Mother and the Daughter*, an opera, in three acts; which will be succeeded by *Leocadia*. *L'Auteur Malgré Lui*, brought forward at the Theatre Français, is founded on Marmontel's tale, *Le Connoisseur*, and has, in many respects, a great resemblance to the *Metromanie*. It was very well received by the public. The author's name being demanded, M. J. Remy was announced; but this is presumed not to be the real name of the author.

Poetry.—*L'esclavage*, by M. Marie Dumesnil; the second edition of the *Death of Socrates*, by Lamartine; a new translation, in verse, of the *Inferno* of Dante, after the new edition of Mr. Biagioli.

History, Memoires, &c.—The principal productions under this head are volumes 35 and 36 of the *Universal Biography*; they contain many interesting articles, under the letters P. Q. and R.; *A General History of Gaul*, from the first conquests of the Gauls, to the establishment of the French monarchy; followed by a *View of the Religion, Government, and Manners of the Gauls*, 3 vols. 8vo. by M. Serpette de Marincourt. This work is very highly spoken of:

the 13th livraison of the *Memoirs of the Revolution* is very interesting; it contains a *Precis*, by Baron Goguelat, on the attempts made to carry away the Queen from the Temple. This work gives the correspondence of that Princess in facsimile. M. Goguelat replies to several assertions of Madame Campan, respecting himself. The second volume of the *Memoirs of the Prisons*, forms, with the *Memoirs of Louvet*, the other part of this livraison. The third livraison of the *Memoirs of the English Revolution* is published.

Antiquity, Fine Arts, &c.—M. Champollion-Figeac has just published a Notice of Two Egyptian Papyri, in demotic characters, of the reigns of *Ptolemy Epiphanes Euchariste*. They are two contracts, dated in the 4th and 8th years of the reign of that prince. The Rosetta inscription is of the 9th year. The comparison of these three documents has enabled the author to remove some doubts respecting the duration of certain offices of the priesthood in Egypt, and to fill up two important blanks in the Greek text of the Rosetta inscription, on which Mr. Letronne is preparing a great work, which will soon be published.

Geography, Voyages, and Travels.—Nothing new has appeared in these branches; the 58th number of the *Journal des Voyages* contains a very long historical and geographical account of the city of Cadiz and its island, with a very good chart. Mr. McCarthy has published, in 10 vols. 8vo. a judicious selection and able abridgment of *Voyages and Travels* in the four quarters of the Globe since 1806. Another part of the continuation of the great work on Egypt containing 50 maps, is we believe now published. This is not the 2d edition publishing by Panckoucke, but part of the sequel to the great work commenced under Buonaparte, and which the King of France has ordered to be completed on the original scale. *Views of the Coasts of France on the Ocean and the Mediterranean*, drawn and engraved by Garnerius, with descriptions by M. Jouy, will appear in 15 numbers, 4to.

Medicine, &c.—The 9th volume of the abridged *Dictionary of the Medical Sciences*, has just appeared, to the

great satisfaction of the subscribers. This abridgment of the great dictionary in 40 volumes, which has been out of print for some time, has the advantage of being in a great measure composed by the authors of the first work, who have abridged, and in many cases improved, their own articles. M. Richard, whose *New Elements of Botany and Vegetable Physiology* are highly esteemed, has published, in 2 vols. 8vo. a *Medical Botany, or Natural and Medical History of Medicines, Poisons, and Aliments*, obtained from the Vegetable Kingdom. A *Dictionary of the Terms of Medicine, Surgery, Pharmacy, &c.* is advertised for immediate publication, 1 vol. 8vo.

Among the translations: Mrs. Helme's *History of England*; Bigland's *History of Spain*; Karamsin's *History of Russia*, vol. 9. *Beccaria on crimes and punishments*, into modern Greek, by M. Coray. We had nearly forgotten to mention *Etudes pour servir à l'Histoire des Schals*, by J. Rey, manufacturer of Cashmere shawls, a book which contains much pleasing and useful information on the subject, which the author treats with all the gravity of an historian.

ITALY.

A new edition of Tasso's works, by Giov. Rossini, vol. 9, 8vo. is announced as more complete than any preceding edition. The first number of a work on the Baths of Titus has appeared. There are to be 10 plates and 30 sheets of letterpress, in folio. The object of the work is particularly to make known those parts of the baths of Titus which were not discovered till the years 1811-1814. The literary intercourse with Italy is so extremely limited, that works of importance are not even heard of till long after publication: such a work we presume is the *Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche*, of which we must confess we had never heard, till we saw a few days ago an article in a foreign paper stating that the author had received from the Emperor of Russia a bill of exchange for 20,000 francs, with an order for 100 copies, which had been accordingly sent to St. Petersburg; the whole making 800 volumes: so that the work must consist of 8 volumes in 4to.

PHRENOLOGY.

A few years ago, when on a visit to our friend Mr. Owen at New Lanark, we had the pleasure to meet Mr. Combe, brought thither, like ourselves, not by the falls of Clyde—its ancient attraction—but by the new world of men which Mr. Owen, good-naturedly and absurdly enough, is now busy in constructing among his cotton-spinners. At the request of various individuals of the party, and in particular of our hospitable entertainer, Mr. Combe agreed to make a survey of the heads of the children attending the institution. These might amount at the time to one or two hundred; and of the character of a great majority of them, Mr. Combe did, in our presence, give a little general estimate, which the head master who attended us, declared to be almost invariably correct.

This experiment, which was of the greater value, inasmuch as at New Lanark the master does not merely teach the children to read, but professes to study and train their natural dispositions, surprised us very much. It seemed ridiculous and unphilosophical to ascribe the uniformity of the result to mere casual coincidence; and we thenceforth became prepared,—scoffers as we had previously been at Phrenology—to look into it with candour, if not with some little prepossession in its favour.

Our whole subsequent study and observation has only tended to confirm us in the belief of it; and we have little doubt, that where it is disputed, the error proceeds more from ignorance of its true nature and pretensions, than from any fairly considered judgment on its evidence. The world conceives of Phrenology as an empirical pretence to discover human character from the shape of the skull, as if this congeries of bones contained the soul; and running away with this idea, its ignorant and its unprincipled enemies (the last being those who, for a laugh, will sacrifice friends, principle, truth, religion, and honour) lavish every reproach and ridi-

cule upon it which their wit can supply. But what is Phrenology?

Phrenology is a system of philosophy of the human mind, and is founded on facts ascertainable by consciousness and observation.—*Transactions*, p. 65.

Man (say the Phrenologists, *Trans.* p. 27.) as existing in this world, is compounded of a thinking principle and a material body. The thinking principle cannot by itself become an object of philosophical investigation, because in this life, so far as we know, it neither acts nor can be acted upon except through the medium of corporeal organs. If then, in this life, organization is so indispensable to the manifestations of the mind, and exerts so great an influence over them, no system of the philosophy of man is entitled to the name, which neglects its agency, and treats of the mind as a disembodied spirit: and yet Locke, Reid, Paley, Stewart, and Brown, are as silent upon the organs of the mind, as if the mental functions were performed independent of the body. The Phrenologist, on the other hand, regards man as he actually exists, and (to adopt the ideas of Mr. Stewart) desires to investigate the laws which regulate the connexion betwixt the organs and the mind, but without attempting to discover the essence of either, or to explain the manner in which they are united. The method which he follows, namely, that of comparing the power of manifesting particular mental faculties with the development of particular portions of the brain, is philosophical in the most rigid sense of the term; and only prejudice and ignorance can undervalue the object of his investigation, or state any serious objection to the means.

The circumstance which became the origin of the science affords a striking instance of this mode of philosophizing; and as it is calculated to remove the prevalent notion that Phrenology is the mere offspring of a heated fancy, a tissue of chimeras and theories, we make no apology for quoting it.

Dr. Gall from an early age was given to observation, and was struck with the fact that each of his brothers and sisters, companions in play, and schoolfellows, possessed some peculiarity of talent or disposition which distinguished him from others. Some of his schoolmates were distinguished

• *Transactions of the Phrenological Society, with five engravings. Edinburgh: John Anderson, jun.; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.*

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by the beauty of their penmanship; some by their success in arithmetic; and others by their talent for acquiring a knowledge of natural history, or of languages. The compositions of one were remarkable for their eloquence, while the style of another was stiff and dry; and a third connected his reasonings in the closest manner, and clothed his argument in the most forcible language. Their dispositions were equally different; and this diversity appeared also to determine the direction of their partialities and aversions. *Not a few of them manifested a capacity for employments which were not taught; they cut figures in wood, or delineated them on paper; some devoted their leisure to painting, or the culture of a garden; while their comrades abandoned themselves to noisy games, or traversed the woods to gather flowers, seek for birds' nests, or catch butterflies.*

The scholars with whom young Gall had the greatest difficulty in competing were those who learned by heart with great facility; and such individuals frequently gained from him, *by their repetitions*, the places which he had obtained by the merit of his original compositions.

Some years afterwards, having changed his place of residence, he still met individuals endowed with an equally great talent of learning to repeat. He then observed, that his schoolfellows so gifted possessed *prominent eyes*; and he recollected that his rivals in the first school had been distinguished by the same peculiarity. When he entered the university, he directed his attention, from the first, to the students whose eyes were of this description; and he soon found that they all excelled in getting rapidly by heart, and giving correct recitations, although many of them were by no means distinguished in point of general talent. This observation was recognized also by the other students in the classes; and although the connection betwixt the talent and the external sign was not at this time established upon such complete evidence as is requisite for a philosophical conclusion, yet Dr. Gall could not believe that the coincidence of the two circumstances thus observed was entirely accidental. He suspected therefore from this period that they stood in an important relation to each other. After much reflection, he conceived that if memory for words was indicated by an external sign, the same might be the case with the other intellectual powers; and, from that moment, all individuals distinguished by any remarkable faculty became the objects of his attention. By degrees, he conceived himself to have found external characteristics, which indicated a decided disposition for painting, music, and the mechanical arts. He became acquainted also with some individuals remarkable for the determination of their character; and he ob-

served a particular part of their heads to be very largely developed. This fact first suggested to him the idea of looking to the head for signs of the moral sentiments. But in making these observations, he never conceived for a moment that the *skull* was the cause of the different talents, as has been erroneously represented,—he referred the influence, whatever it was, to the brain.

The mode of inquiry thus commenced by Dr. Gall has since been followed out with distinguished success by Dr. Spurzheim and Mr. Combe; and it bids fair to reduce to certainty much of that involved and mysterious, yet limited, useless, and ever-varying speculation, which hitherto has stripped metaphysics almost wholly of practical usefulness, and made the very name a laughing-stock. It is easy to explain how effects so great may safely be anticipated from the new study.

When we reflect (says Mr. Combe, Trans. p. 20) on this mode of inquiry into the functions of the brain, we find it to be in the strictest degree philosophical, and to be free from certain insuperable objections which have opposed the success of all investigations, conducted by the methods previously in use. From an early period, anatomists have *dissected* the brain, with the view of discovering its functions; but, by this method, they *could not* attain the object in view, because the *structure* of the different parts of the body does not of itself indicate their functions. By examining the liver, independent of experience, no person could predicate that its function is to secrete bile, &c. Every effort, therefore, to discover the functions of the brain by mere dissection, has necessarily proved abortive; and physiologists, in general, still represent the uses of its different parts as a mystery in science. Metaphysical inquirers, on the other hand, have resorted chiefly to reflection on consciousness, as a means of cultivating the philosophy of mind; but as consciousness does not reveal the existence of the organs, by which the mind communicates with the external world, they were incapable by this method of throwing light upon the connexion betwixt the mind and the body.

And, further, Mr. Combe might have added, that metaphysicians, however intensely they may put their consciousness to task, never can thence discover any other human being than *the one* who reflects; while Phrenologists, by diffusing their inquiries over the general world of mind, get access to all that *variety* of character which undoubtedly ex-

ists, and can only be presented on such a survey.

What, indeed, can be more wonderful than that in these times, 2000 years down from the days of Aristotle, the *genus omne* of metaphysicians should be at sea, even with regard to their most elementary principles? What more inexplicable, than that in the business of life (in the cure even of insanity, for example) those men who profess to make mind their study, never should be referred to for advice; that, on the contrary, metaphysicians are proverbially ignorant of men as they appear in society, and are, in all countries, ridiculed even on the stage as rapt blockheads? Moralists, poets, and divines, have shown themselves acquainted with human nature. It may be studied with practical use in their works. But metaphysicians have made it only a sort of mental exercise, a matter to be quibbled about; and they have overlooked the only use and reason of all study,—its application to human affairs, and influence on their improvement.

But metaphysicians have not merely failed in making their science available in life. There are a thousand notorious facts, of which they give no account. Of the infinite diversities of character among individuals they give no explanation: they cannot tell whether genius be original or superinduced: they are lost when desired to explain how nations and families, for centuries together, continue to exhibit a similar character: the theory of dreaming is, in their system, a mystery as inexplicable as the union of soul and body: they give no account of the cause and varieties of insanity: their system scarcely admits the yet notorious phenomenon that in different individuals particular faculties appear and disappear, earlier and later in life than in others; and so on in many other instances.

Now, Phrenology professes to supply these deficiencies; in particular, it professes to make the science of mind practically useful in life, as a sure guide in education and in legislation, and it founds those pretensions on facts. Yet fools call it fancy and raving! To them we condescend no answer: but to another class of

objectors we feel a personal respect that calls for one. They think the science adverse to religion, because they imagine it to be a system of materialism; and they fear that it is a dangerous one. On the subject of its *danger*, while we assure these worthy individuals that their alarm is grounded solely on a misapprehension of the true nature of the study, we boldly say, that in all inquiries, TRUTH is the grand object of pursuit, and that where it is, there can no danger be. The objection of materialism again, is purely a mistake. In all systems of metaphysics, the universe is divided into matter and mind: of neither of these substances do we know the essence: we know them only by their qualities: the *ens* which possesses hardness, colour, &c. or exhibits imagination, reason, and so forth, we know not at all; though seeing that the qualities of each are *essentially* different, we think ourselves entitled to conclude that the *substrata* in which these qualities inhere, are different in their *essence*. Again, while we see matter existing separately in every department of nature, we never find mind unless in conjunction with matter: in this life, the human mind is unknown, unless in its actings, *by means of the body*. Now the Phrenologists agree in all this. They do not pretend to say *what* mind is. They believe in the immortality of the soul: they glory in it: but scripture has not told, they do not attempt to reveal, what is the soul. The only point of difference, therefore, between them and the vulgar (metaphysicians included) is, that they say the mind acts by means of *a part* of the body, the brain, which they consider to be the *organ* of the mind; and that they maintain, that according to the development of brain in any individual, always is his manifestation of mind.

In this opinion, there is obviously nothing leading to materialism. The eye, by means of which we see, is an optical instrument as truly material as one of Dollond's glasses; but no one supposes himself a materialist, by admitting that we see by means of the eye. Neither do Phrenologists regard themselves as such by holding that we think by means of the brain.

The question of materialism they leave altogether untouched. There is nothing in the science to hinder either Berkeley or Spinoza from believing in it.

But the consistency of this doctrine with revealed religion must not be rested here. It not merely is unopposed to the Bible, but also is the only system of mind which corresponds with it in all particulars; so as, if true, to become one added to the ever-increasing proofs of the authority of inspiration. Man, as studied in the schools, is an ethereal being, beautiful, and approaching to perfection. In the Bible, he is corrupt and sinful. Phrenology, with its Combateness, Destructiveness, and Secretiveness (though these terms do not imply all the evil which their etymology indicates) clearly becomes consistent with the scriptural view, in a manner not found in the school systems; and the phrenological faculty of Veneration (which gives the disposition to *venerate*) is the only metaphysical principle which at once explains the irrational custom universal among unenlightened nations of worshipping stocks and stones, and shows the use of revelation to direct the implanted principle to its true object.

We have said nothing of the anatomical objections to Phrenology, partly because, in a question of metaphysics, which this mainly is, we very particularly undervalue the opinions of medical men; and partly because, in the work now under notice, there is a very admirable and conclusive answer to them—Mr. Andrew Combe's Observations on Dr. Barclay's Objections to Phrenology, p. 393.

The leading objections of this nature, founded on the various thickness of the skull, on the existence of sinuses, and the trituration of the temporal muscles, as preventing the skull externally from showing the shape of the brain, are susceptible of an obvious answer; viz. that phrenologists decide on none but healthy subjects in the prime of life; and that in these, none of the causes mentioned affect the

skull much beyond 1-8th of an inch, while organs are known to vary in different individuals from one to two inches; and with regard to the sinuses, where they do exist they occupy a very trifling space in a horizontal position in the region where Individuality (and perhaps Locality) is placed. But it is not a little curious that the sinuses are formed only towards manhood; that is to say, the brain, by the supposition, falls in slightly in the region of Individuality at that very period when the restless curiosity remarkable in infancy and youth (given by Individuality) begins to abate. Here, indeed, is a marvellous coincidence. But so it is in all true suppositions. Every new fact, and every new objection, only serves to confirm them. The objections arising from cases of injury of the brain are, in general, met by the circumstance of the brain's *duplicity*; for it is plain, that if each faculty has a double set of organs, one hemisphere of the brain may be hurt without serious detriment to the faculty; in the same way as one eye may be removed and yet the patient continue to see. The subject is too extensive to be entered upon here. Those who are curious about it will find it well stated in a paper on the effects of injuries of the brain, contained in the work before us, p. 183.

But we must here close our sketch. This work is the produce of a society formed at Edinburgh, for the cultivation of Phrenology, and bids fair to do honour equally to the science, and to the institution. Our limits forbid us from entering at large into the merits of the different papers. But we shall probably take them up on an early occasion, and in the meantime we venture to say, that the perusal of them will interest even the enemies of the system. They exhibit much acuteness, research, variety, knowledge of life, novelty, and science: and as an example of that mode of philosophizing, which Phrenologists profess, they are of value, as pointing out to all thinkers an extensive field of inquiry, hitherto untrodden.

As much as could be included.
At Birmingham and at Liverpool
the same general outlines are discernible.
The Moral of Oliver was per-

REPORT OF MUSIC.

In our last report we alluded to the Festivals then about to commence. They have been concluded with a success which exceeds the most sanguine expectations their most sanguine projectors could have formed.

We are solicitous to convey to our musical and unmusical readers general notions of the grandeur, excellence, and arrangement of these performances, without entering upon such a detail as may prove to the one a mere *repetatur haustus*; and to the other, an uninteresting jargon. Virtuosi do not need to be told, that Catalani sung *Gratias agimus*; Mrs. Salmon, *From mighty kings*; or Miss Stephens, *Farewell ye limpid springs*. These, and others of a like kind, are the standing dishes. All such enumerations, therefore, we shall omit, and endeavour to show the distinctive features of each and all of these grand assemblages of talent.

York took the lead. The conductor was Mr. Greatorex, assisted by Dr. Camidge, Messrs. Camidge, Knapton, and White. The number of performers was near 500, the greater portion constituting the vocal band. There were four days' performance. The Minster was prepared for the Oratorios, and the Assembly Rooms for the Concerts. The first morning was a selection, consisting of the *Dettingen Te Deum*, part of *Judas Maccabæus*, *Jephtha*, *Josua*, and *Judah* (by Mr. Gardiner), with some portions of Jomelli's and Mozart's Masses. The Messiah constituted the second morning's performance. The third was a selection: *The Coronation Anthem* (Handel's), a part of the *Requiem*, and of the *Creation*, and a miscellaneous act. The fourth a selection, consisting of *Graun's Te Deum*, part of the *Seasons*, and a miscellaneous act, principally from the other sacred works of Handel. The evening concerts exhibited as much of the various excellences of the Italian school, and as much of classic and modern English composition, as could be included.

At Birmingham and at Liverpool the same general outlines are discernible. *The Mount of Olives* was per-

formed at the last named place; at the first, a new selection of great force and beauty, from a composition of Winter's (*Timoteo*), adapted (expressly for Birmingham) to English words. The more this delightful music is heard, the more it will be relished.

The differences in the principal performers were not many. Catalani was at York and Birmingham. Sapio at York with Vaughan; and Braham at Liverpool and Birmingham with Vaughan also. Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens at all the three. Miss Travis, at York and Birmingham, and Miss Goodall at Liverpool. Signor and Madame de Begnis were there also. Signor Placci at York and Birmingham. Mr. Bellamy at all.

With such an assemblage of various power, comprehending every species of ability, the perfection in the direction must have been to bring into play every single exertion, and every combination of talent that could gratify the senses, yet stimulate them by variety and contrast. When we consider what a vast contrariety is included between the *pi- anissimo* of Mrs. Salmon, and the overwhelming power of 500 voices and instruments, all joined in one "loud acclame"—when we recollect how these may be employed to move the human heart, and when we remember the prodigious force of the talent in composition which has been elicited through ages of progressive science, the mind is lost in the contemplation of such resources. And indeed it should seem that human agency (so far as its potency is yet developed) could go no further.

The voluming of the sound from this mighty mechanism possessed the grandeur of elemental majesty. As it rolled along the walls and vaulted roofs of the Minster, it had no earthly object of comparison, except indeed it be found in the awfully splendid description given by La Baume of the fires of Moscow. There was "an ocean of flame"—here a sea of multitudinous sounds. Such were the sublime effects resulting from aggregated power. But as Mr. Burke, the great theorist of the two chief sources

of intellectual gratification, has observed, little less of sublimity resulted from the simple majesty of the single voices. Both, however, and all were susceptible of every distinctive shade of beauty or of grandeur, as they were employed. St. Matthew's tune, by all the voices, and Luther's hymn by Madame Catalani, were each specimens of the sublimity which simplicity of design, when executed by power, is calculated to inspire. The magnificence of the celestial hierarchy was as nearly approached as human conceptions can reach in the choral parts of the Messiah; and though with a difference, there was scarcely less of feeling in the airs. And the principle was further borne out by the fact, that Miss Travis's *What though I trace*, and Miss Goodall's *How cheerful along the gay mead*, searched as thoroughly the affections of the audience as the most complicated and exalted parts of the performance.

As the faculties usually respond to the stimulus applied, so it is to be presumed that all the performers did their utmost; and insomuch as the occasion was greater, they were themselves actually greater than under the ordinary calls upon their professional character. It is not less true than curious, that the great vocalists all differ in their several qualities so widely, yet all possess such excellence, as to render their execution as distinct as the departments they embrace. The force, majesty, and transition of Madame Catalani are unequalled. They are of nature rather than acquirement, and, as it were, emanations from the omnipotence that has given such power. Mrs. Salmon's delicacy, brilliancy, and purity of execution have the brightness and the speed of light; while Miss Stephens's full rich voice, sent forth in the most chaste and unaffected manner, carries to the utmost the impression that tone in its finest flow can make. In the first, we have the fullest force of dramatic passion, in the second, the volant beauty of airy sound playing about our sense of hearing, as the coruscations of summer lightning glance upon the sight. Braham and Sapio are distinguished for animation and dramatic expression; Vaughan for exquisite grace and polish. To these

are to be added, the levity of Italian buffo performance, refined articulation of notes, and words combined with touching melody, and exemplified by the fascinating archness of Madame de Begnis, while the stronger, but similar traits are thrown in by Signors de Begnis and Placci.

Perhaps nothing conveys a better exemplification of the influence of these assemblages of talent, than the attention excited by the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. Nor can any thing speak more strongly the all-pervading progression of a real love of music, than this delight, almost new to the English, in instrumental performance. All the concerts were gemmed, either with concerted pieces, or solos, and nothing was received with more applause. At all the meetings too were found amateurs, who could creditably sustain a part even by the side of the London musicians, in the several orchestras, and upon various instruments.

To sum up the merits of the several meetings, we must say, York was the most imposing and brilliant. The solemn magnificence, and vast space of the Minster, the almost countless numbers assembled, the perfection of the compositions, and the excellence of the execution, all contributed to give to the picture the deepest shadows, and the broadest lights. Every thing was heightened by contrast, and the mind and the affections stimulated by the magnitude and the multiplicity of the parts. To Birmingham, the same observations apply, with perhaps a slight allowance for reduced means. Liverpool, without aiming at such absolute grandeur, was yet not a whit less delightful. Perfection was, perhaps, more nearly approached, owing not only to the excellent conducting of Sir George Smart, but also to the fact that all was subjected to one grasp, and that grasp could comprehend all. Majesty was compensated by superior delicacy and finish.

It remains only to state the prodigious receipts at the several places, which, it is to be recollected, are in aid of the funds of some of the noblest charities that benevolence can frame; namely, of general hospitals, for the reception and cure of

those whom casualties afflict, and who would sink under such misfortunes in the wretched abysses of poverty and suffering, but for the refuge and the comfort such institutions afford. This is, indeed, to turn art to a glorious purpose; and when we perceive how misery is alleviated, happiness diffused, science improved, and the prosperity of individuals and of communities aided by these assemblages of ability, it becomes a duty to advocate their universal adoption. But facts and examples are stronger incitements than precept, and we see the generous flame is spreading. Norfolk has announced a festival for next year, or rather called upon its opulent inhabitants for support, and there can be no doubt but emulation will kindle everywhere.

YORK.

At the first concert there were 1300 persons present—at the second concert, 1550. At the first ball, 1400—at the second, 800—making a total of 5050 tickets issued for the balls and concerts alone; which at 15s. each, amount to 3787*l.* 10*s.*

On the first day there were 3000 people at the Minster, and during the remaining three days, about 4700 each day, making a total number of 17,100 people. There were 400 sets of tickets for the gallery sold, which at 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* amount to 1470*l.* There were 200 sets for the centre sold at 2*l.* 15*s.* each, making a total of 550*l.*

In addition to the above there were in the gallery 600 people on the first and last days, and 800 on each of the other days, who paid 1*l.* 1*s.* In the centre the first day 1200, and on the three remaining days 1600 per day, whose tickets were charged 15*s.* each. The side aisles, however, contained only 300 the first day, and 1600 per day afterwards at 7*s.* each, making a total as follows:—Number of single tickets issued for Minster, 13,900; cash received for ditto, 9,225*l.*

Grand Total.		£.	s.
Concerts and Balls.	3787	10
Sets of Tickets sold for Minster.	2020	
Single do. for do.	9225	
Collected at the doors of Minster the 1st day.	60	
Ditto 2d day, after which no more collections at the doors were attempted.	120	

Total Receipts £15,212 10

The foregoing calculation does not include the amount of cash received for the pamphlets. The number of performers was 491.

LIVERPOOL.

The gross receipts amounted to nearly 6000*l.* The following were the numbers present.—

Monday.—Ball at the Wellington Rooms.	538
Tuesday.—Concert at the Music Hall.	928
Wednesday.—Messiah, at St. Peter's Church.	1566
Thursday.—Mount of Olives, do.	1486
—Concert at the Music Hall.	1406
Friday.—Creation, at St. Peter's Church.	1965
—Fancy Ball at the Town Hall.	1475

BIRMINGHAM.

Tuesday.		£.	s.	d.
Church Admissions	304	17	6
Collection	424	18	0½
Theatre	928	14	0
		1658	0	6½

Wednesday.		£.	s.	d.
Church Admissions	1396	0	0
Collection	380	17	6
Theatre	1104	13	0
		2881	10	6

Thursday.		£.	s.	d.
Church Admissions	1500	0	0
Collection	257	0	0
Dress Ball	873	0	0
		2630	8	6

Friday.		£.	s.	d.
Church Admissions	1404	0	0
Collection	590	5	6
Theatre	1247	0	0
		3241	5	6
Additional Donations	148	0	0
Books supposed about	300	0	0

£10,859 14 0½

Norwich has had two grand concerts on the 16th and 17th of October. Mr. Sapio, Miss Carew, and Miss Goward, with Mr. H. Smart as leader, and Mr. Lindley with a good band, were there. Miss Paton, after an engagement made months since, disappointed the audience and did not appear. It seems that Mr. Paton committed a double error (if such it may be called). First he engaged his daughter in a series of performances at the Edinburgh theatre, which concluded only just in time to render it possible for her to reach

Norwich by the swiftest means of conveyance, and next he put her into a steam boat (!!!) trusting to the hazardous, not to say impracticable expedient of landing her by an open boat in passing Cromer or Yarmouth. The correspondence between him and Mr. Pettit is published. He states in apology that a storm (of which however the inhabitants of the coast knew nothing, for two of his friends were for hours pacing the beach in hope of his arrival at Cromer) drove the vessel to the mouth of the river—and he may now probably have to sustain legal damages. In truth, there can be no extenuation. — A more wanton breach of a positive and long contracted engagement was never committed. What man of common sense would trust to a steam-boat at sea, and to reaching the shore through any weather in an open boat?—and what delicate female (Miss Paton's weak state of health, be it remembered, is the cause of her absence from town) could be capable of entering an orchestra and fulfilling her duties to the public on the very instant after her arrival from such a voyage? The thing is too palpable to pass; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Paton will be taught not to be indifferent to the injury of the individuals who embark on such enterprises upon the faith of professional people; for the ruin of a man labouring under a most distressing calamity, was perhaps involved in this breach of engagement; and this Mr. Paton knew. His daughter too may learn to appreciate better the value of moral as well as civil obligations, and to estimate the prudence of the guidance to which she is now submitted.

One good, however, seems to have resulted: the Norwich audiences were highly delighted with Miss Carew, whose singing deserves even more celebrity than it has attracted. She is limited in power; but had her voice been as fine as her taste and science, she would probably have sung with more expression than any living English vocalist. Her polish is beautiful, her judgment admirable, and her execution excessively neat.

Music has received a vast impulse from the late festivals. There have been concerts this month at Cheltenham, Manchester, Exeter, and Not-

tingham. There will be others in November at Oxford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Cheltenham, and Gloucester: and such is the celebrity of Mr. Sapio that he bears sway, and is engaged at all these places. Catalani is giving a series of performances in the north: she began at Aberdeen. When we read these effects of art in the records we have just made, we rejoice still more than ever in the propagation of its principles and its charms.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has published his Operas 68 and 69; the first is entitled *Effusio Musica, ou Grande Fantaisie*, is dedicated to Monsieur Catel, Professor of the Conservatory of Paris, and is one of the finest efforts of the master. The second is an *Impromptu* on the Irish air *The Bard's Bequest*, and was composed for Mademoiselle Delphine Schauroth, a child of nine years old, who played it lately at the Argyle Rooms. It affords a very competent idea of the style and execution of the young performer, and is at the same time a very elegant and spirited composition. The introduction is particularly distinguished for its graceful expression.

Mr. Bochsa has a Grand Russian March for the harp, full of the melody and spirit which he has already so frequently exhibited in movements of this nature, and he has united these qualities to easy execution. Mr. Bochsa has also arranged the favourite airs from the Ballet of *Alfred le Grand* for the harp with a flute accompaniment.

No. 5, of Mr. Burrowes's Hibernian airs, arranged for the Pianoforte, consists of "The Old Woman," better known as *Love's Young Dream*, with variations. Mr. Burrowes has been extremely happy in this piece; the air is very well preserved in its adaptations to a March, Polacca, &c. and the last variation is quite à la Rossini.

The subject of the second number of *Les Belles Fleurs*, by Sola and Bruguier, for the flute and pianoforte, is *Di Piacere*, which is metamorphosed in a very brilliant duet.

Mr. Kiallmark has also chosen *Love's Young Dream* for the theme of his second Irish melody, and has given the lesson as much animation and variety as its facility permits.

The subjects of Mr. Bruguier's Fifth Dramatic Divertimento are two airs from *Tancredi*. Book 3, of Mr. Latour's arrangement of the airs in *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, has also appeared. Book 5, of the Beauties of Rossini, containing *La Donna del Lago*, is a very useful compendium.

THE DRAMA.

In bare justice to the gaping anxiety of the public, and to the carpenters, joiners, gilders, plumbers, painters, and glaziers, employed by our managers, we (the *humdrum* gentleman of last month) should forthwith exhibit our descriptive powers in a glowing detail of the ingenious bauble-work which adorns the inner exterior of both the great theatres; but our faculties do not show themselves *that way*. After an accurate survey and valuation of our talents, we find them to lie wholly in *prosing*, and we crave permission of our readers to follow the bent of our genius.

At Drury Lane, the only glaring novelty of the season (for there are several new appearances in that hemisphere) is a Mr. Browne, who has performed the part of Foppington, in the *Trip to Scarborough*, several times, with considerable applause. We are glad to find the public confirming our opinion of Mr. Rayner by their approbation, at Covent Garden. The *School of Reform* has been revived here, to introduce this promising actor, in Emery's celebrated character of Tyke, and has been frequently repeated in the course of the month, with uniform success. Clara Fisher, the "infant prodigy," or *little monster*, as we should prefer calling her, has too often drawn upon the admiration of the multitude and the indignation of the critic, to permit us any further indulgence in censure or praise. We would only beg leave to make one remark, viz. that this young lady, if we have any discernment, cannot possibly be so *old* as she is represented by some. Any one who observes her performance of the *Country Girl* in the *Actress of All Work*, will find that it is not (what it ought to be) a delineation of bashful hoydenry, but of childish awkwardness; not the grown-up ignorance of a rustic maiden, but the *apple-eating* simplicity of a child. This is an ambiguous kind of defence, to be sure; for in proving her youth, we have been compelled to show that she mistakes the character. But we are persuaded, as indeed most people are, of the truth of our opinion. A very old favourite,

Munden, takes his leave of the stage this season; he plays the whole series of his *crack* characters; and those who will never see him *again*, will most probably go to see him *now*. Drury Lane and Covent Garden have handy-dandied their principal heroes; Young now plays first buskin at the latter house, Macready (until Kean extinguishes him, as he did Young, last season) at the former.

Hamlet has been played twice or thrice at both theatres this month. We had intended giving our readers a comparison between Young and Macready in this character; but there is *none*. Mr. Macready, in attempting to play Hamlet, does himself great injustice, and the author much more. The scene of the little Epi-drame, the "Mouse-trap," where he lies at Ophelia's feet, was incomparably ill done. He will, certainly, never earn himself an eulogy in this character. In the singular but exquisitely natural intermixture of tragedy and comedy, which distinguishes the part of Hamlet, Mr. Young is not uniformly successful. His tragedy will ever want the soul of tragedy—*passion*; his comedy was judicious, and highly worthy of praise. Grave comedy, we think, is palpably Mr. Young's forte. Instead, however, of discussing the merits and deficiencies of a particular actor, which are probably already familiar to most of our readers, we will assume the privilege of deviating a little from the beaten track of theatrical reviewing, and make a few desultory remarks upon this inimitable tragedy, and the general manner in which it was exhibited or got up, by each company.

Whoever has entered fully into the spirit of Shakspeare's plays, besides their superior merit as poetry or drama, finds this curious distinction between them and all others, scil. that while the latter *gain*, the former *lose*, by representation. The palm of second-rate superiority lies, we believe, between *Venice Preserved*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*: whatever Otway's tragedy may arrogate in point of pathos and florid eloquence, is amply counterbalanced in Massinger's by strength of cha-

racter and delineation. But how dull are both these plays in the study, to what they are on the stage? On the contrary, how immeasurably below their written sublimity, do Lear, Othello, Macbeth, and Hamlet, appear, when spoken from the boards? In some few passages, where a Kemble or a Kean exhausts the perfection of histrionic art in impersonating the conceptions of the divine poet, the spectator may, perhaps, be satisfied to the very brim of his expectation; nay, the illusion of the scenery, and the real, visible speakers and doers of the word and deed, before him,—otherwise to be seen only in the mind's eye,—may transport him in the moments of enthusiasm to a more vivid conception of his author's sublimities, than he can enjoy in the closet,—a more *vivid*, but not a *higher* conception. Lear's Imprecation and Othello's Farewell, the respective *chefs-d'œuvre*, it may be said, of Kemble and Kean, might be allowed as practical and adequate realizations of the draughts of fancy; but in how many instances have these celebrated actors fallen short of their object, for one in which they have fully attained it? In how many cases have they utterly failed? Witness Kean's inarticulate ebullitions of rage, and Kemble's artificial elaborateness of delivery. And if such men as these be unequal to the task of perfectly and throughout representing Shakspeare's ideas, what can we hope from the most industrious exertions of the mob-tragic in general? This is the unfortunate effect of the poet's having, even in his most subordinate parts, written too much *beyond* human powers and faculties of sensibly representing the creations of the mind. The actor sinks under the magnitude of the idea he has to convey to the audience; he in vain attempts to modulate his voice to the sweetness or energy of the language. There is no such appalling disparity between Otway's and Massinger's conceptions or phrase, and those of common humanity; the mob-tragic is therefore nearly competent to discharge their several characters *ad unguem*; whilst the chief performers generally top their parts, and the scenery, machinery, decorations, &c. delude the spectator into an expenditure of applause,

which the mere reader of these pieces would never sanction. But with the partial exceptions we made above, there is ever a deficit in the representation of the Great Dramas; to find pleasure in their general enactment would be a terrible step downward for the mind to take which has ever ascended their abstract sublimity. Adverting particularly to our proper subject, Hamlet:—we were never so vividly alive to the truth of this our theory, as some evenings ago, when we underwent the operation of having this tragedy performed on both our eyes and our ears, at the two principal theatres. The opening scene of Hamlet would, we calculate, engross the flower of both houses to represent it *effectively*: we think it not possible to represent it *adequately*, in the present condition of human faculties. Indeed this latter assertion is more than a point of opinion; it is demonstrably true, for how is it possible to represent this passage by the instrumentality of human agents:

Horatio.—Stop it, Marcellus.—

Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo. 'Tis here—

Hor. 'Tis here—

Mar. 'Tis gone—(Exit Ghost.)

Now we humbly conceive, that it would exact more agility and power of instantaneous evanescence than is consistent with the gravity of the human body, to flit in a true ghost-like manner from Horatio to Marcellus, from Marcellus to Bernardo, from Bernardo to Horatio again, and from Horatio to its hiding-place, as is evidently indicated by the words of the poet; especially if the character of Ghost be filled by one of those pursy yeomen generally selected for the office. The only method of at all giving this passage its adequate effect (and which we, by the way, propose to the consideration of the managers) would be to perform the Ghost, at least thus far, by *machinery*. An effigy might be so constructed as to ubiquitate in the required manner, but a carnal ghost is manifestly unequal to the task. This is evident from the passage being always omitted in the performance of the tragedy. But not to speak of adequate representation, we say that it would require the combined talent of both Drury-lane

and Covent-garden to give this scene anything like its due effect. Would not Horatio's speech, "A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye," demand all the graceful enunciation of a Young to do it approximate justice? Would not Macready find his energies completely monopolized by the part of Marcellus? and C. Kemble have some difficulty in screwing up his magnificent features to express Bernardo's terror at ghost-time? And after all, would not the supernatural and extravagant sublimity of the whole scene, both in language and design, transcend the sum of these gentlemen's efforts to reach it practically? Even Cooper's copper-toned voice would not be a whit too sonorous for Francesco; nor would his judgment have a sinecure in giving its proper weight and meaning to the momentous insignificance of that part. But when we see a parcel of scare-crows, the refuse of the barley-field, stuck upon the stage to frighten away the audience greedy of this scenic feast,—indignation is too fierce to allow us the relief of contemptuous laughter at the miserable figures before us. To hear a knock-kneed halberdier, whom a good gust of wind would overset, cry, "Stand, and unfold yourself!" to Bernardo, who answers, "Long live the King!" in a heroism of emphasis and gesture quite supererogatory: then enter Marcellus in a pair of mud-boots, and Horatio, a honey-tongued Hibernian perhaps, with a sweet drawl and mellifluous prolixity of enunciation, caught from the sleepy runnels of the Bog of Allen: to hear the latter triumvirate (halberdier Francesco *exiting* with all imaginable gravity and dispatch) tolling out their speeches to one-another with "good accent and good discretion," till the Ghost appears, burly or bandy, armed cap-à-pé in a suit of turtle-green buckram, and just about as close a resemblance of the "majesty of buried Denmark," as a hippopotamus is of a race-horse:—to hear and see all this execution done upon Shakspeare with any degree of composure is a point beyond stoical imperturbability of feeling. Yet this is nothing more than what the spectator is compelled to endure, who goes to see Hamlet at either of the great theatres. And at the very

time too, that more money is lavished on scenical emblazonry, and the dresses of a flock of clumsy angels or dancing-girls, than would purchase, body, soul, and services, all the provincial heroes in England! At Covent-garden especially, we must remark, that with one or two exceptions, the characters in this tragedy are supported by such a file of notables as are rarely to be met with on any stage, real or metaphorical. We had, to be sure, Mr. Young for the "Philosophic Prince;" but instead of C. Kemble and Cooper, who were, we suppose, twirling their thumbs in the green-room or the coffee-house, the parts of Laertes and Horatio were devolved on the obsequious shoulders of Abbott and Connor. Marcellus was performed by a Mr. *Somebody*, (we forget the *nomine gaudet*); the King by Mr. *Some-other-body*; and the sublime though brief part of the Ghost, by Mr. *Somebody-else* (a short gentleman of "fair round belly" and considerable rotundity of person). "Dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," courted our approbation through the medium of a pair of Thespians, most aptly adapted in point of figure and fashion to the inanity of their allotted characters, but too obviously the veritable "Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz" of real life, to be the "Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern" of the stage. At Drury-Lane, the general face of the performance was much better, though still very miserable. Here the deceased monarch was not again so foully murdered in the person of his ghost as at the rival house; Mr. Wallack, in spite of a contour of limb and altitude of person somewhat too *Roman*, gave the auditor a much more favourable impression of the Royal Dane than he could receive from Mr. *Somebody-else* in the very prime of his theatrical powers. On the whole, this tragedy of Hamlet, which, perhaps, less than any of the other three master-plays of Shakspeare, could be acted up to our conception of it, even under the most favourable circumstances,—is, by his Majesty's Servants at Drury-Lane, and his Majesty's subjects at Covent-Garden, now performing at these respective places, not only murdered but massacred.

Finally, we beg leave to advert to a system now very much in vogue at both theatres; originating, we presume, in the superfluity of wit and intelligence which has always distinguished the gentry of the green-room. We mean that system, which, disdaining circumscription to the mere duties of the profession, improves upon Shakspeare's text, by conjectural emendations, happy alterations, ingenious interpolations, and annihilations *ad libitum*. It is our duty to announce with their proper authorities as many of these "new readings" as we can give place to, for the benefit of critics and embryo commentators, the present age, and posterity:

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,—

'Tis not alone my inky coat, good mother —

Mr. Macready.

Nor customary suits of solemn black,—

This line, Mr. Young, and Mr. Macready, agree to reject, as evidently spurious.

Hamlet. His beard was grizzled? no?

Horatio. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

It was, as I have seen it in his life,

Rather of a delicate light brown, or mud-colour.

Mr. Wallack.

this being about the hue of the "hairy meteor" which decorated Mr. Wallack's chin the night we saw him in the character of Ghost.

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;—

Like quills upon the fearful porcupine.

Ghost of Covent-Garden.*

Man delights not me,—nor woman neither.

Man delights not me,—no,—nor woman neither.

Mr. Young.

Man delights not me,—no, no sir, no,—nor woman neither.

Mr. Macready.

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Dele this line according to Mr. Young's authority.

Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,—

Transpose tatters and rags.

Mr. Young.

Hamlet. — An act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,—

That blurs the blush and grace of modesty,—

Mr. Young.

We suppose for sake of the graceful alliteration.

Hamlet. — makes marriage vows As false as dicers' oaths;

Dele. Mr. Macready.

A King of shreds and patches!

Dele "shreds and patches."

Mr. Ditto.

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,—

Forth at your eyes your spirits vainly peep,—

Mrs. Faucit.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,— Let Hercules himself say what he may,—

Mr. Macready.

Hercules being long celebrated for his astonishing powers of oratory, though unfortunately deficient in bodily strength, and in powers of doing, nothing more than a "great baby."

With these exquisite specimens of the profound learning and acute judgment which dictate the innumerable corrections and illimitable lopping, whereby that wretched poet, Shakspeare, is rendered fit for the public ear, we take our leave, for the present, of Hamlet and the Players.

N. B. There is a splendid piece of mummery in contemplation among the conjurors of Drury-Lane; nay, we believe it has been already exposed to the "white, up-turned, wond'ring eyes" of the pittites. This, we are prone to conjecture, will only serve to excite the laudable ambition of our other colossal show-box at Covent-Garden; we may therefore look forward to a rare contest between the two houses for the palm of superior merit in absurdity.

* It is but fair to state, that the latter reading is authorized by one of the *quartos*; but we rather suspect our "honest Ghost" never consulted this source, relying solely on his own original powers of invention, or perhaps, on that infallible piece of authenticity, — the *prompt-book*.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

GEOGNOSEY OF THE COUNTRY FROM HUDSON'S BAY TO THE POLAR SEA.

The observations of several distinguished geologists show, that the general situation of the primitive and transition strata of Britain, of the Continent of Europe, and of America, is nearly from NE. to SW. According to Dr. Richardson, who accompanied Capt. Franklin in his expedition to the shores of the Polar seas, the average direction of the strata of these rocks through twelve degrees of latitude, also gives NE. to SW. They are always more or less inclined to the horizon, the mean angle being about 45° , the dip sometimes to the E. sometimes to the W. They exhibit the same varieties of structure that they do in other extensive districts of country. In general the slaty structure is parallel to the direction of the strata; when the waved structure makes its appearance it is sometimes conformable with the seams of stratification, occasionally entirely independent of them, and irregular in its direction. The *apparently confused* arrangements of structure of clay slate and other slaty rocks, proved, on accurate examination, to be caused by the strata being arranged into variously formed distinct concretions. The general forms, connexions, and distributions of the mountains, hills, and plains, and of the cliffs on the coast of the Arctic sea, are nearly the same as those of similar rocks similarly circumstanced in other quarters of the globe. Granite gneiss, mica slate, and clay slate, occur in all their usual relations. Of these gneiss appears to be most extensively distributed, and attended with scanty vegetation. Granite is next in frequency, being of a red colour, and varying from coarse to small granular; the loose blocks of stone that crown the summits of the hills in the *barren grounds* are composed of it. These primitive rocks are traversed by veins of felspar, quartz, and granite; and the granite of Cape Barrow is intersected by augite greenstone of the same nature as that of Great Britain. Galena was found at a point called, from that circumstance, Galena Point; and the Esquimaux that frequent the

shores of the Arctic seas make their culinary utensils of potstone, but Dr. Richardson did not discover any of it. The transition rocks are observed *in situ*, only at Point Lake, on the Copper Mine river, and perhaps at Wilberforce Falls, and did not afford any limestone or lydian stone, nor was any chialstolite or glance-coal observed. Of the secondary formations the following occurred on or near the line of journey: *Old red sandstone*, or that which lies under coal, observed on the Copper Mine river; the *coal formation* which is known to occur in some districts in Mackenzie's river, and also towards the Rocky Mountains; the *new red, or variegated sandstone*, of very considerable extent, and probably lying over the coal formation. It contains gypsum and salt springs, that seem to issue from it, some of which, as those on Leane river, afford, by spontaneous evaporation, during the short summers, a very large quantity of salt. The secondary limestone appears to belong to the deposit lying above the new red sand stone, and under chalk, and which forms extensive tracts in other quarters of the world. The secondary trap and porphyry rocks, which occur so abundantly on the coast of the Arctic sea, and throughout the whole range of the Copper Mountains, are apparently connected with the new red sandstone, and abound with native copper. Many of them present a columnar appearance. Numerous examples of alluvial deposits of different kinds occurred in the line of journey; some occasioned by lakes, which had dried up gradually, or burst suddenly, and left concavities covered with sand, gravel, and other alluvial matters; others produced from rivers. Some formations on the sea coast were caused by the conjoined action of the ocean, and the wasting influence of the weather. The preceding details show, that in the regions traversed in this expedition, the rocks of the primitive, transition, secondary, and alluvial classes, have the same general composition, structure, position, and distribution as in other parts of America which have been examined; and as these

agree in all respects, with the rock formations in Europe and Asia, they may with propriety be considered as universal formations, parts of a grand and harmonious whole, the production of infinite wisdom.

AURORA BOREALIS.

The observations made on the aurora borealis, during the expedition of Capt. Franklin, are peculiarly interesting, as showing its effect on the magnetic needle, and proving, beyond a doubt, its being accompanied with noise. According to Franklin the arches of the aurora most commonly traverse the sky, nearly at right angles to the magnetic meridian, but the deviations from this direction were not rare. When the arch was nearly at right angles to the meridian, the motion of the needle was towards the *west*, which was increased when one extremity of the arch approached from the west towards the magnetic north. A westerly motion also took place when the end of the arch was in the true north. A contrary effect was produced when the same extremity originated to the southward of the magnetic west, the needle in these cases moving to the *east*. The needle was most disturbed on the evening of the 13th of February, 1821, when the aurora was distinctly seen passing between a stratum of clouds and the earth, or at least illuminating the face of the clouds: similar deviations have been observed in the day-time, both in a clear and cloudy state of the sky, but more frequently during the latter. Clouds have been also seen in the day-time to assume the forms of the aurora, which, Capt. Franklin is inclined to think, bore some connexion with the movements of the needle remarked at such times. The disturbance in the needle was not always proportionate to the agitation of the aurora, but it was always greater when the quick motion and vivid light were observed in a hazy atmosphere. In a few instances the movement was seen to commence at the instant a beam darted upwards from the horizon; and when the disturbance was considerable, the needle did not regain its usual position till about three or four p. m. of the following day. Capt. Franklin did not hear the noise

ascribed to the aurora, though he witnessed it upwards of two hundred times. The pith ball electrometer, placed in an elevated situation, never indicated an atmosphere charged with electricity. Lieut. Hood, on the 11th of March, at 10 p. m. observed a body of aurora rise NNW. and after a mass of it had passed to E. by S. the remainder broke away in different pieces which crossed 40° of the sky with great rapidity. A hissing noise like that of a musket bullet passing through the air was repeatedly heard, and which seemed to proceed from the aurora, but which, according to Mr. Wentzel, is occasioned by severe cold succeeding mild weather, and acting on the surface of the snow, previously melted by the sun's rays. The temperature of the air was then 35°, and on the two preceeding days it had been above zero. The next morning it was so low as — 42°, and the same noise was frequently heard. The common cork ball electrometer did not show any signs of electricity, which induced Lieut. Hood to make use of another instrument, a brass needle, so situated as to show by its movements whether this agent was evolved. On several evenings the needle was attracted and repelled, when the aurora was observed; proving that electricity had been extricated; but whether it was received from, or summoned into action by, the aurora, could not be determined. Dr. Richardson is of opinion, that the aurora is occasionally seated in a region of the air below a species of cloud, which is known to possess no great altitude; that modification of cirro-stratus which, descending low in the atmosphere, produces a hazy continuity of cloud over head, or a fog bank on the horizon; he is even inclined to infer, that the aurora is constantly accompanied by, or immediately precedes the formation of some of the various forms of cirro-stratus. An electrometer placed in an elevated situation exhibited no signs of a charge from the atmosphere; but the electricity of his body was at times so great, that the pith balls separated to their full extent; the moment his hand was approached to the instrument; and the skin was so dry in the middle of winter, that rubbing the hands together, in-

creased their electricity, and emitted an odour similar to that given off from the cushion of a machine when in motion. Dr. Richardson never heard any sound that could be unequivocally considered as originating in the aurora; but the uniform testimony of the natives, both Crees, Copper Indians, and Esquimaux, and of all the older residents in the country, induce him to believe, that its motions are sometimes audible; but he adds, that these instances must be very rare, as he observed it upwards of two hundred different nights.

ICE CAVES AT THE SOURCE OF THE JUMNA.

Capt. Hodgson, in the interesting account of his journey to the source of the Jumna, mentions a very remarkable fact; the appearance of hot springs on the mountains of the Himalaya, constantly covered with snow. At *Jumnotri*, where the Jumna originates, the snow which covers the stream is about sixty yards wide, and about forty feet thick. It is very solid, and hard frozen, but in various parts there are holes, occasioned by steam arising from hot springs situated at the border of the river. Capt. Hodgson descended to one of these, and was astonished to observe, by means of the glare of some white lights which he kindled, a spacious excavation, resembling vaulted roofs of marble, occasioned by the steam from the hot springs melting the snow, which fell in showers like heavy rain to the stream, that seems to owe its origin in a great measure to these supplies. The spring was so hot that the hand could not be held in it above two seconds, the water rising with great ebullition through crevices of granite rock, and depositing a ferruginous sediment. The end of the dell where these springs were observed is closed by part of the base of the *Jumnotri*. The face of the mountain, which is visible to the height of about 4000 feet, is entirely cased in snow and ice. The foot of the base is distant about 500 yards from the hot springs; and where the ascent becomes abrupt, there is a small rill occasioned by the melting of the snow by the sun's rays; above this no water whatever is seen, so that this must be considered as the most remote source of the Jumna, on the SW. side of the grand Himalaya

ridge, and differing from the Ganges, which has the upper part of its course within the Himalaya. The existence of hot springs amidst the icy covering of the Himalaya points out a beautiful provision of nature, for the supply of water to the rivers in the winter season, when the sun must have little or no power of melting the snow in these deep defiles.

CONDENSATION OF GASES.

We have already alluded to the experiments of Mr. Faraday, by which he was enabled to bring several of the gases to a liquid state. The result has now been laid before the public in a very interesting paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Sulphurous acid is a very limpid colourless fluid, and remains so at a temperature of 0° Fahrenheit. When a sealed tube containing it was opened, part of it evaporated rapidly, cooling by its evaporation the other part, which however also dissipated in vapour, emitting the odour of sulphurous acid, and leaving the tube quite dry. A piece of ice dropped into the fluid acid made it boil, from the heat extricated by their union.

Sulphuretted Hydrogen is also a colourless, very limpid fluid. When exposed to the air, it immediately rushed into vapour, the pressure of which seemed nearly equal to that of 17 atmospheres, at the temperature of 50° . At 0° the acid continues in the fluid state.

Carbonic Acid is a limpid colourless body, extremely fluid, and distils readily and rapidly at the difference of temperature between 32° and 0° . It remains liquid at the greatest cold to which it has been subjected. In endeavouring to open at one end the tubes containing it, they have always burst into fragments with powerful explosion. Tubes which have held it for two or three weeks spontaneously exploded with great violence, on some increase of temperature from a change in the weather. Its vapour exerts a pressure of 36 atmospheres, at 32° .

Euchlorine is a very fluid transparent substance, of a deep yellow colour, which, when exposed to the air, instantly passed off in vapour, causing the tube containing it to burst with considerable violence.

Nitrous Oxide is a very limpid colourless fluid, and so volatile, that

the warmth of the hand makes it easily pass into vapour, which is again rapidly condensed by the application of a mixture of ice and salt. It boils by the difference of temperature between 50° and 0° . It remains fluid at -10° ; when a tube containing it is opened at one end, it immediately rushes out in the form of vapour, the pressure of which is equal to above 50 atmospheres, at 45° .

Cyanogen is a limpid colourless fluid, remaining so at 3° . When the tube in which it was prepared was opened, the expansion within did not appear to be very great, and the liquid passed with comparative slowness into vapour, but producing great cold. The fluid acid does not at first mix with water, but floats on it. At the termination of some days, however, the water had become black, owing to a chemical action having taken place, similar probably to that which occurs in aqueous solution of cyanogen.

Ammonia.—Chloride or muriate of silver possesses the property of absorbing a large quantity of ammoniacal gas, which it gives off when heated to about 100° . When a portion of this compound was put into a bent tube, afterwards hermetically sealed, and was heated, it gave off the alkali, which condensed in the opposite limb, kept cold by ice. Liquid ammonia, as thus prepared, is transparent and colourless; but, as the chloride cools, it immediately passes off in vapour, and combines with it, producing a curious combination of effects. The chloride, by the absorption of the vapour, has its temperature elevated nearly to 100° ; while at the distance of a few inches, considerable cold is produced by the evaporation of the ammonia.

Muriatic Acid is a colourless fluid, passing off in vapour on exposure to air, the pressure of which is equal to nearly 40 atmospheres, at the temperature of 50° .

EARTH WORMS.

Leo, of Berlin, has lately confirmed what Swammerdam has already remarked with regard to earth-worms, that they multiply by eggs, which are found in spring, and which allow not only the enclosed young, but also the circulation of its blood to be seen. These observations have likewise been confirmed by Rudolphi.

According to him, what some naturalists have found in the body of worms, and which they have considered as the young, is merely an *intestinal* animal, which he has seen, not only in the worms themselves, but also in the eggs.

ALGEBRAIC GEOMETRY.

A System of Algebraic Geometry, by the Rev. D. Lardner, of Trinity College, Dublin, has been lately published. The first volume only, containing the Geometry of Plane Curves, has as yet made its appearance. With an exposition and amplification of the methods used by Descartes in this branch of mathematics, it contains a complete system of Conic Sections, developed by these methods. The Differential and Integral Calculus is largely applied to curves in general, and the principles of Contact, Osculation, Rectification, Quadrature, and Curvature, discussed on a broad scale. The properties of the Logarithmic, Conchoid, Cissoid, and other curves, both algebraic and transcendental, are also treated of; and the nature and properties of the Roots of Equations illustrated by the geometry of curves. A large collection of geometrical and physical problems, in themselves of practical use, and illustrative of this method of Algebraic Geometry, together with a copious Praxis, and Historical Appendix, complete this valuable publication. It may be looked upon as an antagonist work to that of Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, lately published on the same subject, the Professor being a staunch advocate for the old geometrical methods of investigating the properties of curves. The question must now soon be decided in one way or other. It is considered strange that the first work on the new method of Algebraic Geometry published in England, should have proceeded from a member of the Dublin University, which has never before attempted to lead the way in Science or improvement.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Instrument for finding the Latitude, at once, without the Help of Logarithms or Calculation, from Two Observations taken at any Time of Day.

The inventor of this instrument, Joseph Bordwine, Esq. Professor of Fortification at the East India Com-

pany's Military College at Addiscombe, has taken out a patent for his discovery, and the Court of Directors have issued orders that this instrument be henceforth used throughout the whole of their naval department. Mr. Bordwine's nautical instrument is intended to put within the reach of every commander of a vessel, the solution of that important problem in navigation, viz. the determination of the latitude by two observations of the sun, or other celestial body, taken at any period of the day, a problem which has engaged the attention of scientific men for a long time past, with the view of rendering the forms of calculation more simple than they are at present. The instrument does away with calculation altogether, giving the results, in itself. It is formed of four circular arcs (the greatest about nine inches in diameter) having a common centre, and traversing about each other. On two of these are scales for the declination of the object observed, and on the other two, scales for the altitudes, which are taken by the usual instruments, quadrant, &c. There is also a fourth semi-circle, fixed in position, for the time elapsed

between the observations. In working it, the declination for the day is set off, the time adjusted,—and the verniers, marking the observed altitudes, brought together, when the instrument will immediately show,

1. The latitude of the place of observation, to 15" of a degree.
2. The distance in time from noon of either observation, to 2" of time, which compared with a chronometer will give the difference of longitude.
3. The true azimuth, which compared with a compass bearing, will give the variation of the magnetic pole.

The operation may take about three or four minutes, there being no other calculation required than the usual corrections for dip, refraction, &c. in the altitudes; and the like for the declination from the Nautical Almanack, to adapt it to the place of observation: these being reductions which must take place under any solution of the problem, whether by the calculated forms, or by instrument.

Two or three hours' instruction will make any master of a vessel competent to use it.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE news from Spain this month is, as we predicted in our last it would be, decisive—that is, decisive so far as the military mission of the French is concerned; decisive, however, in a political point of view, we are far from thinking it. Indeed, if we are not much mistaken, events have arisen from the success of Ferdinand, which are likely to scatter still more widely the seeds of discord and disunion. To proceed, however, in our order. Towards the close of September, Santona, Pampeluna, Figueras, and a number of important fortresses, fell into the hands of the invaders, and their loss left little hope to the Constitutionalists, except in the spirit and patriotism of the defenders of Cadiz:—that last hope has now vanished—Cadiz has surrendered, and Ferdinand is as free as such a spirit as Ferdinand's can be—he has again the power (at least for a time) of doing irresponsible mischief. The events which preceded

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and followed this catastrophe are characteristic and important. Before, however, we detail the circumstances which succeeded the capture of the Trocadero, and the consequent surrender of the city, we must advert with a mournful interest to the fate of one of the best and most consistent of the Constitutional generals—the unfortunate Riego; if, indeed, any fate can be considered unfortunate, incurred in the cause of freedom and our country. It seems this gallant general followed the troops of the traitor Ballasteros, to Grenada, in the hope of gaining back such as adhered to him to the revolutionary cause; after an exchange of fire, a parley was agreed upon, which ended in the capture of Ballasteros by Riego; just, however, at that moment, a body of French troops, under General Bonnemaiu, made their appearance, released the traitor, and put Riego to flight, after the complete rout of his forces. At-

tended by only a few followers, he arrived at a village called Arguillas, where the incautious use of his military title by one of his companions betrayed him; and he was arrested by the inhabitants, who were of the party of the Faith. The consequence was, his delivery by them to the French troops, and his subsequent consignment by them to the mercy of the Regency. What that mercy will be may be anticipated from the treatment he has already experienced. He was conveyed to Madrid with three or four followers, as a criminal, and handed over to the custody of the Conde de Torre Alta, a furious Ultra; this worthy, acting in the spirit of a genuine Inquisitor, has flung Riego and his companions into separate dungeons, where they are confined, with irons on their legs, and fastened with a chain to the wall! An article, dated Madrid, October the 8th, states that Riego had been at that moment condemned. This was, of course, to be expected, but fortunately even in his death the patriot will entail a kind of posthumous reprisal upon his enemies. The yell of Ultra joy at his captivity reached Mina, in Catalonia, and he is reported instantly to have apprised the Regency that the lives of a French lieutenant-general, of a number of superior officers, and of two bishops then in his hands, should be answerable for that of Riego. What effect this may have in Madrid is uncertain; but if the Regency set Mina the example of murdering their prisoners, they can scarcely complain of him for following it. Another brave Constitutional officer, General San Miguel, has, we regret to say, fallen into the hands of the French, severely wounded; our readers will recognize in this officer the late spirited Minister for Foreign Affairs. The debt which we owe to the memory of brave and virtuous men has thus, we hope excusably, detained us for a moment from the details of the leading event, which has for the present closed the scene, and naturally now monopolizes public attention. It would seem, however, as if in their highest successes the French were fated to discover the profligacy of the cause in which they have embarked; and, we will venture to say, that if the liberation

of Ferdinand were really their purpose, the surrender of Cadiz has proved that he can neither appreciate nor apply the advantages of freedom. Immediately upon the arrival of the Duke d'Angoulême at head-quarters, he addressed an autograph letter to Ferdinand, apprising him of his previous success, and adding his advice as to the future. The most remarkable passages in this letter are the following:

The King (he says), my uncle and lord had thought, and events have in no wise changed his opinion, that your Majesty, restored to liberty, and using clemency, would think it advisable to grant an amnesty, necessary after so many troubles, and to give to your people, by the convocation of the ancient Cortes of the kingdom, guarantees for the re-establishment of order, justice, and good administration. All that France could perform, as well as her Allies, and the whole of Europe, in order to consolidate this act of your wisdom, I do not hesitate myself to become a guarantee, shall be done. I thought it my duty to remind your Majesty, and through you, all those who may still prevent the evils which threaten them, of the feelings of the King, my uncle and lord.

To this letter the writer allowed five days for a reply. The reply is spirited and sensible; and, of course, though it bears the name of Ferdinand, was not written by him. It says, that the yoke from which the Duke pretends to have delivered Spain never existed, nor was the King deprived of any other liberty than that of which the operations of the French army had stripped him. In answer to the proposition for convoking the ancient Cortes, it says:

To raise up again, after three centuries of oblivion, an institution as varied, changeable, and as monstrous as the ancient Cortes of the kingdom were, in which the nation was never assembled, and never possessed a true representation, would, on the other hand, be the same, or worse, than to renew the States General in France; it would, besides, be insufficient to secure tranquillity and public order, without affording advantage to any one of the classes of the State, and would produce the difficulties and inconveniences which in former times were complained of, and which have always been recognized when this subject has been treated of.

The letter concludes by stating that the King wishes for an honourable peace, and also for an end of those disasters

which are as prejudicial to France as to Spain. After this correspondence, the extraordinary Cortes of the kingdom were convoked and opened with an hypocritical address from Ferdinand, who, however, pleaded the shortness of the notice as an apology for not delivering it in person. The Cortes adjourned after the appointment of a Junta of defence, to whom were entrusted considerable powers, and the most vigorous preparations recommended. Notwithstanding this decision, several dispatches passed between the Duke d'Angoulême and the Cortes, which at length terminated in the liberation of Ferdinand. The Junta, it seems, found the city in an indefensible state—men and money were both wanting, and notwithstanding the excellent disposition of the militia, some of the regular regiments were not to be depended on. At nine o'clock on the 28th of September, the Count de Corres, gentleman to the King, brought a letter to the French head-quarters, announcing the liberation of Ferdinand; the letter was an autograph, and declared "that he was at liberty, that the Cortes was dissolved, and that he wished to know his Royal Highness's dispositions, having an intention to land at Port St. Mary." He added, that he had promised not to pursue any one on account of political opinions, but nothing more; and that he would not engage in the affairs of government till after his arrival at Madrid. The event justified the assertion—"In a day or two after," (the *Moniteur* says) "the Duke d'Angoulême announced that the King of Spain and the Royal Family arrived at Port St. Mary at eleven in the morning." The *Etoile*, an ultra paper, goes into a joyous description of the mummery which followed, and which we hope our readers will excuse us from detailing—sabres and crosses, soldiers and monks, psalms and salvoes, were all mingled together, and gave, we fear, not an unapt representation of the butchery which will follow in the name of religion, legitimacy, and the holy inquisition. The conduct of Ferdinand before and after his deliverance, is more important both as marking the character of the man, and as declaratory of the policy which is to follow. Immediately before the

departure of Ferdinand from Cadiz, he issued a proclamation, the promises contained in which we must give in the very words of the document itself—this is the more necessary in consequence of a subsequent proclamation by the same personage so completely at variance with the first, that we would fain avoid having the contradiction imputed to our abridgment. No doubt, however, the ingenuity of ultra construction will easily reconcile those discrepancies which appear inexplicable to common understandings. The first document, dated Cadiz, September 30, 1823, after some previous exposition of his patriotic views, proceeds as follows—

"I declare, from my own free and spontaneous will, and promise under the faith and security of my royal word, that if it should be necessary to make any alteration in the existing political institutions of the monarchy, I will establish a government which shall cause the complete felicity of the nation, guaranteeing the security of the persons, property, and civil liberty of the Spanish people. 2d, In like manner I promise, of my own free and spontaneous will, and have resolved to carry into effect, a general act of oblivion, complete and absolute, for all that is past, without any exception, in order that by so doing, tranquillity, confidence, and union, so necessary to the common good, may be established amongst the Spanish people, and which my paternal heart so earnestly yearns after. 3d, In like manner I promise, that whatever change may be made, the public debts and obligations contracted by the nation and by my government, under the present system, shall be acknowledged. 4th, I also promise and assure, that all the generals, chiefs, officers, serjeants, and corporals, of the army and navy, who have hitherto attached themselves to the existing system of government, in whatever part of the peninsula, shall preserve their grades, employments, salaries, and honours; and in like manner all other military functionaries shall preserve theirs, and also those civilians and ecclesiastics who have followed the government and the Cortes who depend on the existing system; and those who, by reason of the reductions which may be made, cannot preserve their employments, shall enjoy at least one half of the salaries which they now have. 5th, I declare and assure equally, that as well the militia volunteers of Madrid, of Seville, and of other places, who may now be in this island, and also whatever other Spaniards may have taken refuge in it, who are not by reason of their employments obliged to remain, may

from this moment freely return to their homes, or transfer themselves to any part of the kingdom they may think proper, under the fullest security of not being molested at any time on account of their anterior political conduct or opinions; and the militia who may be in need of it, will obtain for their journey the same assistance as the individuals composing the government army. Spaniards of that class, and strangers who may wish to quit the kingdom, may do so with equal liberty, and will obtain the necessary passports for the country where it may suit them to go.

Such is the preliminary proclamation of Ferdinand, promulgated in his name, and signed with his royal hand, which the majority of the Cortes were induced to credit. Whether they were wise in doing so or not is a problem which it requires no great conjuration to determine; but had they affected to doubt its sincerity—had they ventured to hint that Ferdinand would afterwards attempt to retract it on the pretence of compulsion—and had a sanguinary defence ended, as under the circumstances it must have done, in a sanguinary capture, we can easily conceive what would have been the just language of the legitimates. They would, no doubt, have accused the Cortes of wilfully and basely doubting the honour of a monarch—of democratically supposing, that he would sacrifice his royal word, or submit from any servile fear to issue a falsehood under his sacred hand. They would have said, and justly, that the representatives of a great nation ought to know, that a great Sovereign was incapable of submitting to any unworthy terms from a vile, personal timidity, and that whatever course he did adopt he would afterwards assuredly be ashamed to declare in the face of Europe, that he had solemnly adopted it merely because he was too great a coward to resist it. Independent of his public proclamation, they would with reason have referred to his private letter to the Duke d'Angoulême, in which he tells him, that "he had promised not to pursue any one on account of political opinions." The Cortes did trust him, and we shall now see what has been the immediate result. The proclamation from which we have quoted the preceding passage, was dated on the 30th of September; on the 1st of

October, after an interval of scarcely two days, he issued from Port St. Mary, the head-quarters of the French army, another document, containing sentiments and ordinances diametrically opposite! It is right, however, to give the author of both these proclamations fair play; and we cannot do this better, than by letting him, in both instances, speak for himself, only requesting of our readers to compare the passages we quote, and, from their contents, form their own opinion of King Ferdinand. On the first of October he says:

The whole of Europe, well aware of my captivity, and of that of all the Royal Family; of the deplorable situation of my loyal and faithful subjects; and of the pernicious doctrines which Spanish agents were everywhere disseminating, resolved to put an end to a state of things which constituted a common reproach, and which menaced with destruction all thrones, and all ancient institutions, in order to substitute impiety and profligacy. France, entrusted with so sacred an enterprise, has triumphed in a few months over the efforts of *all the rebels of the world*, collected for the misery of Spain, upon her classic soil of fidelity and loyalty.

After complimenting the Duke d'Angoulême, and the whole French army, he goes on thus to decree in the very teeth of the former proclamation, which he issued, "*under the faith and security of his Royal word*:"

Art. 1. All the acts of the government, called Constitutional (of whatever kind and description they may be), a system which oppressed my people from the 7th of March, 1820, until the 1st of October, 1823, *are declared null and void*, declaring, as I now declare, that during the whole of that period I have been deprived of my liberty, obliged to sanction laws, and authorise orders, decrees, and regulations, which the said government framed and executed against my will.—Art. 2. I approve of every thing which has been decreed and ordered by the provisional junta of government, and by the regency, the one created at Oyavrun, April the 9th, the other, May 26th, in the present year; waiting meanwhile until, sufficiently informed as to the wants of my people, I may be able to bestow those laws, and adopt those measures, which shall be best calculated to secure their real prosperity and welfare, the constant object of all my wishes.

Nor is this all. On the 4th, at Xeres, he issued another decree, ordering that, during his journey to the capital—

No individual, who, during the existence of the system styled Constitutional, has been a deputy to the Cortes in the two last legislative sittings, shall present himself, or be within five leagues of the route to Madrid. This prohibition is also applicable to the Ministers, Councillors of State, the Members of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, the Commandants General, Political Chiefs, the persons employed in the several departments of the Secretaries of State, and the Chiefs and Officers of the late National Volunteer Militia, to whom his Majesty interdicts *for ever* entrance to the Capital and the Royal residence, or approach thereto, within a circumference of fifteen leagues!!

These two decrees are the first fruits of Ferdinand's solemnly guaranteed "act of oblivion!" We would merely ask any impartial person to peruse them, and then say, what faith can possibly be placed in such a man! Who can doubt, that if the scene were to change to-morrow, and the Constitutionals again to regain possession of his person, he would recant every syllable of his latter proclamations, and declare them to have issued while he was in captivity with the French. They are not a whit more solemn than his previous one at Cadiz, or guarded by more binding guarantees. The impolicy of these acts, if Ferdinand really expects to remain at peace, is obvious; there seldom has been a successful restoration without, not merely a verbal, but a *bona fide* amnesty. The reader will not fail to remark, in the Port St. Mary proclamation, the allusion to the French conquest of "*all the rebels of the world.*" This, no doubt, is intended to include, not merely the foreign legion in the Constitutional service, but our own brave countrymen who aided the cause by their contributions and their services. Among the latter we are now happy to add the name of Lord Nugent to that of Sir Robert Wilson, both of whom did all that gallant spirits could do, during the siege of Cadiz. The letter of Lord Nugent to Morillo, who sought an interview with him, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of the British people towards him, deserves to be recorded. It is a specimen of indignant eloquence. "The name of Morillo (says his Lordship) is known only in England as that of an enemy to the cause of freedom in America, and a traitor to it in Spain.

Never, with my own consent, will I enter the same room with Morillo." —We are glad to say, his Lordship has arrived safe in England. No doubt, in our next, we shall have to record the arrival of Ferdinand in his capital, and the establishment of the inquisition in all its glory. For the present, it seems, Cadiz remains in the military possession of the French. What their further projects may be it is impossible to foresee. By the speech of Louis they are bound to assist Spain in the recovery of her revolted provinces; and to those provinces we have just appointed commercial consuls, thereby clearly acknowledging their independence. One of the two powers it is clear must retract. We should not wonder, after all, if the fall of Cadiz was the forerunner of events much more important.

Accounts of a very alarming nature have been received from our West India Islands. It appears that, ever since intelligence had arrived there of the motion on the subject of the Slave Trade, made during the last Session of Parliament, in the House of Commons, the negroes have either believed, or been persuaded to believe, that they were to be immediately relieved from every social relation whatsoever, and, in short, to assume a sort of Sovereignty in the colonies. At Demerara, a very serious insurrection, excited, as it was said, by two Missionary preachers, actually broke out in such strength, that our tenure of the island was for a time doubtful. However, it was at last subdued by the prompt policy of the Governor, and the activity of the troops. A court-martial had been assembled, and many of the ringleaders were condemned and executed. The spirit of insubordination was still, however, so strong, that it is said Government have come to a determination to dispatch thither a large body of military. It would seem as if the negroes had taken an example from Ireland, and decided upon marring, by their own folly, any opening chance of their amelioration.

Mr. Blaquiére has published a still fuller report than that to which we alluded in our last, on the affairs of Greece. It is too voluminous for us even to abridge; but its substance affords every ground for hope that the efforts of those who wish well to

this sacred cause will ultimately triumph. The author promises in the subsequent report a still more extended work upon the subject of his mission; and from what he has already published, it certainly appears to us that any future production of his, relative to Greece, must considerably extend our sources of information on this interesting contest.

Captain Parry, and the ships appointed for the purpose of discovering the North West Passage, have returned. It does not appear that they have been able to effect any discovery, further than that no future discoveries in that quarter may be expected. No doubt, however, the expedition will furnish a supplement to the interesting work which we have already abridged in our preceding volumes. It is gratifying to state, that only five men have been lost, either by illness or accident, since the sailing of the expedition.

The following particulars have appeared in the Newspapers:

The outward voyage in 1821 was fair and prosperous. Passing up Hudson's Straits, the navigators kept near the land on their South, and explored the coast towards Repulse Bay. The farthest West which they attained was 86° of longitude, and the highest latitude only $69^{\circ} 48' N.$; and they finally brought up for winter quarters at a small isle which they named Winter Island, in $82^{\circ} 53' W.$ longitude, and latitude $66^{\circ} 11' N.$ The chief part of the summer of 1821 was occupied in examining Repulse Bay, and some inlets to the eastward of it, through some one or other of which they hoped to find a passage into the Polar Sea. In this they were disappointed, for all the openings proved to be only deep inlets, which ran into the continent of America. While thus occupied, early in October the sea began to freeze; and on the 3th of that month the ships were laid up for the winter, in the situation noted above. Here at Winter Island, the Expedition was frozen up from the 8th of October 1821 to the 2d of July 1822. The vessels were within two or three hundred paces of each other; and occupations and amusements, similar to those practised in the preceding voyage, were resorted to.

In the season of 1822, the vessels having steered along the coast to the North, penetrated only to the longitude of $82^{\circ} 50'$, and latitude $69^{\circ} 40'$; and after exploring several inlets, &c. in their brief cruise, they were finally moored for their second winter, about a mile apart, in long. $81^{\circ} 44' W.$ lat. $69^{\circ} 21' N.$ They had latterly entered a strait leading to the westward. From the accounts of the Esquimaux and their own

observations, they had every reason to believe that this strait separated all the land to the northward from the continent of America. After getting about fifteen miles within the entrance of it, however, they were stopped by the ice, but from the persuasion that they were in the right channel for getting to the westward, they remained there for nearly a month, in daily expectation that the ice would break up. In this last hope they were again quite disappointed, and on the 19th of September the sea having begun to freeze, they left these straits, and laid the ships up in winter quarters near a small island called by the Esquimaux Igloodik. Here they remained from the 24th of September, 1822, to the 8th of last August, when, finding the object of their pursuit unattainable, they returned homewards.

A new Pope has been elected, the Cardinal Della Genga, who has taken the title of Leo the Twelfth. He is said to be strictly in the Italian interest. We have not even heard of Cardinal Fesch during the election! Would it have been so had Napoleon reigned?

Our domestic news for this month literally amounts to nothing. The most important point is, that the Bank of England has resolved to lend money to the great landholders on mortgage. The interest we have understood to be at 4 *per cent.*; and a newly created Duke is said to have borrowed upon this plan no less than 300,000*l.*

Several adjudications have lately taken place under the new Vagrant Act, which would seem to put London under the system of the Insurrection Act in Ireland, and confine the inhabitants to their houses after sunset. It is quite clear, that in the very first week of the ensuing session these most *un-English* provisions must be abrogated. The waste copies of the statute might be of use to King Ferdinand under his new system.

We have nothing further to add, than that Ireland has not for this month furnished any additional claim to emancipation, in the shape of either burnings, murders, or miracles.

Oct. 24.

AGRICULTURE.

When our last report was written, we had no complete knowledge of the harvest in the more northern parts of Scotland, and the backward

counties in Wales. The rain had deluged their later harvest in the same degree, and with greater danger than that of their southern neighbours. Even in the Midland counties, the hoar frost had been so severe in the early part of this month, that the reapers were actually prevented from cutting the spring wheat, the ears being covered with ice. But, generally speaking, the corn has been got up in a fair state. The crop, however, is not more than an average. In Perthshire, Fife, and Midlothian, considerable quantities of rain have fallen, but fortunately without doing any material injury. A succession of dry weather, it was expected, would bring the crops up in tolerable order. Wheat, in Fife, is by far the most defective—its quality is coarse, and not so marketable as in former years—barley is very abundant, and of good quality; oats are good, but the potatoes in some degree injured by the frost. Cumberland has been unfavourably visited by the rain, and the crops from this unsettled weather more injured than in the neighbouring districts. A great proportion of the hay harvest has been entirely spoiled, and the process of salting begun by some farmers, on account of the damage the hay has sustained. It was not expected that the harvest would terminate in less than a month from the date of the report (October 4), as not more than two-thirds of the crop was cut. It was feared that much labour would be lost by the necessity of premature stacking, as scarcely 24 hours intervened without rain. The spongy state of the ground has prevented the farmer from manuring for his next year's wheat so early as usual; a less breadth of wheat will be the consequence next year.

The weather, in the eastern part of the kingdom, and especially for the light soils, has been every thing that could be desired to enable the farmer to get in the seed. All hands have been, and are now actively employed, and what has been sown has been got in well. The wet lands in Suffolk are rather backward, but during the last few fine days a large breadth has been sown.

The markets have risen considerably since our last, more especially for the fine old wheats. The new

wheat brought to market has come very cold and damp to hand, which has thrown a dulness on the sale, the merchants being very loth to buy. The new samples that have been used, have been found full 30 per cent. worse than the crop of 1822; the corn of the present year producing a considerable quantity of bran, and but a small portion of flour, the consequence of the cold and wet weather which has characterized the summer. Wheat has risen about 8s., barley 3s. Oats have been rather on the decline, and peas are up between 2s. and 3s. The average price of wheat in the last month is 47s. 9d., barley 27s. 2d., oats 23s. 8d., peas 31s. 10d. The importations have averaged, wheat 6042, barley 3329, oats 5644, peas 1916, flour 6539 sacks.

The latter sown turnips are a very productive crop, but in the eastern counties, the early ones are almost totally lost; particular attention has been paid to this destruction. It has been ascribed to the sudden heat and drought which perfected the immense myriads of the insects to which the wetness of the season had given birth. The turnips, thus weakened by the sudden change of season, easily became a prey to those depredators. Some of the turnips have been seized upon by small maggots, which beginning at the crown of the head, eat their way into the bulb; others, by small larvæ, which form large knobs on the outside of the turnip, and, last of all, by that general enemy, the grub. The Editor of the Farmer's Journal gives the following account of some specimens sent to him by a Norfolk correspondent.

"A perfect *chrysalis*, equal at both ends, ringed, and of a brown colour; it may be about the fourth part of an inch in length. An exceedingly small, straw-coloured, and immature insect, which does not appear to issue from the *chrysalis* above. A perfect beetle, about the fifth part of an inch in length, black, having a pair of pale-brown pincers; the body is ringed, and it has six legs, but no wings. It appears well formed for penetrating the turnips, and living in them."

A Mr. Macdonald, of Scalpa, after sustaining considerable damage from

the mice, placed two bunches of thyme at the top and bottom of his stacks. This experiment has been found to be very efficacious, not only in stacks, but in the dairy.

The Worcester Agricultural Society held its annual meeting in October, and awarded the premiums. We merely mention this circumstance, to show that the spirit of agricultural improvement, though damped, is not extinct.

At the fairs at Reading and Shrewsbury, cheese was from 3s. to 4s. higher than was expected, and 15s. dearer than last year. The quantity of cattle was exceedingly short, and the sales very dull. Sheep average about 4d. and 5d. per pound, but only for the prime.

At Weyhill hop fair, the quantity of hops was thin beyond precedent, and the very high prices prevented any purchases from being made. The best new Farnham fetched from 18l. to 20l.; yearlings, from 12l. to 15l.; new country, 18l. to 20l.; yearlings, 10l. to 15l. There was little business done in cheese, and sales were very heavy. Wool has advanced in price, and is expected to rise still higher. In Smithfield there has been a large supply of beef; but the quality is very coarse; it fetched from 2s. 8d. to 3s. 6d. Mutton is very heavy; and 3s. 8d. is the price given for the prime.

Oct. 24.

COMMERCE.

(London, October 21.)

During the last four weeks, the state of the market has been by no means satisfactory to the sellers, the prices of almost every article of importance having, generally speaking, progressively declined.

Cotton.—In the last week of September, the sales here were inconsiderable, but at prices tolerably steady; viz. 300 Surats, 7d. a 7½d. good, fair, and good in bond; 100 Bengals, 6d. a 6½d. fair to good fair; 200 Madras, 7d. good fair; 80 West India, 9d. to 12d. duty paid; 20 Smyrna, 9d. In the first week of October, the sales were only 300 Surats, and in the week following, 700 Surats, and 200 Bengals, but without any reduction; in the week ending to-day, the sales are 1000 bales, consisting of 200 Surats, good fair 6¾d., good 7¼d. in bond; 150

Bengals, middling 6d., fair 6½d., good fair 6¾d.; 190 Madras good 7½d.; 460 Pernams 11½d. good fair, in bond; and a few inferior at the same price, duty paid; these, in some instances, are at a shade under the currency of last week; some holders are losing their firmness at the approaching prompt, and offering their cotton of the 1st August sale at a moderate discount.

At Liverpool, the sales from September 20 to October 18 were 23,304 bags, the arrivals 22,720 bags.

Sugar.—Good and fine sugars being scarce at the close of last month, rather higher prices were obtained, and several great importers withdrew their samples, expecting a further and considerable advance. This firmness of the holders had the effect of limiting the purchases in the succeeding week, and the refiners were obliged to give from 6d. to 1s. per cwt. advance; but as refined goods continued to be low, the manufacturers restricted their purchases as much as possible, and the market became heavy, though without reduction in price. It continued very steady till towards the close of last week, when a renewed demand commenced, and prices 1s. per cwt. higher were obtained, and more business was reported on the Friday than for some time preceding.

There was not so much business doing in Muscovades early this forenoon; as the day proceeded, the demand revived, and the estimated sales exceed 1500 casks; the prices are fully 1s. higher than on this day week. The deliveries from the warehouses appear to have fallen off materially last week.

The public sale of Barbadoes this forenoon, 150 casks, went off without briskness, but not lower.

There was a very considerable change in the refined market last week; the request both for low and fine goods was considerable, and a general improvement of 1s. a 2s. per cwt. was obtained; but the market is not so brisk this forenoon; the advance of last week is, however, maintained.—Molasses are brisk at 29s.

Coffee.—The state of the market has been extremely discouraging to the sellers. The public sales in the last week of September, and first week of this month, went off very

heavily, so that a considerable portion was taken in, and a decline of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. took place in each week. In the following week the market was so depressed, that only one public sale was brought forward; the result was, however, more favourable, as the demand was improving; and the Jamaica sold at an advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. Another public sale on the 14th was equally satisfactory; but the sales after Tuesday went off heavily at a further reduction of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; good ordinary St. Domingo sold 72s. a 73s.; ordinary 70s. a 71s.

There were no public sales of coffee this forenoon, owing, we believe, to the very low prices inducing the holders to refrain from bringing coffee forward for the present. There have been few purchases by private contract; the market may in consequence be stated steady, at the reduction we have mentioned; it must, however, be stated that the inquiries to-day have been general, and will probably lead to a revival of the trade.

Tallow.—There have been great fluctuations, the rising of the prices in Russia, advancing the market, while the favourable result of the whale fisheries tends to damp the

trade. The market is, at present, very heavy, and trade dull, at the reduced prices of 38s. to 37s. 6d. Hemp and flax dull, and little doing.

Oils.—The prices of whale oil have been much depressed by the unprecedented success of the Davies Straits Fishery: the produce, it is estimated, will exceed any previous year; the united fisheries of Greenland and Davies Straits will yield, it is stated, 20,000 tuns of oil; whale oil is more in demand for immediate consumption than it has been; small parcels 19l. 10s. but for future delivery 19l. and heavy at that price. Very little has been lately done in seed oils.

Indigo.—The company's sale (5000 chests) on the 7th, and following days, commenced at a reduction of 6d. to 1s. per lb. on the prices of the preceding sale; but they improved on each succeeding day, so as to become equal to the prices of the latter end of the last sale. The letters from Calcutta, of May last, give very unfavourable reports of the Indigo crop.

Rum has been and still is very heavy; the Government contract for 100,000 gallons was taken on 30th of September, the whole at the low rate of 1s. 3³/₄d. per gallon.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Aids to Reflection, in a Series of prudential, moral, and spiritual Aphorisms, extracted chiefly from the Works of Archbishop Leighton: with Notes, and interposed Remarks. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

Imaginary Conversations of Eminent Literary Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Batavian Anthology, or Specimens of the Dutch Poets, with Remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands. By John Bowring and Harry S. Van Dyk.

The Star in the East, with other Poems. By Josiah Corder.

Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman, in one Volume, 12mo. with Engravings.

Popular Essays on a Select Number of the most common Diseases; especially pointing out the best Mode of preventing their Occurrence; prescribing such simple Plans of Cure as may be acted on by every one, and showing when those dangerous Symptoms arise which make Professional Aid ne-

cessary. By Charles Thomas Haden, Surgeon to the Chelsea and Brompton Dispensary.

A third Course of Practical Sermons, expressly adapted to be read in Families. By the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to Lord Kenyon.

A Translation of Magendie's Formulary for the Preparation and Mode of employing several new Remedies. By C. T. Haden.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, &c. By J. G. Smith, MD. in one Volume 8vo.

A Systematic Treatise on the Diseases of the Skin; with coloured Plates. By Samuel Plumbe.

A Series of Sketches or Tales, entitled "Sayings and Doings." From the Pen of a distinguished Writer.

Sismondi's History of the Literature of the South of Europe. Translated by Mr. Roscoe.

Memoirs of Salvator Rosa. By Lady Morgan.

A Summary of the present Political and Commercial Institutions and Proceedings of

the Republics of Mexico, Columbia, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres. By James Henderson. Demy 8vo.

Monuments in Lincolnshire, engraved in the Line Manner, from Drawings by J. S. Padley; accompanied by Historical Illustrations, Descriptions, and Genealogical Annals.

A Poem, entitled Clara Chester, by the Author of "Rome," and "The Vale of Chamouni." Post 8vo.

A New Monthly Asiatic Journal, entitled the "Oriental Herald," and "Colonial Advocate." Edited by Mr. Buckingham.

The Albigenses: a Romance. By the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Author of Bertram.

Memoirs of George III. Vols. 9 and 10. By W. Belsham.

Letters between Amelia and her Mother. From the Pen of the late Wm. Combe, Esq. Author of the Tours of Dr. Syntax.

A new Division of the World in Miniature, containing the Netherlands, in one Volume, with Eighteen coloured Engravings.

An Introduction to the Anatomy of the Human Body, for the Use of Painters, &c. Translated from the German of J. H. Lavater, and illustrated by 27 Lithographic Plates. One Vol. 8vo.

The Forget me not, for 1824.

A new Historical Novel, founded on the Gowrie Conspiracy, and illustrative of Events in Scotland, in the Reign of James the Sixth.

Times Telescope for 1824.

Points of Misery, with Illustrations. By Robert Cruikshank.

The Fall of Constantinople, and other Poems. By Jacob Jones, jun.

Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa. By W. J. Burchell, Esq. The Second Volume, 4to. which completes the Work.

Duke Christian of Luneburg; or, Traditions from the Hartz. By Miss Jane Porter. Three Vols. 12mo.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By

M. De Humboldt: translated into English under his immediate Inspection. One Vol. 8vo.

The Painter and his Wife. By Mrs. Opie. Two Vols. 12mo.

First Steps to Botany, intended as Popular Illustrations of the Science leading to its Study as a Branch of general Education. By James L. Drummond, MD.; with 100 Wood-cuts, comprising upwards of 200 Figures. One Vol. 12mo.

The Night before the Bridal, a Spanish Tale: Sappho, a Dramatic Sketch, and other Poems. By Catherine Grace Garrett. 8vo.

Patience: a Tale. By Mrs. Hoffland, Author of Tales of the Manor, &c. 12mo.

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Country Belles: or Gossips outwitted. Two Vols. 12mo.

An Introduction to Entomology: or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By William Kirby, MA. FR. and LS. and William Spence, Esq. FLS. Illustrated by coloured Plates. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. which complete the Work.

London and Paris; or, Comparative Sketches. By the Marquis de Vermont and Sir Charles Darnley. One Vol. 8vo.

A Tale of Paraguay. By R. Southey, Esq. LL.D. &c. &c. One Vol. 12mo.

Friendship's Offering; or, the Annual Remembrancer, for 1824.

The Lives of the Dukes of Bavaria, Saxony, and Brunswick. By Sir Andrew Halliday.

The Private Correspondence of the late Wm. Cowper, Esq. Two Vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty during the Reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, and the intimate Friend of the celebrated John Evelyn; now first decyphered from the original MSS. written in Short-hand and preserved in the Pepysian Library.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Miscellaneous.

A Treatise on Subterraneous Surveying, and the Variation of the Magnetic Needle. By Thomas Fenwick. Second Edition, in 8vo. with Plates, price 12s.

Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour in Europe, but particularly in England, from the Norman Conquest, to the Reign of Charles II. 3 Vols. Imperial Quarto, with coloured Plates, 21l.

Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect, in Two Dialogues. By a Native of Craven. 12mo. 4s.

Supplement to the Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaic Geologies; relating chiefly to the Geological Indica-

tions of the Phenomena of the Cave at Kirkdale. By the Author of the Comparative Estimate. 8vo. 5s.

Naval Records; or, the Chronicles of the Line of Battle Ships of the Royal Navy, from its first Establishment in the Reign of Henry VIII. In Two Parts. Part I. 8s.

Novels and Tales.

The Stranger's Grave. 12mo. 6s.

Mammon in London, or the Spy of the Day. 2 Vols. 12mo. 12s.

Poetry.

Political Sketches, the Profession, the Broken Heart, &c. By Alaric A. Watts. 6s.

School Hours, or a Collection of Exer-

cises and Prize Poems, composd by the Young Gentlemen under the Tuition of the Rev. A. Burnaby, MA. Louth, Lincolnshire. 1 Vol. 12mo. 5s. Boards.

Theology.

A Selection from the Sermons of the late Rev. W. J. Abdy, MA. Rector of St. John, Horslydown, Southwark. 8vo. 12s.

The Reflector, or Christian Advocate;

in which the united Efforts of Modern Infidels and Socinians are detected and exposed. Illustrated by numerous Examples. By the Rev. S. Piggott, A.M. 8vo. 10s.

Voyages and Travels.

Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand. By Richard A. Cruise, Esq. Captain in the 84th Regiment of Foot. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. H. V. Bayley, Subdean of Lincoln, to be Archdeacon of Stow, vice Rev. Dr. Illingsworth, deceased.—Rev. J. Hallowell, MA. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to be Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company, on the Madras Establishment.—The Rev. G. G. Rolleston, Vicar of Stainton, Yorkshire, to the Vicarage of Stainton, Lincolnshire.—Rev. J. Curwen, to the Rectory of Harrington, Cumberland.—Rev. R. V. Law, BA., to the Vicarage of Waverham, Cheshire.—Rev. F. Fleming, to the Perpetual Curacy of Lorton, Cumberland.—The Rev. H. S. Fisher, BA. to the Perpetual Curacy of Arkendale, Yorkshire.—The Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin, to the Alternate Morning Preachership at Brompton Chapel, Kensington.—The Rev. J. M. Wright, to the Rectory of Tatham, near Lancaster.—The Rev. Wm. Godfrey, to the Vicarage of Ravenstone, Bucks.—The

Rev. G. P. Leman, MA. to the Perpetual Curacy of Stoven, Suffolk.—The Rev. E. Scobell, to the Vicarage of Turville, Bucks, on the presentation of the Bishop of Lincoln.—The Rev. Peter Steeman to the Vicarage of Whitechurch, Devon.—The Rev. P. D. Faulkes, to the Perpetual Curacy of Abbots Bickington, Devon.—The Rev. G. Beckett, A.M. Vicar of Gainsborough, to the Living of Epworth; Patron, the King.—The Rev. G. Hodson, of Maisemore Court, Gloucestershire, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Gloucester.—The Rev. M. West, to the Rectory of Teffont Evias: Patron, J. T. Mayne, Esq.—The Rev. C. Hall, of Scarborough, MA. to the Rectory of Terrington, Yorkshire.

The Rev. Dr. Calvert has resigned the Norrisian Professorship in the University of Cambridge.

BIRTHS.

- Sept. 28.—At Taunton, the lady of Major Henry North, a son.
29. The lady of John Sergeaut, Esq. of Coleshill, Herts, a son.
Oct. 1.—The lady of Capt. S. P. Hurd, a daughter.
2. At Midhurst, the Hon. Lady Stopford, a daughter.
—At Castle House, Torrington, Devonshire, the lady of A. W. S. Deane, Esq. a son.
3. At Twickenham, the lady of Capt. Wilbraham, RN. a son.
4. At Upper Phillimore-place, Kensington, the lady of Robert Johnson, Esq. of Jamaica, a daughter.
5. At Charlton, the lady of Major Turner, of the Royal Artillery, a daughter.
6. Mrs. Roby, of the Mansion House, St. Mary's Cray, Kent, a daughter.
8. At Blackmore Park, in the County of Worcester, the lady of Robert Berkley, Jun. Esq. a son and heir.
9. At the seat of the Rt. Hon. Lord Bagot, Blithfield, Staffordshire, Lady H. Paget, a daughter.
11. At Purbrook, Hants, the lady of the Rev. Chas. Heath, a daughter.
—At Bushey Park, the Seat of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, a son.
—At the Fort, Gravesend, the lady of Major Gen. Sir George Hoste, of the Royal Engineers, a daughter.
12. In Gloucester Place, Portman Square, the lady of W. Lynch, Esq. a son.
15. At Mark's Hall, Essex, the lady of W. P. Honeywood, Esq. MP. for the County of Kent, a son and heir.
17. In Park Crescent, the Rt. Hon. Lady Elizabeth Murray Macgregor, of Macgregor, a son.
20. At Warley House, Essex, the lady of Sir John Hawker English, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, Lady Pringle, of Stichel, a daughter.
At Edinburgh, Lady Bradford, a son.

ABROAD.

- At Paris, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Alrfy, a son and heir.
At Guernsey, the lady of Deputy Commissary General Carey, a son.
At Sea, on Board the Farquharson East Indiaman, the lady of Major A. Taylor, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- Oct. 1.—At Hampstead, G. Fallon, Esq. late Captain of the 11th Regt. Light Dragoons, to Mrs. Probyn, relict of the late Governor Probyn, and daughter of the late General Rooke, many years Representative in Parliament for the County of Monmouth.
—At Ripley Castle, Charles Slingsby, Esq. of Loftus, in the County of York, son of the late Sir Thos. Slingsby, Bart. of Seriven Park, and Red House, in the same County, to Emma Margaret, daughter of Thomas Atkinson, Esq. of Fairhill, Lancashire.
4. At Weston Church, near Bath, Major Alexander Campbell, of the 3d Guards, to Mary, sister of Captain Samuel Brown, RN. after partaking of an elegant Dejeuné à la fourchette, at the seat of the bride's sister, Mrs. Miller, of Weston, the new married couple set off for their seat, Leader Hall, Berwickshire.
6. At Nether Winchendon, Bucks, the Rev. Chas. Spencer, Rector of Wheatfield, Oxfordshire, and Nephew to the Duke of Marlborough, to Mary Anne, daughter of Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, Bart. MP.
7. Major Gen. Carey, to Miss Manning, daughter of William Manning, Esq. MP.
9. At St. Pancras Church, James Moyes, Esq. of Doughty Street, to Hannah Page, second daughter of Benjamin Oakley, Esq. of Tavistock Place.
—At Cann Church, Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, the Rev. John Horsley Dakin, Domestic Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, to Sophia Matilda Caroline Mansel, youngest daughter of the late Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
—At Ditton Park, the Hon. P. F. Cust, MP. to Lady Isabella Scott, sister to the Duke of Buccleugh.
15. At Yarmouth, in the County of Norfolk, Jas. (Cohen) Palgrave, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Dawson Turner, Esq. Banker, of the former place.
—At Bath, the Rev. Dr. Prevost, to Mrs. Fawke.
—At Scampton, near Lincolnshire, Thos. Waterhouse Kaye, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Mary Ann, fourth daughter of the Rev. Dr. Illingworth, of the former place.
—At Reading, the Rev. Philip Filleul, Rector of St. Bredlode's, and Lecturer of St. Anbans, Jersey, to Catherine Elizabeth Blanche, fourth daughter,—and the Rev. Peter French, of Read-

- ing, to Penelope Arabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Valpy, of Reading.
15. At Gardesley, Herefordshire, by the Rev. Geo. Coke, W. Sarsfield Rositer Cockburn, MA. of Exeter College, Oxford, only son and heir of the late Gen. Sir W. Cockburn, of Cockburn and Ryslaw, Bart.; to Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. Fras. Coke, of Lower Moor, Herefordshire, Prebendary of Hereford, &c.
16. At Bishop Wearmouth, Laurence Jopson Marshall, Esq. eldest son of Samuel Marshall, Esq. of Dalston, Middlesex, to Jane, only daughter of Bernard Ogden, Esq. of the former place.
- At St. Pancras, John Charles Mason, Esq. of Camden Street, Camden Town, to Jane Augusta, second daughter of James Ensor, Esq. of Austin Friars.
- At Bayford, Robert Jenkinson, Esq. to Henrietta, daughter of William Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury, Herts.
- At St. George's, Hanover Square, Henry Philip Powys, Esq. eldest son of Philip Lybbe Powys, Esq. of Hardwick House, Oxfordshire, and Broomfield House, Middlesex, to Philippa Emma Shawe, of Upper Brook Street, youngest daughter of the late William Cunliffe Shawe, Esq.
17. At Kirk Deighton, Offley, second son of Sam. Shore, Esq. of Norton Hall, Derbyshire, to Eliza, second daughter of John Brecom, Esq. of North Deighton, Yorkshire.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Kimbolton, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, Evan Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, to Lady Georgiana Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester.
- At Kirkaldy, by the Rev. Dr. Martin, of Monimail, the Rev. Edward Irving, AM. of the Caledonian Chapel, Hatton Garden, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Martin, of Kirkaldy.

IN IRELAND.

- At Tralee, Captain Richards, Commander of the Preventive Water Guard, at Castletown, Bearhaven, to Miss Kirwan, daughter of the late very Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, Dean of Killala.

ABROAD.

- At Ghent, in the presence of His Excellency, Philip Comte de Lens, Governor of East Flanders, Thomas Molyneux Seele, Esq. of Hurst House, Lancashire, to Agnes Mary, third daughter of Sir Richard Bedingfield, Bart. of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.
- At Berne, at the English Ambassador's Chapel, Lord Viscount Sandon, eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby, to Lady Frances Stewart, only daughter of the Marchioness of Bute, and granddaughter of the late Thos. Coutts, Esq. Banker. On this occasion, Mrs. Coutts presented her Grand-daughter with 10,000*l.* and Lord Sandon with 1000*l.* per Annum.
- At Paris, at the British Ambassador's Chapel, Wm. Moore, son of Robert Patten, Esq. of Westport, Ireland, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Major Philip Stewart.

DEATHS.

- Sept. 22.—At Barham Lodge, Herts, aged 22, Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Lord Primate of Ireland.
23. At his seat near Cirencester, Dr. Matthew Baillie, aged 63.
25. At Bath, Mrs. Baldwin, daughter of the late Charles Cox, Esq. of Kemble, Gloucestershire. She has bequeathed 300*l.* to the Casualty Hospital, at Bath; 500*l.* to the Gloucester Infirmary; 700*l.* to the Poor of the parish of Kemble; and 500*l.* to the Poor of the parish of Minchinhampton.
26. At St. Isted's, Ecton, Northamptonshire, Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. and Rev. P. Meade, and only daughter of the late Dr. Perey, Bishop of Dromore.
27. At the Rectory, Hougham, Lincolnshire, aged 43, the Rev. Geo. Thorold, third son of the late Sir John Thorold, of Syston Park.
28. At Bognor, aged 56, Mr. Charles East Walkden, of the Royal Hotel.
- Oct. 1.—At Dacre Lodge, Middlesex, Francis Lord Navier, of Merchiston, NB. Lord Lieutenant of the county of Selkirk, and one of the Sixteen Representative Peers for Scotland.

2. Anne, eldest daughter of Alexander Balmanno, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. — In Weymouth-street, Portland-place, Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, relict of James Morgan, Esq. of the Island of St. Vincent.
- Lately: at Willesley Hall, Derbyshire, General Sir Charles Hastings, Bart, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th regiment of foot.
4. At Ingestrie, near Stafford, the seat of her Father, the Right Hon. Frances Charlotte Talbot, Countess of Dartmouth, eldest daughter of the Earl of Talbot, and Niece to the Bishop of Oxford. Her Ladyship was born May 17, 1801, and was married April 5, 1821. In consequence of this melancholy event a number of her noble relatives were prevented from attending the Musical Festival at Birmingham.—And on the 11th died in his second year, George Viscount Lewisham, her Ladyship's eldest son. Their remains were interred together on the 17th, in Trinity Church, in the Minorities.
- At Worthing, aged 65, Catherine, relict of the late James Lawrell, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street.
5. Joseph Dawson, Esq. of Royd's Hall, near Bradford.
- Aged 50, Mr. Myers, Jeweller, of Worcester, who suddenly fell back, while playing at cards, and instantly expired.
6. At his house in the Albany, John Noble Johnson, MD.
7. At Somer's Town, in his 75th year, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Pratt, late of the 5th regt. foot.
8. At his seat, in Dorsetshire, after a long illness, the Right Hon. Nathaniel Bond, one of his Majesty's Privy Council, and a Bencher of the Inner Temple. He was for many years one of the leading counsel on the Western Circuit, and MP. for Corfe Castle. During Lord Sidmouth's administration he had a seat at the Board of Treasury, and was subsequently appointed Judge Advocate of the army.
9. At Cheltenham, Mrs. Pares, of Hopwell Hall, in the county of Derby.
- At Walton, near Peterborough, aged 25, William King, Jun. AM. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
10. At Hereford, in his 76th year, John Webbe Weston, Esq. of Sutton-place, Surrey, and Sarnesfield-court, Herefordshire.
12. Of an apoplectic fit, at the house of his brother, Dr. W. Wollaston, the Rev. F. J. H. Wollaston, Archdeacon of Essex, and Vicar of South Weald, and Rector of Cold Norton, in the same county.
13. At Harewood House, Yorkshire, after an illness of only three days, the Hon. Frederic Lascelles, second son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood; aged 20. His remains were interred in the family vault at Harewood, on the 15th.
- Suddenly, at Windsor, in his 67th year, Samuel Wharton, Esq. Clerk Comptroller of his Majesty's Kitchen.
- At Bungay, Norfolk, Major General Kelso.
14. At Kensington, Mrs. Catherine Peyton, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Peyton.
- At Bath, W. Cade Key, Esq. of Hampstead.
15. Aged 22, Eleanor Jane, wife of Captain Maitland, and daughter-in-law of General Maitland, after being suddenly seized with a spasmodic affection. She had been confined in child-bed about three weeks previously.
17. At Grey's Court, Henley-on-Thames, the seat of Lady Stapleton, the Hon. Mrs. Stapleton, wife of the Hon. Thomas Stapleton, and daughter of Henry Bankes, Esq. of Kingston Hall, in the county of Dorset.
19. At Sandgate, Frances Leigh, relict of the late General Leigh, and daughter of the late Hon. Admiral Bryon.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, Captain Wright of the Royal Artillery.
- At Aberdeen, John Orrok, Esq. of Orrok.
- At Edinburgh, Mrs. Annabella Stuart Douglas, relict of the late Rev. George Douglas, of Tain, in the county of Ross.

ABROAD.

- At St. Petersburg, M. Steibelt, the celebrated composer.
- At Barrackpore, East Indies, Capt. J. Seppings, of the 2^d regiment of Native Infantry.